

MAY 30, 1956

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WEEKLY**

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MARGARET**

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*Fortune Telling
for Fireside
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ROMANTIC
NOVEL**

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EVERYTHING!



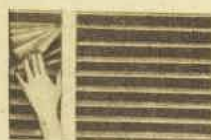
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 30, 1956

WHAT'S YOUR FORTUNE?

OUR fortune-telling section in this issue is presented entirely for entertainment.

We don't believe, and we don't expect you to believe, that destiny can be seen in a teacup or life's adventures predicted from the lines on a palm.

But we enjoy, as we think most readers enjoy, pretending to tear the veil aside, foreseeing dark strangers, fascinating letters, and journeys over the water.

Seriously, most people wish, at one time or another, that they could look into the future. To know the outcome of an action, the result of a plan seems the most desirable thing in the world.

Yet experience teaches that the truth about the future would only alarm.

For the future is like the past. It is compounded of happiness and sadness, often inextricably mixed.

Very few human beings with good memories would wish to have their lives over again. They would like to be able to edit the past the way a cutter treats a film, running through the enjoyable days and leaving the heartbreaks on the cutting-room floor.

They know that the pattern of what lies ahead is almost bound to be composed of the mixture as before. The character of the triumphs and disasters may change, but the balance will remain more or less constant.

But because the future remains unknowable, there is always hope—hope of a stroke of luck, of unexpected happiness. It is hope, under one name or another, that keeps humanity going.

So—back to the teacups. It does no harm to hope that some of those rosy predictions—the windfalls of money, the exciting journeys, or the romantic strangers—will materialise for some of you.

After all, they sometimes do!

Our cover:

● Commander Dennis Fildes painted our cover portrait of Princess Margaret for the Royal Third Fusiliers, of whom he is Colonel-in-Chief. The Third Fusiliers are based in their headquarters in Germany where they are serving. The painting shows her sitting in a gilded blue chair in the drawing-room of Clarence House. She was wearing a pink silk frock which she wore at Ascot races last July and a diamond regency brooch of the Third Fusiliers.

Commander Fildes is married to an Australian, the former Miss Marjorie Mackay, Walcha, N.S.W., and has visited Australia twice. Now 65, he began painting when he was invalided out of the Royal Navy 33 years ago. He has painted several other portraits of members of the Royal Family. Princess Margaret's eyes impressed him as her most striking feature. "She is a very pretty woman," he said.

This week:

● Margery Allingham's name in a murder mystery story is a sure recommendation to all fans of this type of fiction. (See story on pages 4 and 5.) She has been writing crime stories since she was 15 when she wrote for a magazine produced by members of her family. Her pen-name "Synide of pertassium," and she says that spelling isn't much better now. In private she is the wife of Philip Youngman, General Editor of the English magazine "The Tatler".

Next week:

● Now, while the winter is hardly over, is the time a smart girl thinks about spring. She knows that she needs to get into a between-seasons wardrobe. She isn't to shiver or roast. Next week's fashion pages are designed to help with just that problem. We present, illustrated in color, designs for which patterns are available. They are dresses and suits you can wear now or a coat, later without.

● Meanwhile it's still cold, and there are the nights when the family looks on with approval. A four-page feature on pastries covers the field, sweet and savory. Watch next week's paper, too, for a special announcement of interest to all cooks.

● A family of six built their own holiday cottage at Palm Beach, near Sydney. They had professional assistance with the foundations, plumbing, plastering, and tiling, but the rest of the work themselves. A color picture shows the attractive result.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

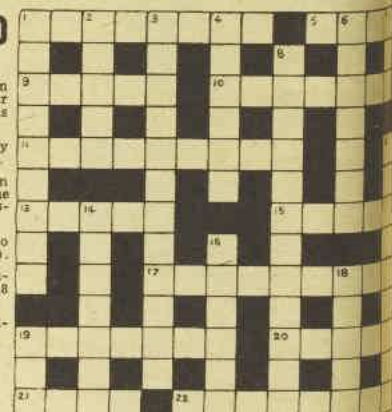
ACROSS

- A pig and a man, yes, the year is over (8).
- Title applied to knight's wife (4).
- Signified an inferior tea (5).
- A feline has a man's name in N.E. Spain (7).
- Wagnerian opera hero who arrived in a boat drawn by a swan (9).
- Ground works founded on a graduate (5).
- No, you can't claim insurance money for fire caused by this (5).
- To lard I am clumsy even in France (9).
- Brilliant crimson color where the French defeated Austria in 1859 (7).
- I precede mother to start a picture (5).
- Stagger when dancing in figures of 8 (4).
- Emphasises impelling forces (8).

INHABITANT
N A A U C S U
L A G E R T E T H E R S
E G O I N U
T R A I N E R C A T E R
S R S E Y
O D E O N A D A P T
B C A E
A L E R T S Y N O N Y M
S R O C K N E
I G N O R E P L A I D
N E E N N O
A R I T H M E T I C

Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Is this buzzing creature really modest? (6-3).
- Grind your teeth, then lose your head to become the author of "Pierce Penitence" (5).
- Amusement produces no ham in tests (12).
- This agreement seems to hang on a cord (6).
- Perhaps a flash in sailors' (7).
- Desire for Eastern coin (3).
- Comes mostly from Greece (8, 4).
- Rest Simon, she will admonish (4).
- Bookie to fish with a hook and small sparkling object (7).
- Flexible but cut lip to an (6).
- Precious stones are nothing friends (5).
- Spoil the upturned end of an anagram (3).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1956

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS

WHEN wealthy MISS ANGELA CHESNEY, of Mortimer Square, London, found that children from adjoining Catford Street were taking earth from the Square Gardens, she indignantly planned with her garden committee to bring the culprits to justice. Her sister, MISS OLIVIA, surreptitiously scuffed out an incriminating little footprint—and these reactions were typical of the two sisters' natures.

The Street children include handsome, tough TIP MALONE; SPARKEY, the newspaper woman's frail little son, who idolises him; and LOVEJOY MASON, mostly left by her actress mother to the care of kindly MRS. COMBIE and her husband, VINCENT, who is desperately trying to establish a fashionable restaurant in the Street.

Heartsick when her mother once again breaks a promise to come home, Lovejoy's attention is suddenly arrested by an almost forgotten packet of cornflower seeds that she snatched from Sparkey after he picked them up. NOW READ ON.

Second instalment of a five-part serial

By **RUMER GODDEN**

WHAT does corn look like?" Lovejoy asked Vincent. "It says it has blue flowers, but—" "Fair waved the golden corn," they sang in the hymn at school. "The princess had corn-colored hair," said the stories; Lovejoy had seen the pictures of corn, of course, but they were not anything like the flowers on the packet.

"Corn hasn't any flowers," said Vincent.

"But—"

"It's a grain," said Vincent, and he gave Lovejoy an explanation of how the seed grew and became wheat, "or rye, or barley, or oats," said Vincent, and was changed into bread.

"Bread is the staff of life," said Vincent, warming, "and it's more than that. It can be spiritual as well as material. It's symbol." Then he saw Lovejoy was not listening.

"There are blue flowers on the packet, printed," she was saying to herself, and the obstinate, closed look came on her face. "I shall plant them and find out."

But before even one seed can be planted there has to be earth.

"What is good garden—?" she began, but she had asked Vincent that before. Vincent was quick to many things, but he had forgotten about earth. It was not surprising; in Catford Street there was not a sign of earth, except in the bombed places; everything was man-made. "But under everything," Tip was to argue, "under everything's dirt." Tip called earth "dirt". "Under the houses and pavements and the road, here's dirt."

That was true, and dirt, earth, has power, an astonishing power of life, of creating and sweetening; it can take anything, a body, an old tin, decay, rust, corruption, filth, and turn it into itself, and slowly make it life; green blades of grass and weeds.

"These bombed sites," said Angela, "according to the Ministry of Works, grow one hundred and thirty-seven different kinds of weeds. It's amazing."

Olivia thought it was amazing, too, but not in Angela's way; as when speaking of the Street children as "sparrows" they saw two different things, Angela thought of the weeds, Olivia of the power of life.

When Lovejoy thought about the cornflowers, the seeds, she seemed to forget a little, a very little, about her mother. "I need to plant them," she might have said, but where?

"Plant them in a box," said Mrs. Combie absently when Lovejoy asked her.

"I want a garden," said Lovejoy. If she had wanted the moon or a diamond tiara it would have been as easy to get in Catford Street.

There were, of course, back gardens to some of the Street houses; but they were dark, open cellars of gardens, spaces of darkness between sooty walls; coals were kept in them, hand-carts and bicycles and mangles, washing was hung in them and they were full of bottles and tins. One or two had trees,

To page 44

Lovejoy crouched at her garden, tense and still, as the boys came rushing furiously towards her.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1956 Page 3





Sporty indeed!

the secret's * GLEN TWEED



1. "Cassandra" design crossover cardigan is from Patons Knitting Book No. 451 (Price 1/3).
2. Instructions for "Gerard" design are given in Patons Knitting Book No. 439 (Price 1/6).

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Patons * **GLEN TWEED**
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3 is a lucky number

BY MARGERY ALLINGHAM

At five o'clock on a September afternoon Ronald Frederick Torbay was making preparations for his third murder. He was being very wary, forcing himself to go slowly because he was perfectly sane and was well aware of the dangers of carelessness.

A career of homicide got more chancy as one went on. That piece of information had impressed him as being true as soon as he had read it in a magazine article way back before his first marriage.

Also he realised success was liable to go to a man's head, so he kept a tight hold on himself. He was certain he was infinitely more clever than most human beings, but he did not dwell on the fact, and as soon as he felt the old thrill at the sense of his power welling up inside him he quelled it firmly.

For an instant he paused, leaning on the rim of the wash basin, and regarded himself thoughtfully in the shaving glass of the bathroom in the new villa he had hired so recently.

The face which looked back at him was thin, middle-aged, and pallid. Sparse dark hair receded from its high narrow forehead, and the well-shaped eyes were blue and prominent.

Only the mouth was really unusual. That narrow slit, quite straight, was almost lipless and, unconsciously, he persuaded it to relax into a half smile. Even Ronald Torbay did not like his own mouth.

A sound in the kitchen below disturbed him, and he straightened his back hastily. If Edyth had finished her ironing she would be coming up to take her long-discussed bubble-bath before he had prepared it for her, and that would never do. He waited, holding his breath, but it was all right; she was going out of the back door.

He reached the window just in time to see her disappearing round the side of the house into the small square yard which was so exactly like all the other square yards in the long suburban street. He knew that she was going to hang the newly pressed linen on the line to air, and, although the manoeuvre gave him the time he needed, still it irritated him.

Of the three homely middle-aged women whom so far he had persuaded first to marry him, and then to will him their modest possessions, Edyth was proving easily the most annoying. If he had told her once not to spend so much time in the yard he had done it a dozen times in their six weeks of marriage.

He hated her being out of doors alone. She was shy and reserved, but now that new people had moved in next door there was always the danger of some over-friendly woman starting up an acquaintance with her and that was the last thing to be tolerated at this juncture.

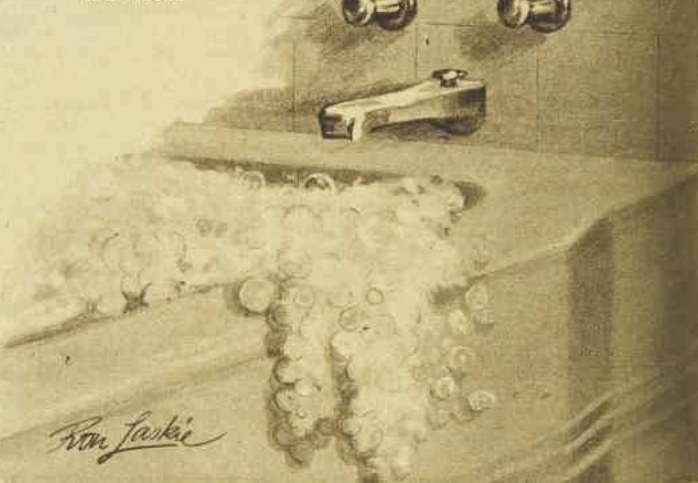
Each of his former wives had been shy. He had been very careful to choose the right type, and felt he owed much of his success to it. Mary, the first of them, had met her fatal "accident" almost unnoticed in the bungalow on a housing estate very like the present one he had

chosen, but in the north instead of the south of England.

At the time it had been a growing place, the coroner had been hurried, the police sympathetic but busy, and the neighbors scarcely curious except that one of them, a junior reporter on a local paper, had written a flowery paragraph about the nearness of tragedy in the midst of joy, published a wedding-day snapshot, and had entitled the article with typical northern understatement "Honeymoon Mishap."

Dorothy's brief excursion into his life and abrupt exit from it and her own had given him a little more bother, but not much. She had deceived him when she had told him she was quite alone in the world, and the interfering brother who had turned up after the funeral to ask awkward questions about her small fortune might have been a nuisance if Ronald had not been very firm with him. There had been a brief court case which Ronald had won handsomely and the insurance had paid up without a murmur.

"Oh, dear," said Edyth, looking at the foam spilling over the bath, "won't it make an awful mess on the floor?"



All that was four years ago. Now, with a new name, a newly invented background, and a fresh area in which to operate, he felt remarkably safe.

From the moment he had first seen Edyth, sitting alone at a little table under the window in a seaside hotel dining-room, he had known that she was to be his next subject. He always thought of his wives as "subjects." It lent his designs upon them a certain pseudo-scientific atmosphere which he found satisfying.

Edyth had sat there looking stiff and neat, and a trifle severe, but there had been a secret timidity in her face, an unsatisfied, half-frightened expression in her near-sighted eyes; and once, when the waiter said something pleasant to her, she had flushed nervously and had then been embarrassed by it. She was also wearing a genuine diamond brooch. Ronald had observed

that from right across the room. He had an eye for stones.

That evening in the lounge he had spoken to her, had weathered the initial snub, tried again, and, finally, had got her to talk. After that the acquaintance had progressed just as he had expected. His methods were old-fashioned and heavily romantic, and within a week she was hopelessly infatuated.

From Ronald's point of view her history was even better than he could have hoped. After teaching in a girls' boarding-school for the whole of her twenties she had been summoned home to look after her reclusive of a father whose long illness had monopolized her life; now at forty-three she was alone, comparatively well off, and as much at sea as a ship without a rudder.

Ronald was careful not to let her toes touch the ground. He devoted his entire attention to her and exactly five weeks from the day on which they had first met he married her at the registry office of the town where they were both strangers.

The same afternoon they each made wills in the other's favor and moved into the villa which he had been able to hire cheaply because the holiday season was at an end.

It had been the most pleasant conquest he had ever made. Mary had been moody and hysterical, Dorothy grudging and suspicious, but Edyth had revealed an unexpected streak of gaiety, and, but for her stupidity in not realising that a man would hardly fall romantically in love with her at first sight, was a sensible person.



Any other man, Ronald reflected smugly, might have made the fatal mistake of feeling sorry for her, but he was "above" all that, he told himself, and he began to make plans for what he described in his own mind rather firmly as "her future."

Two things signed her death warrant earlier than had been his original intention. One was her obstinate reticence over her monetary affairs, and the other was her embarrassing interest in his job.

On the marriage certificate Ronald had described himself as a salesman and the story he was telling was that he was a junior partner in a firm of cosmetic manufacturers who were giving him a very generous leave of absence. Edyth accepted the statement without question, but almost at once she had begun to plan a visit to the office and the factory, and was always talking about the new clothes she must buy so as not to "disgrace him."

At the same time she kept all her business papers locked in an old writing-case and steadily

fastly refused to discuss them, however cautiously he raised the subject. Ronald had given up feeling angry with her and had decided to act.

He turned from the window, carefully removed his jacket, and began to run the bath. His heart was pounding, he noticed, frowning. He wished it would not. He needed to keep very calm.

The bathroom was the one room they had had repainted. Ronald had done it himself soon after they had arrived, and had put up the little shelf over the bath to hold a jar of bath salts he had bought and a small electric radiator of the old-fashioned two-element type which was cheap but white like the walls and not too noticeable.

He leant forward now and switched it on and stood looking at it until the two bars of glowing warmth appeared. Then he turned away and went out on to the landing, leaving it alight.

The fuse-box which controlled the elec-

tricity in the house was concealed in the bottom of the linen cupboard at the head of the stairs. Ronald opened the door carefully and, using his handkerchief so that his fingerprints should leave no trace, pulled up the main switch.

Back in the bathroom the heater's glow died away; the bars were almost black again by the time he returned. He eyed the slender heater approvingly and then, still using the handkerchief, he lifted it bodily from the shelf and lowered it carefully into the water, arranging it so that it lay at an angle over the waste plug, close to the foot, where it took up practically no room at all.

The white flex ran over the porcelain side of the bath, along the skirting board, under the door, and into the wall socket just outside on the landing.

When he had first installed the heater Edyth had demurred at this somewhat slipshod arrangement, but when he had explained that the local Council was stupid and fussy

about fitting wall sockets in bathrooms since water was said to be a conductor, she had compromised by letting him run the flex under the lino where it was not so noticeable.

At the moment the heater was perfectly visible in the bath. It certainly looked as if it had fallen into its odd position accidentally, but no one in his senses could have stepped into the water without seeing it. Ronald paused, his eyes dark, his ugly mouth narrower than ever. The beautiful simplicity of the main plan, so certain, so swiftly fatal, and, above all, so safe as far as he himself was concerned, gave him a thrill of pleasure as it always did.

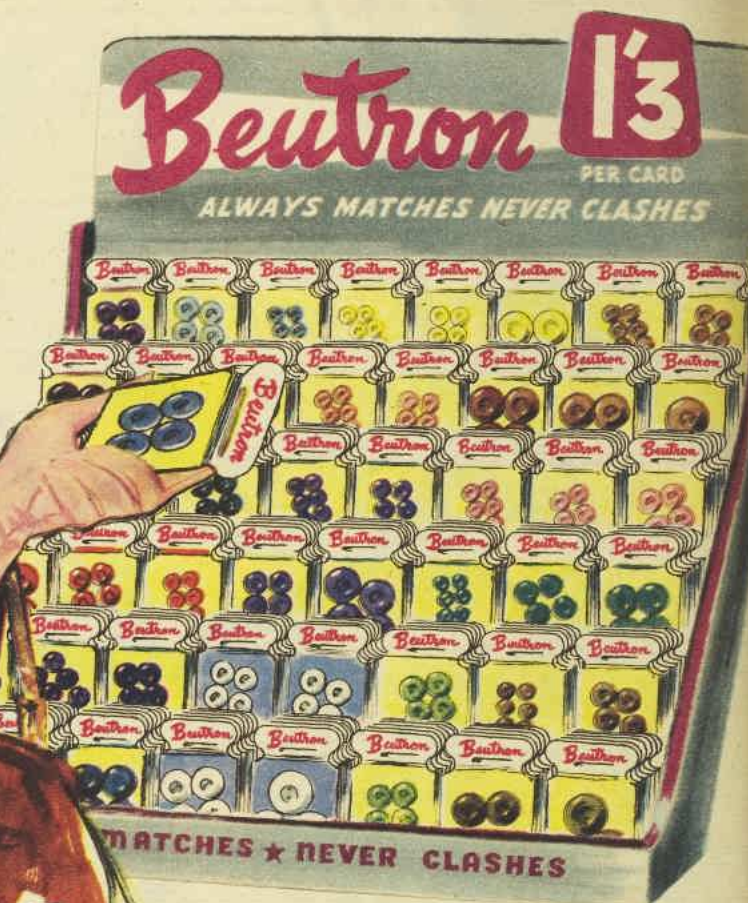
He turned off the bath and waited, listening. Edyth was coming back. He could hear her moving something on the concrete way outside the back door below and he leant over to where his jacket hung and took a paper sachet from its inside breast

To page 66

There's a beautiful

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for everything you wear



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from the Beutron dispenser!*

Beutron always matches,
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The telephone call confirmed Edith's worst fears and it seemed that in that fatal moment her precious happiness had been destroyed forever

THE REDHEAD

By MARSHA PRYSUSKA

DEFTLY Edith flicked the feather-duster over the lounge-room. There! The house had never looked better.

Life is good, Edith thought to herself. Darn good. Here it was only eleven o'clock in the morning and she had her housework all done. Until four, when young Billy was due back from kindergarten, the day was hers to spend as she liked.

Soon, the aromatic smell of freshly brewed coffee wafted through the house and Edith, carrying her cup into the lounge, settled herself into Bill's chair.

Edith reached for her book. A present from Bill, before he left on his trip. It was nice getting a new book. Bless Bill for always remembering that little things mean so much.

So absorbed was Edith in her reading that at first she didn't notice the doorbell.

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. Goddby, who was Edith's next-door neighbor.

"Good morning, won't you come in?"

"No, thank you, child. I dropped in to see how you were. Bill's away, isn't he?"

"He's coming home tonight."

"These men! Haven't they got the best of it! Going away on trips, having fun. We just stay at home. Oh, well, I better be going."

"Do have a cup of coffee with me," Edith said. Across the low table Edith listened to Mrs. Goddby chat about her daughter, Gracie, who had just turned seventeen and was a sore trial to her mother.

"Not a scrap of housework will she do. Mum's good enough to do that. All she does is run around with that Wilson boy, Peter."

For Gracie's sake Edith pacified Mrs. Goddby as best she could. Gracie was a nice little thing. Dark and quick and always happy and smiling. Not a bit like her mother.

"So, Gracie was telling me, there was Bill at the pictures with this redhead."

Edith, who for quite a few minutes had been deep in her private thoughts, caught the last words of Mrs. Goddby's sentence.

"Did you say Gracie saw Bill at the pictures with . . . ?"

Mrs. Goddby nodded. "There, I shouldn't have said it. What with you and Bill so devoted to each other. Probably Gracie was mistaken. But forewarned, you know . . ."

I mustn't show her that I believe her. But Bill at the pictures with a redhead! It couldn't be. No? Why not? Why should Bill be different from all other men? She was no beauty, heaven knew. And Bill was a very handsome man.

Before they were married Edith had known many moments of panic. At parties when some dazzling creature walked into the room a cold band of fear closed around Edith's heart. But she needn't have worried, Bill always stayed at her side. Now it was different. They had been married for ten years.

"I must be going now, really," Mrs. Goddby said. "Thanks for the coffee."

"Nice of you to drop in, Mrs. Goddby," Edith said, and the words she uttered hurt like a knife twisting inside a wound. She hated Mrs. Goddby for telling her. And yet, wasn't it better to know?

She looked around her, and the very room now appeared drab and lifeless.

Of course, Bill had always liked redheads. He told her about Amanda. That was long

before their marriage. Amanda, who had a fierce temper and beautiful red tresses. But it couldn't have been Amanda Gracie saw at the pictures with Bill. Amanda married an Englishman and now lived in London.

The phone rang and automatically Edith picked up the receiver.

"Hello, darling, how's the old lady today?" Edith caught her breath.

"Bill?" She almost whispered.

"Who else?"

"Where are you?"

"Two hundred miles from home. Sorry, but I won't be able to make it back tonight. Old Jones hasn't decided whether he'll give us the contract. But I'll be back for the weekend."

"Bill . . ." No, she couldn't. Not over the phone. It would have to wait till he got home.

"Yes?"

"Nothing. Billy's been good."

"O.K. Must hang up now, this is costing us a fortune. So long, honey."

"Goodbye, Bill."

Long after Bill had hung up Edith sat with the receiver in her hand, staring ahead, her eyes full of tears.

So it was true. It all fitted in so well. The trip and also the fact that this was the first time Bill had taken the car with him. Usually he went by train. But it was much nicer to have a car if he took the girl with him. Who was she? Could it be Lucille? She had red hair.

Lucille was a fabric-designer. She and Bill worked for the same firm. Edith liked Lucille. Why, only last month they had invited Lucille out to dinner and then the three of them had gone to the pictures. It was a revival of "Gone With the Wind."

Edith had never liked Scarlett O'Hara as a character. She was ruthless, trampling on everyone to get to her goal. Now she remembered how Lucille admired Scarlett.

Edith remembered that night very well now. Bill hovering over Lucille, filling her glass at dinner, seeing to her comfort. As soon as the lights came on at interval he had turned to Lucille.

"Coming out for a cigarette?"

"Yes, rather."

Edith had remained seated.

"Don't you smoke, Edith?" Lucille asked.

"No, one cigarette and I'm sick for days, but you two go on, I'll be all right here."

Edith stretched out her hand for the receiver and rang Bill's office.

"Miss Lucille Dennis, please," she said when the telephonist answered.

"Miss Dennis is away with the flu this week. She won't be back till Monday. Is there a message?"

"No, no message, thank you."

Edith replaced the receiver and crumpled up in the big chair. It was true. Horribly true. And she could do nothing. She was helpless.

She didn't move until Billy came home.

"Mummy," he shouted, "where are you?"

"Here, darling, here."

Billy flung himself at Edith and threw his arms around her neck.

"I love you, Mummy," he said, and planted a sticky kiss on her cheek.

"Mummy loves you, too," Edith said.

"Is Dad coming home to-night?"

"No, not till Friday night."

She saw how disappointed Billy was.

"But he said he has a lovely surprise for you," she lied. And for her, too, no doubt. Only hers wouldn't be lovely.

The rest of the afternoon and evening flew quickly and Edith fed Billy, bathed him, and put him to bed.

"A story, read me a story, Mummy."

Edith picked up the book and read the story of the Lone Ranger, now and then missing a word. This was their old game. Billy knew the book by heart and loved picking up any mistakes she made. The more the better. Tonight she couldn't concentrate properly. She was glad when Billy's head began to drop on to the pillow. Softly, she tiptoed out of his room.

It was only eight o'clock and Edith shuddered when she thought of the night which lay ahead of her. A night which wouldn't be shortened by sleep. She would toss and turn and in the end get up and fix herself some hot milk, and all the time she would think and torture herself with the image of Bill with another woman.

"May I come in, Mrs. Stanton?"

Gracie was standing at the back door, her little figure framed against the darkness.

"Hello, Gracie, come in."

Gracie winked at Edith.

"I don't want to be home tonight. Pete and I had a fight and I don't want to see him again, ever!" Gracie said dramatically. "He can't very well come here, so do you mind if I stay for a while?"

Edith smiled and nodded.

"Poor Mum, she doesn't really want me to help. Any time I offer she grumbles about me putting things back in the wrong places and using too much hot water when I do the laundry. And when I go to the pictures she grumbles, too, because I come home late."

"You go to the pictures often, don't you?" Edith asked.

"Sure, Peter and I used to go nearly every night. But not any more."

"Your mother said you saw Bill, my husband, at the pictures the other night."

"That's right. At interval it was. He said hello to us. Oh, what a lovely picture it was. Vivien Leigh. Isn't she beautiful? Tell me, do you think these terrific long dresses will ever come back? I hope they do. Although all that material. I make all my own things. Did you know?"

Edith knew. Something was hammering at the back of her mind. If only she knew what it was . . .

"May I have a cigarette?" Gracie asked, eyeing the carved box on the table. "Mum won't let me smoke, but when I'm out with Peter I always do."

"Certainly you may," Edith said. "Help yourself."

"Gracie," Edith asked slowly, very slowly, because this was the most important question she had ever asked in her life.

"Do you remember the name of the film,



the one you saw on the same night as Mr. Stanton?"

"Remember? 'Course I do! How could you forget a picture like 'Gone With the Wind'?" Gracie lit her cigarette.

"Don't you smoke, Mrs. Stanton?"

"Never," Edith said happily. "One cigarette and I'm sick for days."

(Copyright)

MY GIRL

Francine

SOME people wonder why I'm not married. They refer to me as an eligible bachelor, and—without being conceited about it—I know what they mean. After all, it's a matter of plain statistics. I am thirty-four. I have an income of twenty thousand a year, with the ultimate prospect of a partnership in the advertising agency that employs me.

I am tall, dark, and quite well dressed. I have a pleasant four-room apartment just east of Park Avenue, where I do a lot of entertaining at the company's expense. And I am a sociable sort of fellow—low golf handicap and all that—and I have a good feeling for all the newer dance steps.

The main drawback is that I have very definite ideas about the type of girl I want to marry, and I have not yet had time to sift through my various girlfriends and measure them against my ideal. Sometimes, when I have a quiet evening at home, I try to imagine what it would be like sharing it with this ideal girl.

I would be sitting by the fire in a pleasantly hazy state, with a book and some of the latest magazines, and she would be somewhere in the background wearing one of those soft, clinging housecoats in a becoming pastel shade.

Conversation doesn't enter into this daydream a great deal, as my ideal girl isn't meant to talk much. I want a wife who will just be there.

I imagine her mainly at the piano, leaning forward slightly over the keys, and playing a Chopin nocturne gently, and with what might be called restrained emotion. She's blond, I think, but she could have soft brownish hair and large luminous eyes—beautiful without being too glamorous about it. I don't expect her to be highly intelligent. I've always disliked brainy women, but she will have to be efficient enough to run my home adequately in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion and organise parties with all the finishing touches I find too detailed to supply myself.

One of these days I daresay I'll come across just such a girl. In the meantime I rely on the Superior Catering Service.

At least I used to rely on them. The system was that I planned a cocktail party a week or two in advance (sometimes longer if the guest list included really important clients). Then I phoned the Superior, sent out the invitations, and, when the day arrived, the whole thing went like clockwork.

The Superior Catering Service had never actually let me down before. Sometimes their waiters aren't what I'd call trained, and occasionally the little things they hand round on plates are definitely on the stale side; but they do a fairly good job at short notice. However, in the instance of the William Hartley Stevens party, I discovered how unreliable they can be.

William Hartley Stevens is just about the most important transatlantic client we've got, and shortly after I had sent out invitations to all the people I wanted him to meet the Superior phoned back to say they couldn't manage Thursday, the sixteenth, after all. There was a muttered apology about help problems, and a sugges-

tion that I shift my party to the seventeenth, but not so really very helpful.

William Hartley Stevens was leaving for London on Friday, the seventeenth, and Thursday was his only free night in weeks, so I couldn't possibly change the date.

I had my secretary work on the problem for a whole afternoon, phoning hotels and agencies, but none of them seemed willing to undertake the job at a moment's notice. The best she could do was to suggest the Francine Catering Service, which was very highly recommended by several employment agencies, but whose exact qualifications she hadn't been able to establish, as it kept the strange office hours of between eight and nine in the morning.

"I can phone tomorrow before I come to work, if you like," suggested Miss Pitt. "It seems that Miss Bradley, the manager of the Francine Catering Service, is available for consultation and advice only at that hour."

"Never mind. Let me have the number, and I'll do it myself," I told her irritably. I had never longed for a wife more than at that moment. It's upsetting enough to have your whole routine disorganised. Had I a wife, I could turn the whole business over to her. However, there seemed no prospect of acquiring a wife before Thursday, the sixteenth, so I decided to sort out this new firm while I had my coffee the next morning.

"Good morning, the Francine Catering Service," came a very businesslike voice at the other end of the phone. "Miss Bradley speaking."

"Twenty-five guests? Certainly we can handle it," she said briskly when I had given a detailed explanation of the party and its importance. "Perhaps if I call at your apartment at nine-thirty on the morning of the sixteenth, you could let me have the key and any further directions about your requirements. You will find all our arrangements quite satisfactory when you return in the evening."

It all sounded highly efficient and lulled me into a false sense of security, so that I forgot about the party the usual way until the day actually dawned.

Miss Bradley rang the doorbell on the dot of nine-thirty, and flashed into my little foyer in a brilliant splash of tartan raincoat and red umbrella. Miss Bradley wasn't my type of girl at all, but I could see men would consider her very attractive.

"Mr. James Carson?" she said in the same businesslike tone she used on the phone. Not hesitating, you understand, but quite positively, as though she couldn't possibly have mistaken the day or the name or the number of the apartment. And then she sailed straight into the business on hand.

Did I want a bowl of small shrimp first, and tiny open-faced sandwiches? Would I like raw cauliflower and carrots and celery, with a wonderful dressing to dip them in? I have any preference for flower arrangements, or could she decide that herself after seeing the florists' morning supply?

"I usually leave all the arrangements to the cater-

By ALISON WALPOLE



"I said firmly, backing for the door. "But I like to mix cocktails myself. So I shall be back at five to do it if you will have all the glasses ready and plenty of ice and fresh lemons in the refrigerator."

I remembered suddenly that the Francine Catering Service had never taken over my place before, and would need to do several things pointed out. So I started to lead her around, explaining which cabinets the cocktail glasses were kept in, which key fitted the cupboard for the liquor supplies. She cut me short quite pleasantly, saying she was sure she would be able to manage everything.

"I suppose the rest of the staff will come in during the afternoon," I said, taking my hat and coat from the hall closet.

"Oh, there isn't any other staff," she said with a charmingly confident smile. "I am quite capable of handling a cocktail party for twenty-five on my own."

For one stunned second I let myself go on adjusting my hair in front of the mirror, and then I swung round on her sharply.

"Not the sort of cocktail party I give. I like someone stationed at the door to take the coats. And another to pass trays of drinks, and at least one more for the canapés. Then I usually invite ten of the guests to stay on for an informal little supper. This has to be served expertly in the dining-room while all the glasses and debris in the living-room are cleared away at the same time. One person cannot possibly manage it."

"I am sure you will find the Francine Catering Service quite satisfactory," Miss Bradley said in the same confident tone. "If not, you need not engage it again."

It was useless trying to explain that I would certainly be employing the Superior on the next occasion—it was too late for that. I explained patiently about William Hartley and Stevens; I practically begged the woman to find a couple of waiters to assist her. But she was quite adamant on the point. Pleasant and respectful, but completely stubborn.

"I am sorry, Mr. Carson, but I have always preferred to handle my catering engagements completely on my own. I regret the misunderstanding, but perhaps it is still not too late for you to engage another firm."

Really—at that hour, what could I hope to do about it? I was completely at the woman's mercy, and she had what I have always disliked in a woman—a mind of her own. So I tried to impress on her how important the party was ("I

regard all my catering engagements as important, Mr. Carson"), and then there was nothing for it but to leave the rest to her.

I got through a dreadful day at the office and arrived home feeling so depressed that a few bowls of nuts placed around the room was the most I expected from the Francine Catering Service.

The first thing I noticed was that the brass door-handle had been polished. My Mrs. Sawyer is a good daily worker. She makes my bed, clears away the breakfast and dinner dishes, and does a certain amount of window cleaning and scrubbing, without going into such refinements as polishing brass door-handles and furniture.

I was just about to insert my key in the lock when Miss Bradley flung open the door. She had put on a black frock with a starched white apron, but it didn't really make her look very different. She still wasn't the sort of person who faded into the background and hovered unobtrusively with a tray of drinks.

The living-room looked wonderful. I was just about to say so when I noticed that she not only had polished all the furniture, but had shifted it all around, too. Even if it looked better the new way, I considered it a great impertinence of her to do it without my permission.

However, I didn't want to start an argument before the party, so I just said the flowers looked very nice. The Superior had usually run to a mixed bunch in the entrance hall and another not too impressive arrangement on the piano top. But even at a glance I could see Miss Bradley had looked at the color scheme of the rug and curtains before she bought her flowers.

There were plates of food lying around on the available table tops and I tried a canapé topped with caviare and a colorful dab of chopped green onion. Perhaps caviare was going a bit too far, but, after all, I had told her the party was a very special one, and it was too late to start trying to cut down costs now. Besides, it was all so fresh and appetising and obviously made that very day. I sometimes shuddered to think how long the Superior had stored up its little aspic bites.

While I mixed the cocktails, she kept on whizzing in and out of the kitchen in the most alarmingly organised way,

To page 61

It didn't seem to matter to Francine how many guests there were; she handled every aspect of a party with complete efficiency.



ILLUSTRATED BY *John M. White*





From the days of
the dowry to the
modern hope-chest

Finlay's sheets

are still trousseau treasures



Yes, indeed, over two hundred years ago Finlay's Sheets were hand woven by the skilful Scots for the bridal dowry. To-day, skilful Scottish weavers, with the most modern machinery, produce Finlay's famous Sheets and Pillowcases—Sheets and Pillowcases every girl treasures in her trousseau. In plain and twill weave, they're made from the best-quality cotton, bleached in the pure air of the Scottish Highlands and given a strong finish that guarantees long and hard wear.



IN WHITE AND DECORATOR COLOURS

Choose the colour to pamper your personality; and, remember, it's an old Scottish custom to date your Finlay's Sheets and see how long they'll wear!

Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Hollands—they're guaranteed fadeless!

MADE IN SCOTLAND **FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS**

96/142.7

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE often wondered why something could not be done about the waste of firewood beside main highways. Plenty of dead timber and branches are thrown aside and burned in the course of widening roads. When one thinks of the many old pensioners who cannot afford wood to keep warm in winter, this seems heartbreaking.

It would be wonderful if some of these poor people could benefit from unwanted firewood, which could be collected by volunteers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Green, Box Hill, Vic.

A DESERTED wife is one of the loneliest persons on earth. After years of married life one depends on male companionship, but this is denied a deserted wife. Not that I want a male companion, but the years ahead stretch unendingly. I have learnt to chop wood, mow grass, fix plugged drains—all the things I loathe. As a widow, the neighbors would help me, but who can expect the man next door to chop my wood while my own husband is living nearby? Believe me, I envy widows. If my husband had died I would be over the shock by now. As it is, I know I will never get over it. My children are young, I am not yet 30. We have little money, and there seems no future for any of us.

10/6 to "Not a Wife" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

ROMANCES that begin well often end on the rocks. Why? Several of us had this under discussion. One told of a romance broken up when she noticed the way he wiggled his foot when sitting relaxed. This habit so unnerved her that they parted. Others said that former loves showed their back teeth when they laughed, or walked on the wrong side of the pavement. No one mentioned the big things like meanness, drinking, or gambling. Perhaps we think we can change these afterwards!

10/6 to "I Wonder" (name supplied), Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

GOOD luck to the expectant mothers of today! They win my admiration with their smart maternity frocks, comfortable shoes, and neat hair-dos. How different to my days, when women were confined to the house for months, wearing dressing-jackets and kimonos. We had things the hard way then, for no one bothered to cater for "mother-to-be" fashions.

10/6 to "Grosvena" (name supplied), North Perth, W.A.

IF parents could spend half an hour in an infants' school on a rainy day we would never again face the problem of unmarked raincoats, hats, and boots. Most children's rain wear is identical and the teacher faces a difficult task trying to ensure that each child gets his own clothes. Trouble could be avoided if parents marked each article with a name tape.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Lynch, Fassifern, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

IS it really a good thing to call the place where babies are born a hospital? I believe it would be much better to call a maternity hospital by the more pleasant name "Natalorium."

10/6 to "Natal" (name supplied), Woollahra, N.S.W.

Outback snobbery

STATION snobbery may be the reason why "Far West" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 25/1/56) does not see many city people take jobs outback.

Housemaids remain housemaids regardless of good behaviour or education. Governesses often are made to be "employees"—sharing no companionship with children's mother.

It is common on many stations to have the head stockman dining with the boss and his family. The men, commonly known as "ringers," with whom the head stockman remains in the kitchen.

Many of these men are well-educated. The excuse of a station owner or manager that he wants a private discussion on the next day's business with his right-hand man does not ring true, because most stations have an office set apart for this.

10/6 to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Almaden, N.S.W.

Family affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

A RECENT illness left my husband too weak to move unassisted. His weight on my arm was more than I could stand. I was afraid that he might fall and that I might not be able to support him. Then I thought of my traymobile, which solved the difficulty.

While he held one end, leaning all his weight on his hands, I pulled the other and we moved easily and safely without undue strain. At the same time cushions, rugs, and papers were carried, saving extra runs. I also use the traymobile for my husband's meals, which I prepare and wheel quickly to his side.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Blackburn, Northwood, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

A YOUNG woman was standing next to me at the men's pyjama counter in a big store.

"Haven't you got flannelette pyjamas without these awful stripes?" she asked. "My husband looks such a fool in striped pyjamas."

"I'm sorry, madam," the salesman said. "Men's flannelette pyjamas always have stripes. They've had stripes as long as I can remember."

"Then it's time they stopped having stripes," she declared.

I don't often talk to strange women about pyjamas, but this time I had to speak out.

"Well done, madam!" I exclaimed. "You're right! It's a pleasure to meet a woman who shares my ideas on pyjamas."

She backed away hastily, as if doubtful of my intentions. But I was quite sincere.

Every man looks a fool in striped flannelette pyjamas—even a man of natural dignity, as I think I can claim to be.

We have to spend a third of our lives in these pyjamas, remember.

BLIGHTED NIGHTS

We spend a third of our lives looking silly.

Men don't complain about it for fear they will be called sissies.

That is why women should make a fuss like that lady in the shop.



Most women, sooner or later, have to spend a lot of time with a man wearing striped pyjamas.

The patterns on little boy's pyjamas are better—my son has a nice pair with elephants on them.

The strange thing is that pyjamas have stood still while there has been

such progress in nightgowns.

Here is a nightgown advertisement I saw in an American magazine:

"EXPOSED! Our new strapless nightie daringly bares your shoulders, puts you waist-deep in luscious Alencon lace — AND flatters your figure with a midriff inset."

I don't suggest the pyjama people should go as far as that.

Men don't want to be waist-deep in luscious Alencon lace.

But what hurts is the way the manufacturers don't seem to CARE about our pyjamas.

The nightie crowd really try to improve their product.

They hold conferences; they keep a suggestion box.

The result is someone comes up with an idea like flattering the figure with a midriff inset.

Whenever a young man in the slumberwear industry shows imagination they send him straight to the nightie branch.

The dull ones are left to plod along in men's pyjamas.

Well, it's not good enough.

I would like to be able to get some pyjamas with elephants—AND a flattering midriff inset, too.



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

WOOL—THE COUNTRY'S WEALTH. Last season (1954-55) Australia provided more than one quarter of the world's wool clip, selling 3,955,476 bales for a total of £352,691,825. It was in 1796 that John Macarthur laid the foundations of the present Australian wool industry by importing eight merino sheep from the Cape of Good Hope; now, Australia has the largest sheep population—130,000,000—in the world. Macarthur later bought merinos from George III's flocks; his wool experiments were successful and in 1825 he sold a ram for £300. At last year's Sheep Show in Sydney, Mr. E. I. Body, of "Bundemar," Trangie, N.S.W., achieved a world-record price of 6000 guineas for a merino ram. This picture shows a prize ram being shorn at "Haddon Rig," the well-known merino stud property owned by Mr. G. B. S. Falkiner at Warren, N.S.W. Picture by Mel Nichols, Epping, N.S.W.

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CUT AND CUR



COMBED AND CURLED according to the C-line, three models wear three different variations of the Cascade style, just released by Haute Coiffure. Style shows how hair is worn slightly fringed in front, forming small "c's," and then is brushed back.

"Secrecy" ban lifted on latest hairstyle from France

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

At last it's smart to admit you're graded C—that's you're wearing a "C-line" hairstyle, following the latest line of the Syndicat de la Haute Coiffure Francaise.

WHAT Haute Couture is to fashion, Haute Coiffure is to hairdressing. It is a world organisation, accepted as the authority which creates and names new hairdressing styles each season in harmony with high fashion.

As a result there was a real atmosphere of a fashion show at M. Rene Henri's Sydney salon when the C hairstyle was revealed to Australians for the first time.

Hot from under the driers, and free from the restraint of pins, models shook off their tangerine smocks, donned lush mink coats, and paraded through the salon, where the Press perched on narrow gilt chairs consuming coffee or crunching croissants.

The salon, very Louis Quinze, had grey walls embellished with ornate white plastering, and great gilt-surrounded mirrors to reflect the new hairstyle, and the new colors—argent (silver), gold, flamingo-pink, and sun-tipped.

Watching from the sidelines were the Australasian members of Haute Coiffure—M. Henri himself, M. Claude (lately of Paris, now of Sydney), Mr. Raymond, of Melbourne, Mr. R. Shergis, of Adelaide, and Mr. Keith Cohen, of Auckland, New Zealand.

All of these men had satisfied Paris Haute Coiffure that they possessed international standards of hairdressing and that their salons were world-class in layout and hygiene.

Other Australian hairdressers have applied for membership

and are waiting for admittance.

Members of Haute Coiffure are entitled to wear a small golden badge bearing the picture of a waving head of hair, plus the letters H.C.F.

They also have their names listed in Haute Coiffure's magazine, which contains the

names of top stylists in everything from clothes to jewelry.

A total of 520 stylists in 52 countries belong to Haute Coiffure. In Paris alone there are 180 members, including the fabulous Antoine, who is reported to have had a habit of sleeping in a glass case for relaxation.

"We were sworn to secrecy about the C line," whips M. Rene Henri, "and, ah, it is so beautiful. C is 'coeur'—that is heart—also for 'en cascade,' like waterfall, you see.

"Mr. Raymond has only arrived from Europe, bringing the knowledge with him. Cascade is outdating all the styles which went before it—the Italian Boy, Panache, the V-line, Dandy, Flame, and Harlequin.

"See," he cried, "four more heads are coming."

The four heads (plus bodies) drifted among the chairs. One head was topped by what appeared to be a boat. M. Claude, who engineered the edifice, allowed it to dock for closer examination.

His dark eyes flashed with enthusiasm as he explained.

"Ze Cascade style, free flowing like ze waterfall, here. And every cascade bubbles een eet where water splashes around. So on Anzac Day, I thought would make a little Chinese sampan out of hair. Six hours it took me to glue and lacquer the hair into a bowl. You see its sail made of pink nylon hair?"

"And now, eef you loo-



CURTAINS for Italian Boy hairstyling, a wispy mode doomed by Parisian edict.

THE NEW "C-LINE"



CAMERAS catch atmosphere in Rene Henri's salon, where Haute Couture members (from left) Mr. Raymond, M. Claude, Mr. Shergis, and Mr. Cohen cut and comb.

in ze sampan, there are bubbles — all of opalescent glass, splashed here from ze waterfall. Ze sampan is in ze middle of ze rapids of Yellow Rivaire in China, and ze model's hair is golden. A less fanciful version of the Cascade was being discussed by Mr. Raymond just to my right.

"The C-line, having only a small fringe, flows from the front to the nape of the neck — the Kissable Neckline."

Mr. Raymond produced a nail brush and wielded it vigorously.

M. Henri was crying above the noise: "If any of you gentlemen of the Press want to picture someone is willing to kiss ze neck."

"But look, her frock's so gh," interpolated a journal-

ist. Miss Marie Gallagher immediately lowered the neckline.

Someone said approvingly, "Very Diana Dors-ish," and Mr. Shergis, hair stylist, stepped forward to prove that the neckline was kissable.

If the necklines were kissable, the furs were strokeable.

There were arctic foxes, emma sapphire minks, autumn haze minks, blonde beiges,

capotes, stoles, and even mink tails which one of the models had decorating her Cascade hair.

One model padded by rather self-consciously in an outfit entirely of peschaniki, from the burnt-orange top to the black matador pants, but-toned in white mink.

By way of contrast, she was



CONCENTRATION as Mr. Bob Shergis puts finishing touches to Cascade style worn by Glenda Wallis. For additional effect, hair was colored soft pink.

wearing the Italian Boy haircut, along with other models whose hairstyles dated back as far as the corrugated wave of 1930.

"An ugly style," sighed M. Henri, watching 1930's ripples vanish. "But Cascade! It gives youth and inspiration; there are so many variations to the Cascade which we can do."

"There is movement, the lift, the flow."

"Next season there will be

the new style coming out straight from Paris."

Outside, high above crowded Martin Place, the red, white, and blue colors of France fluttered from the windows. Below, girls went by, not knowing that within days Haute Coiffure would be making them alter their hair-sets. Within the salon, the cascaded hairstyles went by, worn by models who were lovelier and haute-ier than ever.



COQUETTISH moment came when Marie Gallagher was complimented on her "kissable neckline," a feature of the Cascade, styled here by Mr. Raymond.



CREATION by M. Claude shows a sampan sailing through the golden Cascade of Miss Louise's hair. The sampan was made of lacquered hair, and had a sail of pink nylon hair.

"See my glorious new perm with time-saving Toni!"



I used one of the

Toni Trio

3 HOME PERMS

for lanolin protection and soft shining curls

Whatever your type of hair, Toni brings you the perfect perm for it. There's *Super* for hard-to-wave hair; *Regular* for normal hair and *Gentle* for the easy-to-wave. Just 15 minutes is the exact waving time for all! And Toni Seal-A-Wave solution locks in those lovely curls instantly and permanently.



"Mine's **SUPER** for hard-to-wave hair"



"Mine's **REGULAR** for normal hair"



"Mine's **GENTLE** for easy-to-wave hair"

Toni gives a natural curl that lasts till it grows out



13/6

Chase

your

cares

away

Gallop off to your confectioner's for a **MacRobertson** favourite...



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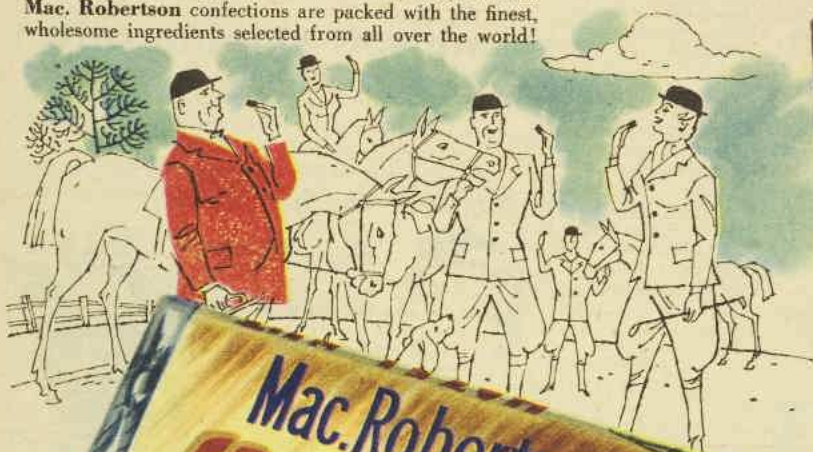
Eat a Mac. Robertson confection whenever the going gets tough. Choose your favourite — and if it's **MILK CHOCOLATE** then you know Mac. Robertson's give you the fresh-flavour-blend of creamy country milk and choicest cocoa beans. Tastes just right! Only 2/-.



Mac. Robertson's "CHERRY RIPE" gives you a wonderful treat for your money! Ripe, real cherries pure milky coconut and an Old Gold chocolate coating. What value — and flavour! Only 8d.

Overcome those little daily hurdles

Worked hard today? Feeling a little bit "down"? Then give yourself a break — look over this page, pick out a Mac. Robertson favourite or two — relax and enjoy it. That's the way to brighten up — and it's the way to get quick energy and nourishment, too, because Mac. Robertson confections are packed with the finest, wholesome ingredients selected from all over the world!



Here's the prize catch for your "sweet tooth" — "SNACK". 12 novelty-shaped pieces . . . 6 different centres. It's the economical way to enjoy high-grade chocolates. Just look at the flavours waiting for you in every "SNACK" block — French Nougat, Pineapple Cream, Turkish Delight, Strawberry Cream, Cream Caramel, Fruit Sundae. Only 2/-.

All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery.

Retail prices may be slightly higher in certain distant country areas.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1956

Hunting for something different in nut blocks? Then try Mac. Robertson's "HAZEL NUT" — find out why it is Australia's favourite nut block. You'll know the reason when you taste those deliciously crisp hazel nuts set in that thick, creamy milk chocolate. Ask for Mac. Robertson's "HAZEL NUT".

PRINCE PLAYS POLO-SOLO



● It looks quite easy to play—on foot.



● It bends easily; no wonder Daddy broke three.



● These sticks are tougher than I thought.



● Daddy didn't want this stick anyway.

● The Duke of Edinburgh had his first polo match of the season at Windsor Great Park this month. The Duke scored two goals for his team, the Welsh Guards, who defeated the Royal Horse Guards.

He broke three polo sticks in the match.

This made quite an impression on Prince Charles, who had to see for himself how strong the sticks were.

Luckily for Charles, his father didn't seem to be around when he got to work.



● What are these sticks made of, rubber? (Photos by George Varjas, Reflex.)



● Oops, I fell over. That stick has a kick.



● A feller can have a lot of fun with a polo stick, especially his father's.



THE BEGUM in the garden she designed on the site of a former olive grove. Born in the little Mediterranean town of Sete, she grew up in a flat in Cannes with windows that look towards the hill where she now lives. She is justly proud of her garden.

GLORIOUS VIEW from the flower-encircled pool in the garden. The blue Mediterranean is seen in the background with Cannes at its edge. The Begum often entertains her guests in this sheltered spot high above the glittering facade of world-famous Cannes.



Hostess to the famous—
wife of the world's most
fabulous man—the Begum
Aga Khan finds delight
and relaxation . . .

In Her Riviera Garden

● Although the Begum employs six French gardeners at her home "Yakymour," Cannes, she herself designs the color masses and chooses what flowers are to be planted.

There are a few exotic flowers in the garden, but it is the simple flowers the Begum loves best. She chooses them so that there will always be color in the garden. Her favorite flowers are roses and camellias.



THE BEGUM'S cream villa, "Yakymour," has golden-brown tiles and is set in rich grassy terraces and formal parklands that merge into a garden brilliant with blossom in all seasons of the year.



HELD between banks of shrubs and tall cypress trees, a cascade of flowers, above, pansies, cyclamen, cinerarias, thrift, alyssum, and nasturtiums grow down the massive stone steps, alight with gorgeous color the whole year through.

THE CYPRESS TREES, right, standing like church spires, were bought from a neighbor on condition that the man who pruned them became a gardener at "Yakymour." The garden has taken 17 years of work to reach its present state of perfection.



ORANGES, lemons, mandarins, and grapefruit ripen on laden trees in the Begum's garden. A massed bed of cinerarias makes a brilliant splash of color in front of the bank of citrus trees.

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(Left) From Book 200. Knitting Books, 1/6 ea. (posted, 1/9).

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"If we drive all tonight and tomorrow we can enjoy a full extra day at the beach."

MOTHER



"But I tell you, a pony tail wouldn't be suitable for me!"

It seems to me

DEBATING is becoming an increasingly popular pastime for the winter evenings, so I read in a newspaper the other day.

The story mentioned a young married couple who met first at a debating function and are both officials of a debating union.

This set me wondering whether they, or other similar enthusiasts, apply the rules of debate at home. I suppose it would be possible, but only a rare woman would stand for it.

I have never been very fond of debating, though in my schooldays I had a shot at it once or twice. Although it was pleasant to have five minutes' say without interruption, it was infuriating to have to sit still and keep quiet while the opposition talked.

Arguing, on the other hand, is most enjoyable. There is nothing I like better at a party than a good ding-dong argument.

I find that if you say at intervals, "What absolute rubbish," or "I never heard such ridiculous nonsense in my life," you can often shock more polite guests into momentary silence and thereby take the floor.

Another useful device is to say, "But that's completely illogical." This is specially good if said to another woman, as women (including me) are never quite sure what is logical and what isn't.

It sometimes works with men. Men pride themselves on being logical. To be told they aren't takes their breath away.

By the time they realise the accusation was false it's too late.

Of course, you have to be careful. I dived into the middle of a very fine argument at a party recently and was soon intimidated into silence by much sharper tactics.

You need to check on people's occupations. These were lawyers.

★ ★ ★

REPORTERS who watched the Monte Bello explosion showed enterprise in describing the shape of the cloud as the mushroom dispersed.

One saw it as Z-shaped and another as a huge question mark.

The pictures I saw didn't look very much like a question mark or a Z, but human imagination, fortunately, can still be a more powerful interpreter than a camera.

★ ★ ★

THE American candle manufacturer who wants women to be honest about their age so that he can sell more birthday candles should be realistic.

He says he could sell millions more candles a year if women were truthful.

What he should do is spread his investments into the industries that benefit by women refusing to face the facts of years.

If every woman started to be honest about her age to herself and to other people it would reduce her to a state of mind disastrous for the cosmetic and clothing trades.

By



Dorothy Drann

AUTOMATION is the new word; in fact, the word of the year.

It is now being applied not only to industry but to the house of the future, as distinct from the modern house, which could be called mechanised.

The prophets forecast a world where the average man and woman will do little but stand round watching machinery.

Meanwhile, an American doctor says that women were much happier in the days when they spun the yarn and wove the cloth, made the

candles and the soap, besides cooking, washing, and tending children.

Now, he says, "Woman, deprived of her ancient prerogatives, is seeking retribution in a mighty wrath of frenzied aggressions."

Heaven knows what words the doctor had reserved for what will happen to women when the home becomes fully automatic.

A possible solution is contained in a speech made in Sydney the other day by sculptor Lyndon Dadsell.

He said that plumbers and engineers should have a course in sculpture as part of their training.

Plumbers, he said, were trained to use many materials used in modern sculpture.

"Give that man freedom to bend bits of lead and wire, and in time he will develop a perception of line and space," he said.

Here, perhaps, lies the solution for plumbers and plumbers' wives in the age of automation.

The house will be full of abstract sculpture, replacing the contemporary driftwood. And all of it will need dusting.

Or will the automatic house dust itself? That, if so, will make automation worth while.

★ ★ ★

THE Vicar of Lower Cornal, a Staffordshire village, has written to Marilyn Monroe asking her to attend the parish garden party in June. "It would be a great attraction," said the vicar, the Rev. Robert Timms.

"Last year's efforts, I must confess,"

Said the vicar, in accents hearty,

"Could only be termed a mild success

At the parish garden party.

"The flower, the cake, and the produce stall
Did nicely, and so did the jumble,
But the work was hard and the profits were small,
It's time that we took a tumble.

"Mrs. Jones, who has offered again to sing,
Is of bird-calls a talented mimic,
But I can't help thinking it's time to spring
Something new in the way of a gimmick.

"We could dress up a doll and guess its name—
Old-fashioned, one can't deny it,
But a real live doll with a claim to fame
Should convert our fete to a riot!"

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56PAD43

What colour is the
inside of your oven?

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closely at the interior of
your oven? Do you see
the original sparkling
enamel, or has hard,
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charge, rendering your
oven unsightly and in-
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Obtainable from Hardware, Grocery Stores, and Gas Co. Show-
rooms.

Princess Margaret prepares for her African "safari"

● Princess Margaret will undertake yet another Royal
tour in September when she visits British territories and
protectorates in East Africa and the Indian Ocean.

PRINCESS MARGARET will fly to a place, yet to be decided, in the Indian Ocean in September, where she will meet the Royal yacht Britannia, which will carry her to Mauritius and Zanzibar, in the Indian Ocean, and then to Tanganyika and Kenya.

This is Margaret's first major engagement since her Caribbean tour last year.

Princess Margaret is having a whole series of "budget-shop" dresses made for her tour.

These "budget-shop" clothes are made by a model house, but are smartly styled, inexpensive clothes worn by the average well-dressed young girl.

The order is a very large one—undoubtedly on the principle of two for the price of one.

The Princess has, too, a new

hairstyle which was launched this season by Dior and which Rene, her hairdresser, gave her.

It is the "Ear-muff" style, which he will keep in shape during the East African tour.

The Princess will take two ladies-in-waiting, Miss Iris Peake and, most probably, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish.

Princess Margaret will first visit the sugar-growing island of Mauritius, with its picturesque "mountains and lagoons."

It lies 500 miles east of Madagascar, and is one of the most thickly populated islands in the world.

It has an average of 700 inhabitants to the square mile and is 720 square miles in area.

From here the Princess will sail in Britannia to Zanzibar, and step ashore to the salute of 21 guns on the exotic, palm-fringed isle.

This is only 22 miles from the East African coast.

The Princess will smell Zanzibar, the world's biggest producer of cloves, long before she reaches it.

Before Britannia is within two miles the spicy smell will be wafted on the tropic breeze as the Royal yacht makes her way through coral reefs into the island's clear water harbor.

Zanzibar is ruled by the 67-year-old Sultan Seyyid Sir Khalifa Bin Harub, with the help of a British Adviser, and has a population of Arabs, Indians, and a few

Europeans.

Canon Gerald Broomfield, General Secretary of the Universities' Central Mission to Africa, now in London, tells of the excitement and the preparations there.

The Princess will see huge brass spikes on wooden doors of Arab houses in Zanzibar, which were put there to stop people backing their elephants into the doorways.

One of the places she is almost certain to visit in Zanzibar is the palace of the white-bearded Sultan.

He is a man of great charm and dignity.

He does not have a harem, but he once had two wives.

The Royal yacht will take the Princess on to Dar-es-Salaam, "Haven of Peace."

It is the capital of Tanganyika.

Here the famous snow-

capped Kilimanjaro dominates the territory.

Princess Margaret will stay there at Government House.

Princess Margaret's programme has not yet been planned in detail, but she will have the final say in every item on her itinerary.

In Tanganyika the preparations for entertaining Margaret are already under way. A total of £60,000 is to be spent on a new wing to Government House, which will accommodate the Princess and her party.

The main suite on the first floor faces the sea and contains two large bedrooms with private bath separated by a drawing-room.

Carpets and curtains have been ordered from London by Lady Twining, the Governor's wife, but much of the furniture will be made locally.

The new banquet hall will seat 170 guests.

This has a richly moulded ceiling over a series of arches supported by green Italian marble columns.

The main lighting will be from chandeliers.

But each pillar will have concealed lighting behind beautiful paintings.

Lady Twining is a doctor and specialises in tropical diseases.

She was Miss Helen Du Brissou before her marriage.

Margaret will probably go "on safari" in Tanganyika, but it will be a very curtailed one, for she is not making a holiday of this Royal tour, but visiting people to whom



GLAMOROUS AND POISED, the Princess descends the stairs at a charity ball in London. Her interest in any stage venture is always followed by box-office success.



"EAR-MUFF" HAIRSTYLE is shown in this picture, taken as she drove away after attending the 135th anniversary meeting of the British Sailors' Society in London recently.



RECENT PICTURE of Princess Margaret shows a new maturity, a new beauty. Her escorts are rarely mentioned now, but rumors, officially denied, have linked her name with that of Prince Christian of Hanover.

te link with the Crown is of the greatest importance.

I think it is unlikely Princess Margaret will visit the Royal Lodge at Sagana, 90 miles north of Nairobi.

This was a wedding present to the Queen as Princess Elizabeth, and it was while holidaying there in 1952 that she became Queen.

On that occasion the Queen and the Duke were spending a few days quietly there because they were about to embark on a long and very busy tour of the Commonwealth.

But the Princess, fresh from holiday at Balmoral in August, will be anxious to see and meet as many of the peoples of these territories as she possibly can.

The most she is likely to do is to pay a brief visit to Sagana if a trip to the army headquarters at nearby Nairobi is included in her programme.

No longer is Princess Margaret's name linked only to romantic speculation. She has proved she has a sense of duty that makes her perfect ambassador.

Her engagement diary is full. In the weeks ahead, until August, there are official sittings, and the Princess will continue to lead an active social life revolving mainly

around close friends and the theatre.

Invitations for the Princess to travel much farther abroad are most insistent. There is as much speculation on her future travels as there once was on her romantic interests.

Most discussed is the rumor that she is going to California.

But with the United States in the throes of election year it is most unlikely she will pay such a visit yet.

The remote chance that Princess Margaret will go to the West Coast has excited Hollywood, and is some measure of the interest she arouses among the stars.

The Canadian Government has already extended an invitation to Canada, which she has often said she would like to visit.

Top post

THERE are people in Britain prepared to wager that Princess Margaret may yet be the future Governor-General of Canada.

Without doubt Princess Margaret would be delighted to accept an invitation to the United States.

Her lively and intelligent interest in world affairs and her many American friends make this a foregone conclusion.

One short visit the Princess

is said to have promised herself is to Paris. Recently she confided to friends she would like to visit some of the dress salons and enjoy the delights of that city.

This would be, of course, an unofficial visit.

In London she is becoming known as the "footlights Princess," because of her increasing interest in the theatre.

Margaret saw John Cranko's revue, "Cranks," at the New Watergate. She told the author she could not find a fault with it and encouraged him to bring it to the West End, promising she would attend rehearsals.

With Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Princess Margaret, hatless, went to the St. Martin's Theatre and sat in the empty stalls with the author.

Her criticism was constructive; she wandered around the theatre examining the lighting; she drank tea from the canteen in a chipped cup; she joined in when the company sang the hit song.

The show is new and breathtaking and a great success, but to quote one of the youthful backers: "The Princess did put a kick into the box-office."

This sustained interest in the theatre has brought letters from all over the world to Clarence House.

One trier wrote from Canada asking her to book his show in England at reasonable cost. It was a wild-west musical with trick shooting and a performing horse.

He evidently decided that if Princess Margaret took an interest he couldn't fail.

Sang tunes

B.B.C. officials were astonished when she joined in the TV act on a visit to the studios, sang all the tunes, and knew all the words.

But those who know her were not.

For the Princess still collects all the latest records and entertains her friends at small parties at Clarence House.

Her taste for the latest records is nicely balanced with a love of the classics.

Every once in a while one has a glimpse of the old Princess Margaret.

For all her new poise, the natural girl who, in Trinidad, kept dinner guests waiting while Rene styled her hair is still there.

And only recently on an official visit to the Opera House at Covent Garden with the Queen and members of the Royal Family, Princess Margaret was late because she changed her dress at the last minute.

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Frogmen find a prince



THAT'S THE SPIRIT! Members of the Queensland Underwater Research Group examine bottles of treasure-trove whisky salvaged from the submerged hulk of the Scottish Prince. From left: Don Weston, Hal Rignold, Lyle Davis, Bill Hughes.



PATRON of the Q.U.R.G., Dr. Rafael Cilento—brother of stage and film actress Diane Cilento—checks the pulse and blood pressure of Lyle Davis before a dive.

By MARY COLES,
staff reporter



"HOW DO I LOOK?"
Mary Coles shows off her deep-sea costume.

But it's no soda diving for scotch in water

● Lured by the romance of buried treasure, I recently became a "frogwoman" with a team of enthusiasts salvaging the cargo of the Scottish Prince, a metal-hulled barque wrecked off the coast of Southport, Queensland, in 1887.

SCOTTISH PRINCE is reported to have been carrying £30,000 worth of whisky when she foundered on that Stradbroke Island sandbar. And I wanted a bottle as a keepsake.

The fact that after two days of "Operation Wreck" the only bottle I handled contained liniment bought to soothe a cracked shin is of little consequence.

In that time I discovered some of the tremendous fascination of disappearing underwater and becoming as much at home as a fish.

My teachers were members of the Queensland Underwater Research Group, a 60-member organisation formed four years ago to study and photograph marine life.

After many months of routine diving, a thirst for new thrills led former R.A.A.F. pilot Lyle Davis, of Brisbane, into an aerial search last October for reported wrecks along the South Queensland coast.

Lyle, Q.U.R.G. president, pinpointed the Scottish Prince in 40 feet of water a half-mile off Southport.

Within a few days, in a backwater training centre at the mouth of the Tweed River, senior members of the group had begun rigorous preparations for long periods below the surface.

Brisbane doctors checked the blood-pressure and pulse of men planning to work on the barnacle-encrusted wreck.

Group members intensified their efforts to master a relaxed approach to underwater activity and thus conserve air.

"Single aqualungs — metal cylinders of compressed air carried on the backs of divers — will provide air for two hours if used carefully," Lyle Davis explained.

"But, inexpertly used, the air can be used in ten minutes," he said, as I crumpled under the 35lb. aqualung he strapped on my back.

Previously Lyle Davis and fellow group member Ron Johnson had dressed me as carefully as a debutante going to her first ball.

Holidaymakers goggled as I stood shivering (with fear) in a long-sleeved 1917-type Mack Sennett Beach Girl robe that spread neck-to-knee over my ordinary swimsuit.

Over this they strapped a romper-suit made of what appeared to be inner-tube rubber.

Yet greater personal discomfort was to come.

I was fitted with an underwater mask which gripped my facial contours and satisfac-

torily prevented me breathing through my nose.

A large T-shaped rubber gag connected to the aqualung was forced into my mouth and I found myself uncomfortably gulping air.

"Ga-ga-ga-ga," I protested as they led me out into a deep channel.

Ron Johnston had previously described diving with an aqualung as the nearest thing to flying like a bird.

But I soon found that there was more to the art of diving than being dressed for it.

My floundering frightened away the fish and all I could recognise underwater were my own feet.

"You mustn't worry about going down," Ron and Lyle assured me. "It's coming up that can be fatal."

And they explained how sudden changes in pressure caused by ascending too

swiftly could force air bubbles through the lungs into the bloodstream, causing death.

While I was recovering from my baptismal descent, group members explained that they allowed only thoroughly experienced frogmen to work on the wreck.

This means long hours underwater.

Members log these hours in a variety of ways. Some are reputed to select an underwater grotto and spend the time eating oysters!

But they have to be smart — swiftly removing and replacing the breathing mouthpiece just long enough to pop in a freshly opened oyster be-

fore a small fish snatches it from the diver's lips.

Getting to the wreck, I learned, meant battling through heavy surf on skis laden with elaborate underwater gear.

The swimmers usually work in parties of three or four, each party doing a four-hour shift below.

And below, one man at all times is standing guard with a speargun to warn of approaching danger — gropers, giant stingrays, and sharks.

Meanwhile, the other members of the party dig and scrape by hand at the sand-filled hold. Their nails, incidentally, are worn almost to the cuticles.

Group member Ron Isbell was the first on the wreck.

And Hal Rignold was the first to strike treasure trove. He came across a bottle that "definitely wasn't a local."

That led to the discovery of another four bottles of whisky bearing Irish and Scottish seals.

Everything reclaimed (Scottish Prince carried whisky, sewing-machines, and iron) must be handed to the Official Receiver of Wrecks.

At dawn on the morning after my first immersion, group secretary Harry Cotton warned me to take seasick pills before going out to the wreck.

When I weakly protested that I had never been on a surf ski, the boys said they would tie me to a ski with other gear!

The take-off was planned from midway between Southport and Surfers' Paradise.

I was scared stiff.

Harry Cotton and John Muirhead smashed two paddles and three skis trying to fight their way through the thundering water.

But (heaven preserve us!) the boys decided there was no hope of reaching the wreck that day.

"Just wait until the winter," the boys insisted. "Conditions should be right then."

But with the threat of divers' bends, the embarrassment of being dressed, preliminary bouts with the surf, seasickness, and proximity of "friendly" sharks, I realised there was only one thing to do.

That was to return to Brisbane as quickly as possible and present MYSELF to the Receiver of Wrecks!

Stopping for a breath



LYLE DAVIS shows Mary Coles how to breathe below surface.



HOLD IT LIKE THIS, see? Then open wide and don't swallow it!



THAT'S THE GIRL! Just like biting a piece of old cake, eh!



WHAT'S THAT—can't talk? Well, women talk too much, anyway.



R556. Glamorous draped evening stole modelled in the ermine style, with wear-it-as-you-will faced collar.

R557. The deep, rich shawl collar distinguishes this Beaverlon jacket. Set off by cuffed, three-quarter sleeves, nipped-in waist and three chubby buttons.

R570. Delightful little fur-material cape with sporran front. Features pointed yoke which is repeated back and front.



R574. The luxurious comfort of this coat is belied by its sophisticated air. Deep turn-back cuffs, roll collar and slit pockets make for winter snugness.

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*Du Pont's trade mark for its acrylic fibre.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Problems of etiquette and love dominated the mailbox this week, mirroring the doubts and uncertainties that worry most teenagers. It is hard to believe now, but a few years makes a tremendous difference in the way you cope with life.

FIRST to arrive on the desk was a joint letter from two young girls. Here is their letter:

"WE are two girls living away from home. We both write to boys in our home town, but since being up here we have met two boys with whom we are sure we are in love. We still like the other boys very much and would like to continue our association with them. Do you think we should tell them about our new attractions or keep it to ourselves? We are both 18 and would like to have a more experienced opinion on this matter. Please do not mock our feelings."

"Trusting Teenagers," Tamworth.

Keep it to yourselves. At your age you should have dozens of boy-friends and be madly in love with every single "one of them." I know you will think I am harping, but do try to think of boy-friends as other human beings it is fun to know, sooner than as prospective husbands. Going out with the boys in Tamworth should not make the slightest difference to your association with the boys you write to at home. I am sure they would be horrified if they thought you spent your time staying at home writing to them and never went out with anyone else. Enjoy yourselves and keep on writing.

"A BOY I love very much has asked me to marry him, but I am afraid to, as I know practically nothing about sex. My mother is dead and I alone have to support my invalid father, so I haven't much money. I would like you to recommend to me some book advising me about sex and marriage which costs nothing or very little."

R.J., Taree, N.S.W.

I cannot suggest any book which costs nothing. An ex-



A word from Debbie . . .

• Are you one of those teenagers who are inclined to plumpness? You mustn't diet unless you have your doctor's permission, but you can watch your between-meal eating. If you get to the stage between meals when you feel you simply can't go another minute without eating something, do it sensibly. Eat an apple, have a glass of tomato juice, drink a bowl of bouillon. Don't eat chocolate bars or take sweetened drinks.

• Spice your basic wardrobe color with poster-paint colors, bright and primitive.

• Don't wring your nylon clothes when you wash them. Put them on the line dripping wet and always hang them the way they're worn. Hang blouses on coat-hangers or thread old stockings through the sleeves and peg the stockings, not the garment.

cellent book for you to have would be "Attaining Womanhood," by Dr. George W. Corner. It is obtainable through the National Marriage Guidance Council, Room 409, 44 Margaret St., Sydney, and costs 10/5, which includes postage. The book would be forwarded to you in a plain cover.

"COULD you please tell me if, when you are writing letters on folded notepaper, you write on the first page, then over on to the third and back again to the second, or do you write straight ahead, pages 1, 2, 3, 4? I have heard the first way is correct and, as I write many letters, I would very much like to know."

C.M., Victoria.

There is no fixed rule that I can find, but customarily you write on folded notepaper in this order: Pages 1, 3, 2, 4. I am told that politeness demands that the signature of the writer should show immediately you remove the folded letter from the envelope, which means, of course,

that, whatever its length, the letter should always end on page four. For instance, if you are writing only a short letter you would write on pages 1 and 4.

"SHOULD a man light his own cigarette first, or that of his woman companion? During an argument two of us said the man should light his own, and the other two said he should light hers. Which is right?"

N.B.W., Sydney.

Strictly speaking, the man should light his own cigarette first. Etiquette is designed to put people at ease, and in the case of a man and a woman, so that a man may protect and shield the woman he is with from danger and discomfort. When he lights her cigarette first he is subjecting her to the danger and discomfort of inhaling the fumes that arise when a match or lighter is first ignited. As you can see, there is little discomfort involved, and to many men it is more important to observe the "ladies first" rule. Customarily this is done more nowadays.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

IF you like a band with an easy swingy style, fronted by lots of polished saxophone, lend an ear to Ken Mackintosh and His Orchestra on LP ODLP. Ken, who leads one of Britain's most popular dance orchestras, has gathered together some new arrangements and offers ten popular melodies, such as "The Very Thought Of You," "The Man I Love," "It Ain't Necessarily So," and "That Old Feeling." Although it's primarily a dance record, the playing is sufficiently restrained to afford relaxed listening while you serve after-dinner coffee.

"Lizzie Borden," that macabrely comic song from the film "New Faces," which Princess Margaret endorses as one of her favorites, will be

available in mid-May. Lizzie was the central figure in an unsolved murder mystery of 1892, when her parents were found slain at their home in Fall River, Massachusetts. She was acquitted of having wielded an axe with such disastrous results, but her story has since been spotlighted in a ballet, "Fall River Legend," and this recent song set to a hoe-down tempo.

"You can't stop your Poppa up in Massachusetts," warns Billy Cotton's Band on Y.6791, and, although they turn in a good job, it lacks the attack and pace of the original waxing, which is not at present available here. Still, being under unofficial Royal approval, as it were, the disc is bound

to excite lots of comment. Backing is wonderfully incongruous—"The Little Child," a refurbished version of a number called "The Old Man And The Little Boy," which was heard here about three years ago.

There's always somebody looking for Strauss waltzes, so for that person I'd point out microgroove disc LXTA.2965. Full flavor is captured by the magnificent Vienna Philharmonic, under the famous Strauss interpreter the late Clemens Krauss. The disc introduces complete versions of "Blue Danube," "Vienna Woods," "Die Fledermaus Overture," "Voices of Spring," and "Artist's Life."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

NEW

Styles, Shades Lincoln CREPETTA Knitting Wool






Try Crepetta for Knitting your fashion garments this season. It's a new high quality all-purpose wool with soft, crepe finish, specially twisted to reduce rubbing and balling. Crepetta, the latest in the famous Lincoln range . . . Daphne Crochet, Triple Twist, and new Buffalo Sports wool . . . all available in new co-ordinating fashion shades, including Jade and Tango, also Pigskin for matching with accessories. Other Lincoln wools include Merino Baby, Golden Wattle and the new Permalon, a special blend of wool and nylon.

These attractive Crepetta styles in Lincoln Knitting Book No. 740 are only part of the new season's range of the latest hand knitted fashions, presented with full instructions in Lincoln's new Knitting Books . . . now at your favourite store.

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All LINCOLN Wools are now in 1 oz. balls



Trix washes woollens wonderfully well. You can trust it with even the most delicate knitteds.

In the past, you've probably found that ordinary washing causes woollens to shrink, thicken or become hard. With Trix there is no chance of that. Trix is non-caustic. Trix works by safe, soft chemical action, that gently lifts out and absorbs every particle of grease.

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TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.—makers of famous MORTEIN

Trix is twice as economical as ordinary detergents

Trix is thick!

Trix—the miracle detergent—makes ordinary water into “magic” water that absorbs dirt and grease. There's no need for powders, flakes or other soaps—for “anything suds can do, Trix can do better!”



Trix is remarkably efficient for linens, cottons, silks and every washable fabric. Even heavily soiled working clothes wash cleaner, faster.

WASHING MACHINES WORK BETTER WITH TRIX

With soapy preparations, the suds often ooze right out of the tub. But with Trix there are no suds and no “froth and bubble” problem.



Use TRIX also for

WASHING-UP — (Trix eliminates drying-up)

WINDOW CLEANING . . .

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CAR CLEANING

PRICE 3/3 Slightly higher in some country areas



FAMOUS French conductor Jean Martinon at rehearsal in Sydney.

Swiss retreat for French conductor

French composer-conductor Jean Martinon, now touring Australia for the A.B.C., has what is probably the world's most perfect retreat—a little hut in front of Mont Blanc in the Swiss Alps.

I TRY to take a break of three or four months each year,” M. Martinon said, “and go to the hut for the winter sports and to climb.

“I have done a lot of climbing. In the Alpes Maritimes, Mont Blanc, I have climbed the Matterhorn—from the Italian side. It was hard. Oh, yes, I climb a lot.

“I don't think there are any other musicians who do this sort of thing; they would be worried for fear of hurting their hands or of being injured.

I do not think about being hurt when I am climbing a peak.

“This is why: In the war I spent some time in a German prison camp; later I worked with the Resistance.

“Many people got hurt doing these things, but I did not. I was quite all right, and nothing bad happened to me.

“A man, musician, conductor, or anybody else, can walk down the street, and perhaps a flower-pot or a bowl of flowers will fall from a window on to his head and he will be dead instantly.

“If you think of it this way, it is probably just as dangerous to walk around in a city as to climb a mountain.”

M. Martinon shrugged a little, smoothed back his thick grey hair, and continued:

“I climb because I like it; it is an escape for me. A businessman can at least leave his office and go home from his affairs of business. I cannot do this. Always I know there is a pile of scores for me to study.”

In the nine months of the year when M. Martinon is not clambering up and down mountains, he is one of France's foremost modern composers, and is regarded as

one of Europe's most promising younger conductors.

His most recent composition is a one-and-a-quarter-hour-long oratorio called “Song of Songs” from the Old Testament “Song of Solomon.”

“It will have its first performance in Europe or Israel next season,” M. Martinon said. “And perhaps I will conduct it.

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter

“I have written it for a tenor and a soprano, with a small choir and a small orchestra. It is a very special orchestra, composed mainly of harps, flutes, and oboes. I have done it this way because the orchestras of King Solomon's Court were composed of instruments similar to these.”

Jean Martinon played in

his first big orchestra as a violinist when he was 15. It was the Straram Orchestra, in Paris, and at the time Toscanini was conducting.

“All the musicians were terrified of him,” M. Martinon said. “We play like this” (making bow-scrapping gestures of a violinist playing in fear of his life) “and ask ourselves, ‘What is he going to do next?’

“Always it was, ‘You have played a wrong note, you are not fit to be in an orchestra,’ from Toscanini. He would get furious and shout.

“He terrified the musicians he conducted, but he was nearly always right. He got the best from the music.

“Quite honestly, I would prefer to make friends of the musicians, to make them see clearly the best thing to do with the music. Then they will play not because they are frightened of me but because the music demands their best.”

Gay Look Contest

● Entries in our exciting Gay Look Contest close on May 25.

Full details of the competition, together with the entry form, have been given in the past five issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The contest offers three Hillman Minx cars as prizes. Each car, when registered and insured for 12 months, is valued at £1165/7/9.

Entries received up to midnight on May 25 will be accepted by the judges.

Send your entry in now.

It may win you a magnificent two-tone family car.

HERE'S HOW NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR GIVES YOU

Positive Relief FROM COUGHING!

Not just one, but ten medically proven active ingredients in NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir give a 3-way expectorant, sedative and decongestive action. That's why NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir acts so quickly to stop harsh, racking coughing; "breaks" bronchial coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures.

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1. **Loosens Phlegm.** Five gentle expectorants in NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir rapidly clear phlegm-congested membranes.
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3. **Reduces Congestion.** Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes; makes breathing easier.

In addition, the formula contains **Creosote** (as an internal antiseptic); **Honey** and **Glycerin** (to soothe sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest).

NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a safe, sure treatment for coughs and bronchial congestion for adults, children, infants. There are 3 formulations, with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., 3/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/6; 12 fl. oz., 9/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Stops Sore Throats Quickly

Don't suffer the discomfort of a sore, inflamed throat one minute longer! NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets will bring you speedy, soothing relief. Slip just one of these pleasant-tasting tablets into your mouth... the inflamed membranes lose their soreness... the iodine content helps check the infection. Use NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets as a safeguard against infection whenever you are in crowds—trains, buses, theatres, etc. 40 tablets, 2/3; 60 tablets, 3/6.

Nyal IODISED THROAT TABLETS



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When kiddies cough their heads off, don't guess how much of an adult cough mixture to give them. Be accurate! Give NYAL 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir—the only mixture which has the dosage accurately prepared especially for children from 5 to 12 years old. This raspberry-flavoured elixir soothes inflamed tissues of throat and chest; cuts away phlegm; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes; makes breathing easier. 6 fl. oz., 5/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' CHILDREN'S COUGH ELIXIR



How You Can Have WHITER TEETH In 10 Days

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

Smooth texture and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!

Nyal TOOTHPASTE



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

Suffering from persistent cold sores—cracked lips? Then try the soothing, healing action of NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion. The Cream keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion, 2/6.

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION



Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely two minutes after using NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion; does not sting; can be used as often as necessary by young and old alike. So easy to use, too!

The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relieving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—get relief anywhere, anytime.

5/6. Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY



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Nyal Aspirin-Codeine Tablets. Quickly relieve headaches, migraine, toothache, nerve and muscular pains. 2/6, 3/6.

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Nyal Quinine 'Flu Mixture. Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.

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Nyal White Lip Salve. Invisible protection against wind-burned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.

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the satisfying breakfast

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another new RECIPE

PINEAPPLE TART

PASTRY: 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 oz. sugar, ¼ cup S.R. flour, 2 ozs. butter or margarine, pinch salt.
Mix dry ingredients. Pour on melted butter. Mix well and turn on to greased 7-inch pie plate. Press down well. Decorate edges. Bake in a moderate oven till golden brown, about 20 minutes. Cool before adding pineapple or any favourite filling.

PINEAPPLE FILLING: 1 pineapple shredded and cooked in own juice. Sweeten to taste. Thicken with 1 tablesp. Wade's, Clement's or Brown & Polson's cornflour blended with water. Cook until clear. Allow to cool before filling tart case. Garnish with strawberries.

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DEATH IN THE HOUSE

Your child's safety may depend on your care

By BARBARA RICHARDS

Every year in Australia dozens of children die and hundreds suffer because they eat or drink some poisonous substance. They find death, caused by lack of parental thought, in their own home.

THE number of accidental poisonings in childhood is increasing. A recent survey of 23,784 Australian children under the age of five showed that in the first three years of life one child in every 130 takes a poison.

The survey showed that in three cases out of every four the poison which causes the accident is left in the child's normal playing area. In about one case in seven the child climbs to a height to get the poison. In one case in 10 the child takes the poison from a closed cupboard.

Most poisoned children are under the age of three. They are at a time of life when discovery is mostly through the mouth.

Doctors cite kerosene as the most common child poisoner, because it is so often accessible. Many mothers, not knowing its danger, keep it in a low cupboard, sometimes in a cordial bottle.

Get a doctor

ONE teaspoon of kerosene could kill your child. It is not the amount he swallows that matters—it is the amount he inhales. The kerosene irritates and inflames the delicate lung tissue, preventing large areas from absorbing oxygen.

Pneumonia may follow in four hours. The child may hover between life and death for days. He may be ill for at least a week.

The important point to remember when your child appears to have been drinking kerosene: Don't try to make him sick. He will only vomit and inhale kerosene into his lungs. Get him to a doctor.

This is the advice of eminent children's specialists.

Weedkillers, rat poison, ant poison, flyspray, and other

extremely poisonous fluids are often left on a low shelf.

A three-year-old girl thought a bottle of weedkiller was cordial. She poured some into a glass and drank it. Luckily, she was saved by quick medical treatment.

One two-year-old nearly died because someone mixed ant poison into a milky fluid—in a milk bottle. The bottle, with its dregs, was left in the sink. The child's mother thought it was milk and tipped it into a jug of milk.

A tiny baby was poisoned because her mother put what she thought was vitamin concentrate into her milk. It was deadly organic phosphorous weedkiller left on the kitchen table.

Then there are tablets. Nowadays, many of them are brightly colored. They taste good—or at least they don't taste horrible.

And children are wonderful at imitating their parents. They see mother take pills from a bottle or a packet and put them in her mouth. So they think all packets are there to be opened and their contents eaten.

Consider sleeping pills first, mainly phenobarbitone tablets. They can cause a serious or "touch-and-go" illness, or death. Three-year-old twin boys died recently after eating 30 phenobarbitone tablets.

While their mother was hanging washing on the line, one twin climbed on a chair and got the bottle. He shared it with his brother. When mother came inside a few minutes later the boys were laughing and the bottle was almost empty. They died next day.

Laxative tablets, too, can be dangerous. One two-year-old boy ate 15 chocolate-coated tablets from a packet his mother left on the seat of the car while she went into a shop.

He died in an ironing 24 hours after the accident.

KEROSENE is No. 1 child poisoner. A drum complete with pump left on the back verandah is irresistible and just the right height for an inquiring toddler.



A benzedrine inhaler—the sort you use for a stuffy nose—is a potential child killer. One child got one in his bath and sucked it. He suffered badly, but luckily, after treatment, he lived.

It takes only a few of grandfather's heart tablets—the powerful stimulant digitalis—to paralyse a child's heart and bring death in 24 hours.

Iron pills—the kind the doctor often gives for anaemia—have caused numerous cases of poisoning. As few as six can bore a hole right through the stomach wall. The child vomits blood and goes into severe shock. He may die quickly.

The antihistamine drugs are rapidly coming to the fore as child poisoners. So are the travel-sickness remedies when taken to excess.

Aspirin, frequently taken by children, can be dangerous, though not often fatal.

Lead has always been a dreaded poison of childhood. It paralyzes the muscles and often leads to permanent kidney damage and mental retardation.

Lead poisoning comes particularly from the deadly dust on old-type paint, broken batteries left lying round, even lead soldiers. It doesn't have to be taken by mouth. The dust can go through the skin.

Poisoning

EVERYBODY has read of at least one case of a child swallowing caustic soda. The initial agony is frightful and the after-effects may be even worse.

If the child lives, his throat is usually terribly burnt and he needs years of plastic surgery. Yet how often is caustic soda left in a lemonade bottle in the garage or laundry?

There are dozens of other substances, solid and liquid, around the home—turpentine, methylated spirit, and ammonia—which have caused death and suffering from time to time.

Looking after a child who has taken poison is essentially a doctor's job. The main thing is to get the child to the doctor as fast as possible.

This always applies in the case of kerosene, or anything that will burn as it is vomited. But with other poisons, if the accident happens a long way from a doctor, the child can be given an emetic, such as salt and water, first. The dose is a teaspoon of salt to a tumbler of warm water.

Always, say the doctors, keep the bottle or packet from which the poison came. It will help the doctor identify the poison.



CHILDREN'S explorations drive sends them to unlocked cupboards, where they find and eat household remedies and medicines that may kill them or cause serious injury.

DON'T PANIC if you find your child has taken poison. Get him to a doctor or hospital fast.

If you are not handy to transport, summon the doctor.

Unless you are certain of the right measure to take, do not waste time with home remedies.

Every mother should have in the home a copy of the St. John Ambulance Association's book on First Aid, which has a chapter on poisons. Should you live or be holidaying where medical attention is not available immediately, this chapter tells you what to do.

Poisons may be divided into two main classes—those which burn the lips and mouth, and those which do not.

If the lips and mouth are burned, **DO NOT GIVE AN EMETIC.**

When the lips and mouth are NOT burned, it is safe to give an emetic—that is, to make the patient vomit.

Always take a bottle or package which has contained poisonous matter to the doctor. It will help him to identify the poison.

Keep also, or take with you, any cup or glass (unwashed) from which the patient has drunk.

BLACK and SLENDER

● Noted for autumn: the sheer flattery of black. Softly fitted ensembles are feminine; in black and splinter-slim they take on added sophistication. These pictures show the simplicity which gives elegance to today's silhouette.

● An uncomplicated sheath, long-sleeved, has a light-hearted air created by touches of white, ermine necklet, gloves, and chic rose-trimmed hat.

● Beauty of cut in a wool jersey dress takes all interest to the back in a fitted "fan" of gathers. The decollete neckline is edged in black velvet.

● A sleek and elegant ankle-length dress of fine wool for chilly, "special" evenings. The only ornament is an empire-line bow of satin.

● From the House of Fath a suit cuffed and collared in "Royal Pastel" musquash. The slightly shorter jacket is a new fashion.



Laconia

For years beyond our present memory, Laconia Blankets have been leaders in quality and value — assuring cosy comfort for little babes and all the family. This season's range of Laconia styles is particularly attractive . . . in every size from King to Cot. Be sure to inspect Laconia Blankets — you can feel the quality, you can prove the value.

PLAIN . . . CHECK . . . COLOURED . . . RIBBON BOUND

Pure Lamb's Wool
BLANKETS

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY



There's nothing in the world like *WOOL*.



POLO AT WARWICK FARM. Mrs. Jim Maple-Brown, of "Pinea," Goulburn (left), with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown, of "Springfield," Goulburn, watching the Country-Goulburn match. Jim Maple-Brown captained the Wanderers team at the two-day carnival.



BETWEEN CHUKKERS. Brothers Noel (left) and John Bray, of "Vychan," Eugowra, discuss play with Margot McKellar-White during their match against the Wanderers. Mr. Dougal Bray, of "Ranelagh," Eugowra, captained Vychan, and his son, Richard, played in his first match.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



YOUNG THEATREGOERS. Virginia and Adrian Brown were in the audience at the first night of "The Rivals" at the Elizabethan Theatre. Virginia chose a pretty dress of madonna-blue silk taffeta.

A WEDDING in June — a traditional month for brides — has been chosen by four pretty girls: Virginia ("Twink") Parker, of Bellevue Hill, Janene Hunter, of Edgecliff, Sue McCallie, of Vacluse, and Susan de Salis, of "Longfield," Dalgety.

"Twink" will marry Henry Angas, of Angaston, South Australia, on June 8 at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Janene Hunter and her fiancé, Bill Harvey, have chosen June 20 for their wedding at St. Mark's. Janene will have four attendants — Bill's sister Betsey, Mrs. Tony Clune, Mrs. Peter Kiel, and Mrs. Peter Lazar.

And on the following day, June 21, Sue McCallie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McCallie, will marry Rodger Kelly, of "Corringle," Boorowa, at St. Michael's, Vacluse.

Country lass Sue de Salis will have two bridesmaids, Marjorie Cotter and Keva McMahon, when she marries Bill Dovey, of Vacluse, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on June 29. Bill is the only son of Mr. Justice Dovey and Mrs. Dovey.

TWO proud grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Roy Buckland, of Bellevue Hill... their son and daughter-in-law, Bob and Jill Buckland, of Wahroonga, have decided to call their fourth child Arthur Roy after Mr. Buckland. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Buckland (she was formerly Jill Wynn Roberts) have three other children — Tony, Camilla, and Melinda — who are very excited about their baby brother. And their cousin, Katherine Buckland, daughter of David and Margaret Buckland, is now four and a half months old.

I HEAR that Mary Stephen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stephen, of Edgecliff, plans to open a "boutique" in a few weeks' time.

"WE'RE going to have a quiet holiday in Europe," says Mrs. Alexis Albert, who left with her husband on board Orion. The Alberts only decided to make the trip about three weeks ago and their sons, Robert, Teddy, and Tony, will remain at home at Vacluse until their parents return to Sydney in three months' time. Another passenger in Orion is Kerry Brockhoff, of Neutral Bay. Kerry, who recently completed her training as a nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, tells me that she plans to visit her cousin, Mrs. Robin Neville, in Essex. And as Mrs. Neville (formerly Sydney lass Robin Brockhoff) and her husband have the same christian name her friends are once more using her schoolgirl nickname, "Bobbie."

A DATE for your diary... June 6, for the Australian Association of Occupational Therapists' Annual Ball to be held at Prince's.



"RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE" OPENING. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jones attended the opening night of "The Reluctant Debutante," at the Theatre Royal. Mrs. Jones wrapped a fur stole round her silk organza dress.



LEAVING THE CHURCH. Peter Flower and his bride leaving St. Saviour's, Goulburn, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Jennifer Prell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Prell, of "Argunyah," Crookwell.

FRENCH brocade for her wedding dress was one of the "souvenirs" that Shirley Wightman, of Greenwich, brought back from her nine months' trip overseas. Shirley, who announced her engagement just before sailing for England, will marry Harry Swanson at St. Mary's, North Sydney, on June 2, and she will be attended by one bridesmaid — her sister Phyl — who travelled with Shirley through England and America.

THERE will be an enthusiastic welcome awaiting Mrs. Paul Cullen, of Point Piper, when she arrives in London in Arcadia on June 19... she will be greeted by her son Chris, who left Sydney for England on May 2. After a few days in London Mrs. Cullen will travel to Cheshire to stay with her daughter Dinah (Mrs. Richard Harvey), "who lives in the tiny village of Caldy."

Anne



ENGAGED. Audrey Wilkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wilkins, of Turramurra, and Howe Bague, of Bateman's Bay, are engaged. The couple plan to marry early next year.



CUTTING THE CAKE are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Loudon after their wedding in Coonamble. Bride was Valmai Faircloth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Faircloth, of Coonamble.



Trushay *will keep your hands lovely* (tho' they're in water **27** times a day!)

Just think! 27 times a day (or more!) your hands are in water . . . hot, sudsy water that robs the skin of its natural oils—leaving it rough, red and parched.

Yet your hands can ALWAYS be lovely hands if you use Trushay. Just two drops of Trushay (smoothed on *before* your hands go into water) give wonderful protec-

tion against the drying damage of hot suds and detergents.

Always keep *two* bottles of Trushay "on hand" . . . one on your dressing table, one handy to kitchen and laundry. Remember to use it before (*and after*) your working chores . . . and see how Trushay keeps your hands romantically lovely.

JUST TWO DROPS WILL PROVE IT



Pour two drops of Trushay on the back of one hand, rub in with the back of the other. Smooth evenly with palms. Instantly your hands will feel luxuriously soft . . . will look velvety smooth. *Gone* will be that "soap 'n' water" harshness.

IN THREE SIZES 2/5 3/9 6/2
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress designed to simulate a suit is high fashion for winter.

THE fashion flash above answers a reader's problem. Here is her letter and my reply.

"I AM anxious to make myself a really good black wool dress. I want it to be tailored, just a bit different, and very smart. I would also like to know if I can obtain a paper pattern for the style you design. I shall be grateful for this service."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. It is a one-piece designed to look like a simple suit, and is very high fashion. You did not mention your size, but a pattern for the dress is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. See the lines under the picture for further details and how to order.

"FROM a rather uninteresting black crepe frock I have, I would like to make something prettier. The frock has a high, round neckline, set-in sleeves, and narrow skirt, and it hasn't a belt. I want the frock for late-day and informal evening wear. I can follow a fairly simple renovation."

I suggest you cut the bodice of your dress into a camisole-shaped top, and make a full gathered-from-the-waist overskirt in flower-printed taffeta. The overskirt could be made detachable, and reaching about 4in. above the hemline of the original garment. This will mean that the dress minus the skirt can be worn as a perfectly tailored sheath, and with the skirt as a glamorous late-day dress.

"I HAVE some very good black street velvet, but as I am too small to look really smart in a suit I thought you might suggest an alternative style."

My suggestion—and it's a very flattering one for the petite figure—is a princess-line sheath and its currently fashionable addition, a bosom-length matching jacket. With the jacket you have a perfect ensemble for any daytime oc-



D.S.194—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. satin. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.

casional; minus the jacket the dress is right for late day.

"FOR winter I intend buying a gay colored topcoat, but can't decide on shade or style. I am 19, tall, medium slim, have dark hair and brown eyes. I would be grateful for your opinion."

One of the new hot-house colors would be attractive for a winter coat. You might consider the coral-pink of a camellia or azalea-pink tweed, or even the violet-pink of a fuchsia. Have the coat made straight and slim and single-breasted, with a martin-

gale belt below waist-level at the back.

"MY coloring is ordinary mid-brown, and I never seem to know which shade is most flattering. Would you please help me with this problem?"

What is your most attractive feature—eyes, hair, or complexion? Whatever it is, choose colors to make that feature more noticeable. For example, if your complexion is creamy, wear browns and reds. If your eyes are blue, greys, clear blues, yellow, and navy will be flattering.

Nothing cleans windows like
GLINT
new miracle cleaner for glass and chrome



Once you've tried new miracle cleaner GLINT . . . nothing else will do. You'll find new GLINT cleans and polishes your glass and chrome . . . quickly . . . easily . . . economically. Already thousands of busy Australian housewives have seen for themselves the sparkling GLINT results. Why don't you try it! It's wonderful.

EASY TO USE

You wipe it on—wipe it off, without any arm-aching effort. And GLINT dries white, so that you can see exactly where you're cleaning.



SAVES TIME

Ready for instant use, GLINT does not require the addition of water. No-rub GLINT cleans and polishes in half the time.



ECONOMICAL

Multi-cleanser GLINT replaces separate cleaners for glass and chrome. One bottle lasts for months.



CAN'T SCRATCH

Smooth, liquid GLINT cannot scratch your most delicate surfaces. For that satin finish gleam which stays brighter, longer, use GLINT.



And don't forget your husband will appreciate its speed and easy handling when he cleans the windows and chrome of the family car.

*Buy your bottle of GLINT today. Obtainable at all leading grocers and stores.

GLINT

Another KIWI quality product.

Beauty in brief:

HOW'S YOUR FIGURE?

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Nowadays fewer people have time to do regular exercises, but that's really no excuse for letting the figure slump.

INSTEAD, try scattering brief exercises all through the day whenever there is an odd minute to spare. It's not at all a bad idea.

As an example, ankle-circling can be done whenever you are sitting still. It keeps them slender and supple. For this, cross each leg in turn and circle each ankle clockwise and then anti-clockwise.

Another exercise which may be done sitting down is to fling the arms out to the sides and back to the chest.

Done vigorously the movement is good for the upper torso.

Swinging the arms down to the floor will help keep the waist where it should be.

Provided you remember to use the left arm as well as the right, table-polishing encourages pretty arms, too.

Another point worth some thought when you feel slightly bored at the idea of playing ball with the children is that throwing a ball high in the air and catching it is also a fine exercise for the hands and arms.

I sleep so much better when I drink BOURN-VITA



At some stage in life every normal healthy person has trouble in sleeping. To help promote that deep, restful sleep which is all-important in maintaining good health and a friendly disposition, drink a cup of delicious hot Bourn-vita at bedtime every night. Made from malt, eggs, milk and chocolate, Bourn-vita is a tonic food drink suitable for all the family. You'll find they will enjoy its distinctive flavour.

Sleep Sweeter
BOURN-VITA
IT'S CADBURY'S

Worth Reporting

NOT many law-abiding women can boast that they have ridden in a Black Maria or set off an alarm clock in a cathedral, but Miss Dorothy Cameron, of Manly, N.S.W., can.

For many years Miss Cameron was associated with the Central Methodist Mission as organist, leader of mid-week services, and pianist with a concert party. The concert party visited gaols, mental institutions, and seamen's missions.

On one occasion, during a tram strike, the party was "escorted" home from Long Bay in the Black Maria.

The alarm clock incident in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, she explained, was "quite unintentional."

"I had no idea it was set," said Miss Cameron.

Miss Cameron's real claim to fame, however, lies in the book she has written. It is a 200,000-word, five-act play entitled "The Fulfilment," a story of the life of Christ.

She has used her late father, the Rev. Ronald John Cameron, of St. James' Church, Turramurra, N.S.W., as a model for the characters of Zacharias, Joseph, Rabbi John, and John the Disciple.

There are only three copies of "The Fulfilment," which took three years to write.

One is in Miss Cameron's possession, another is in the Mitchell Library, Sydney, and the third was entrusted to a representative of the J. Arthur Rank organisation, who promised to take it to Religious Films Ltd., England.

Miss Cameron, who has taught in Sunday schools, given religious instruction at Darlinghurst public school, and been associated with many missionary and prayer societies, now has one great ambition—to see "The Fulfilment" produced.

★ ★ ★
THERE was a deep purple blush on the face of a Queensland tape-recorder salesman, called to account after selling a "new" recording machine to a well-known Brisbane doctor.

Exasperated when the machine did not function satisfactorily a few days after delivery, the doctor, for the first time, had run the recording tape to its full length.

Starting the playback from the extreme edge of the tape, he heard the disgruntled voice of the previous owner announcing with the eloquence of a bullocky just what he thought of the recording outfit and the firm that had sold it to him.



"The monthly payments, ma'am, are less than the average husband spends on smokes, drinks, bowling, and poker."

APPARENTLY New Yorkers are as fascinated as we are with barricaded holes in the streets.

During a recent visit to New York a Melbourne man we know found a few street barricades cut with three neat holes at different levels. The highest was labelled "For Mother," the next "For Junior," and the lowest "For Fido."

Australia's gnomes and pixies

THE "little people" are coming to the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, to change the atmosphere of rather stark drama which has predominated there recently.

"Medea" and "Summer of the 17th Doll" will be succeeded by "The Tintookies," an enchanting marionette play by Peter Scriven with more than 300 characters.

Tintookie is an aboriginal word meaning "the little people who live in the sand-hills" — Australia's gnomes and pixies.

The Tintookies are far larger than normal puppet size, and present their story with a full stage bushland setting.

Sydney singers, actors, and actresses are recording the soundtrack for the play, with John Ewart supplying voice for Wombat, Gina Curtis for a little girl, Possum, and Ngari Thompson for a little boy, Koala—the three leading characters featured in color in our issue of April 18.

Ray Barrett, one of Sydney's leading radio personalities, is voice for quite a number of the Tintookies.

Composer-conductor Kurt Herweg has written the lilting music, with lyrics by Hal Saunders.

The Tintookies will appear on the Sydney stage from June 12, and will then go on a Commonwealth tour with the Australian Opera Company.

Horse that loves cameras

WE hear that Dumbel, Victorian-bred mare has become star jumper of the Australian Olympic Equestrian team now overseas, is extremely camera-conscious.

At the sight of a camera it is reported, her ears sit up smartly, and she stalks in a proud and carefully measured stride, keeping within the camera sights.

She's human, too, according to Mr. A. R. Creswick, manager of the Australian equestrians.

On her first introduction to an English show ring, Creswick wrote, Dumbel trotted around with a superior air of investigation and thoroughly surveyed the place before settling down to her performance.

The bay mare, which is a brilliant career in Australian Royal Shows before being bought for the team, to three wins at the Taupo Jumping Festival recently.

She will be ridden by B. Jacobs, of Narre Warren, Victoria, in Olympic equestrian events at Stockholm in June.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZZELL

"I AM 15 and I do not want to die," by Christine Arnothy, is a young girl's moving account of life in Budapest during the great siege of 1945, when the city was surrounded by Germans and Russians.

This diary, recording the cellar-existence of Christine, her family, and other refugees, has been flawlessly translated by English novelist Antonia White.

Apart from the horrors listed, there are examples of human dignity, particularly that of the soldier Pista, who gave his life trying to bring food and clothes to starving civilians. Christine Arnothy and her family eventually escaped, crossing the border to neighboring Austria.

This book ranks with that of "Diary of Anne Frank," a Dutch teenager.

Published by Collins. (Our copy from Grahame Book Co.)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THERE, MADAM, MY PERFECT PORTRAIT OF YOU WITH ALL YOUR BEAUTY CAPTURED.



JUST AS LEONARDO DA VINCI WOULD HAVE PAINTED YOU!



OH HOW WONDERFUL, IS HE A MODERN ARTIST TOO?!!

● Fortune telling is fun for winter's fireside parties. This special section, which begins here and continues on succeeding pages, will equip you for "propheying" in several different ways. All you need to add is imagination and, of course, a grain of salt.

LET'S see what your hand tells. Does it give you away? Are the shape, lines, and mounts revealing?

The ancients thought so. In the days when divination by stars and a chat with the oracle was the prelude to any big plan, wise old seers got together to study the hands of men. They observed the characteristics of different men and found relationship in the varying moulds of their hands.

Taking the mystic number of seven, they fitted the hands into seven types, naming them after five planets, the sun, and the moon. And down the centuries those hand types have been known as the Mercurian, Jupiterian, Saturnine, Venusian, Martian, Solar (or sun), and Lunar (or moon) types, as shown below.

Choose your type from the diagrams below and overleaf.

Now that you know your type,

Fortune Telling



PALM SIGNS. Hand showing the seven mounts and the principal lines of the palm.

study the geography of the hand—the meaning of its lines and mounts.

Some hands are criss-crossed with many small lines, but for our party fortune telling we'll consider only those mounts and lines on the marked drawings below.

Cup your hand slightly so that the deeper etchings and protruberances are emphasised. At the base of each finger you will find the four mounts of Mercury, Apollo (or the sun), Saturn, and Jupiter. At the side of your hand you will find two other mounts—those of Mars and the Moon.

You will see that some mounts lean towards each other. And, according to the degree, they take on the qualities or defects of the mount towards which they lean.

If the Mount of Jupiter (check the sketch for names) leans towards Saturn, it modifies the boldness and leadership set by Jupiter.

But if Saturn leans towards Jupiter it brings power and energy which will conquer an adverse fate. If Saturn leans the other way, towards Apollo, it indicates good fortune for your artistic talent. Keep on with the painting.

The Mount of Apollo towards Saturn indicates artistic reputation prevented by fate. But the Mount of Apollo turning towards Mercury means celebrity attained by science or eloquence.

Mercury's Mount tending towards Apollo signifies triumph of art over industry.

Mars, when leaning towards Mercury, brings energy to Mercury's qualities.

The last and largest of the Mounts—the Mount of Venus—fills the greater part of the base of the hand. It signifies the power of love triumphing over difficulties.

Now look at the lines on your hand. These, you will see, differ in length, in color (some being pinker or paler than others), and in clarity. They differ in position, too.

With your hand still cupped, you will notice the three most important lines—the Lines of Heart, Head, and Life—forming a letter M. Maybe it isn't a perfect M, but it's near enough.

The Line of the Heart: This line runs across the base of your four finger mounts. If you're looking at your right hand it forms the first branch of the letter M. (In the left hand, of course, it forms the last branch.)

According to the length, depth, and clearness of your Heart Line you can estimate the degree of devotion your heart is capable of. The Heart Line should extend from Jupiter's Mount to the side of the hand. The more it runs towards Jupiter the purer is your affection. Too long a line could indicate excess affection with jealousy, and even tyranny. A long, clear, and pure line indicates deep devotion.

Don't worry if your Heart Line is missing. It happens sometimes. Persons with such hands will never be influenced by sentiment. They may have little faith, but wills of iron.

A Heart Line beginning and ending with branches betokens a good and rich nature. No branches? Then you're timid, lacking vivacity and expansion.

When the Heart Line meets the Head Line on the side of the hand it's a sure sign that your head will master your heart.

The hand of many love affairs has its Heart Line formed like a length of chain.

The Head Line forms the second branch of the letter M.

Its length, depth, and clearness will indicate your capacity for intellectual labor. It crosses the hand below the Heart Line, beginning under the Jupiter (index) finger about half-way between it and your thumb, and ending between the mounts of Apollo and Mercury.

When the Head Line extends across to the side of the hand it means you have mastered yourself. You have a keen eye (naturally) for your own interests.

If it finishes lower on the hand you'll have to stop building those castles in the air, and start on a little self-mastery.

Continued on page 36



MERCURIAN TYPE. This hand, with its slender, agile fingers and the little finger proportionately long, shows an acute and impressive mind, industriousness.



JUPITERIAN TYPE. A hand that lives boldly to command. The Jupiter (or index) finger will be conspicuously long, round at its base, well developed.



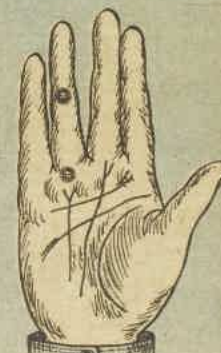
SATURNINE TYPE. You'll be slow in movement, but energetic where deep thought is concerned. Saturn people are wise, prudent, grave, and thoughtful.



VENUSIAN TYPE. An amiable and sensitive nature. The distinctive feature of this hand is the vast projection at the base of the thumb, the Mount of Venus.



MARTIAN TYPE. This hand is distinguished by the hollow centre palm (or the Plain of Mars). It signifies struggle, strife, the power of resistance, and courage.



SOLAR TYPE. The hand of the creative genius, perfectly proportioned with divisions of fingers the exact length of its palm. An extremely long third finger is typical.

Put your skin on this Health-and-Beauty diet

Where she moves the sun seems to shine more brightly. The skin of 18-year-old Patricia Owens, of Earlwood, N.S.W., glows with good health and freshness, for she guards her natural loveliness, always, with gentle Rexona Soap.



REXONA SOAP helps skin blemishes disappear

No need for a lot of complicated beauty routines. With just one soap, Rexona, and two minutes night and morning, you can cleanse, smooth and help heal your precious skin. You'll be thrilled to see how Rexona gives your complexion a radiant loveliness... leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed, too.

RARE BEAUTY OILS. Rexona Soap is medicated with Cady, an exclusive blend of oils of cade, cassia, cloves, terebinth and bornyl acetate. These rare beauty aids sink deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



Bath Size 1/5
Regular Size 1/1

GUARD YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER

X.136.WW122R

PAA

GIANT "STRATO"
CLIPPER WITH
LOWER DECK
CLUB LOUNGE

IF BACK ACES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Cries Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

The story in your hands

From page 35

● Here's a sign that is telling: When the Head and Life Lines are not joined to form the peak of the M you are capricious, imprudent, and discontented.

THE third branch of the letter M is the Line of Life, which curves from between the thumb and Jupiter finger and skirts the entire Mount of Venus (see sketch).

A long, pure, and well-traced Life Line, equal in all parts, is the sign of vigorous health, and gives hopes of a long life. Short and of unequal size, it will designate a weak constitution and a disposition to fevers.

Any small lines crossing your Life Line will indicate illnesses or accidents, trivial or severe according to their depth.

When the beginning of your Life Line angles with the Head Line it shows you to be a person of wisdom and prudence in all your undertakings.

If these lines do not separate until under Saturn it suggests a retarded maturity.

If several diagonal lines cross the Life Line to the Mount of Venus it signifies a love affair that will destroy an entire life. Divided at the wrist it shows weakness, or could be a change in your mode of living.

A double Life Line is a sign of excessive vitality.

Now that you've mastered the main M lines, consider a few smaller, but no less interesting, lines.

The line of Saturn (or Line of Luck, as some call it) starts near the wrist and rises more or less directly towards the middle finger.

Its clearness, length, and depth will suggest the degree of success of any big undertaking. But don't let this stop you. All lines and mounts must be considered in relation to each other, and, anyway, this is party palmistry, and we are all for enterprise.

If your Saturn Line is found in the right hand only it indicates fortune favoring all active enterprises. If found in the left it means plain good luck without any effort on your part.

When Saturn stops abruptly at the Heart Line—happiness is ruined by a love affair or an illness. If it stops at the Head Line—happiness is arrested by false calculations or wrong conclusions.

If you're in for odd streaks of good luck you'll find Saturn broken in several places.

The Hepatic (or Health) Line rises obliquely near the Life Line to the end of the Head Line. Its clearness indicates a person's brain power. If this line is missing in both hands, destiny will lie in action rather than thought.

A person with a short Hepatic Line finds intellectual work fatiguing, and is happier with manual work. A long Hepatic Line which runs to the Heart Line indicates that the activity of the brain will be swayed only in favor of a well-loved being.

If this line extends as far as the Mount of the Moon there'll be journeys by sea.

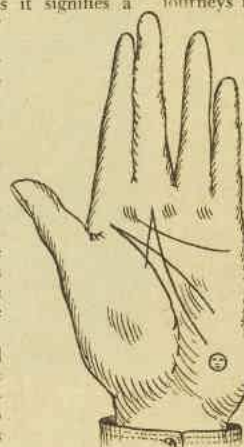
The Circle of Venus is a curved line surrounding the mounts of Saturn and Apollo. It indicates a passionate nature.

The Mount of Apollo is often crossed by one or more vertical lines, dividing it like a ravine. These are the lines of reputation. The possessor of these lines will become celebrated, particularly in art.

In a very material hand, these lines indicate love of riches.

The Reputation Lines uniting in one single line means a union of Fortune, Reputation, and Merit. Three uneven, wavering lines

Fortune Telling



LUNAR TYPE. This is the hand of an imaginative person. Lunar people are dreamy, changeable, volatile, discontented, capricious.

indicate a wide taste in many branches of art.

Close your hand and study the side, beyond the Mount of Mercury. That sharp single line indicates a single lasting affection or marriage.

Two lines could mean two marriages, or simply two affairs of the heart.

A single line on Jupiter's Mount indicates success in life, and on Saturn a happy nature. Many lines on Saturn—misfortune.

A single line on the Mount of Apollo means glory through talents, but crosslines on this mount mean failure.

A single line on the Mount of Mercury means your fortune may be chancy. Many lines on this mount denote a tendency to steal.

That fiery-tempered friend of yours will have many lines on the Mount of Mars.

Small lines on the Mount of the Moon indicate presentiments or neuroses. If they run to the outside of the hand there are journeys in store.

Lines on the Mount of Venus, according to number and depth, suggest the passions. Venus without any lines announces a very calm life.

Even a quick glance at a hand will give you a fund of information before you actually inspect the palm.

If the fingers are pointed, it indicates a person who gets results from innate talent and inspiration.

The square-fingered one gets his results the harder way by logically tracing cause and effect.

Soft hands combined with spatulated fingers denote a man full of plans and projects. With a long thumb he is likely to carry them through.

The thumbs themselves are strong give-aways. The hypersensitive person will fold his thumbs from sight, while the man of confidence keeps them aggressively forward.

Take a look at the thumbs of your partner.

Maybe it's too late to do anything about it, but some palmists insist that in matrimony the long-thumbed man should choose a short-thumbed wife. Or the other way round.

A long thumb indicates willpower and the short thumb means submission with less power of decision. Someone has to be boss and harmony should come from a combination of the two.

When both parties possess long thumbs you'll find the clash of two strong wills, resulting in discord.

With two persons possessing short thumbs there is lack of decision and willpower and very little progress will result.

Generally the left hand is preferred to the right hand for examination. But the right hand, the hand of character, is used for comparison and much additional information can be found in the slight variations of lines and mounts of the right hand.

The hands of the manual worker may develop a harder surface, with a few "synthetic" mounts, absorbing the natural form. But your practised eye will soon detect any suggestions of this.

Now you know it all. Memorise those lines and mounts. You'll be amazed how everyone wants to hear his fortune.

Use your imagination in weighing and delineating the various signs on the hands of your friends.

STRONGEST TAPE EVER!



Johnson's Texcel TAPE

Sparkling, crystal-clear Texcel sticks at a touch and holds fast!

First designed in America, Texcel is now made here to suit our local conditions, so it never dries out or goes gummy.

Texcel is stronger, durable, more reliable, yet costs no more. Look for the red and white striped dispenser... gay as a peppermint bull's-eye.

Ask for Texcel Tape at your local chemist or store.



In the gay Red and White Candy Striped Dispenser!

Texcel TAPE

A PRODUCT OF Johnson & Johnson

Let's figure it out

• Do you palpitate to a 6, an 8, or a 5? Before some knowing numerologist gets your number, why not figure it out for yourself?

NUMEROLOGY, say the experts, is a science of vibrations. Most things about you — your name and your birthday, especially — have vibrations which affect you all through life.

To find out what these vibrations are, the numerologist reduces names, etc., to numbers, all of which have definite characteristics and definitions.

The vowels and the consonants have different vibrations. The vowel vibrancy represents the You that you conceal from the world. The consonant vibration represents You in your passive moods. It shows what you are when you are not acting or reacting. The You that you show to the world can be seen from the total of both vowels and consonants in your name.

Here is a table showing the single number value of each letter.

Letter	Value
A J S	1
B K T	2
C L U	3
D M V	4
E N W	5
F O X	6
G P Y	7
H Q Z	8
I R	9

Now, to understand your hidden urges, add up the vowel power of your name, your full name as given at birth. Write the number value of each vowel above it in your name, add the numbers together, and reduce the total to a single digit.

For example:

Jane Smith = 15
and 1 + 5 = 6.

Therefore, 6 is the vowel power of the name Jane Smith.

You can also work out the vibrations of the name you use and your nickname.

Follow the directions, using your own name, and read the meaning of the vowel power of the number you compute from your own name.

Vowel vibration 1. You have the wish to lead, to direct, and not to be subordinate. Alone, you display the qualities of courage, strong will, determination, and the ability to overcome powerful adversaries and obstacles. With another, domineering superiority.

Vowel vibration 2. Your instinct is to be friendly, to mix with everyone, and to do the little things that others leave undone. You like to smooth things out when they go wrong. Diplomacy and tact are highly developed.

Vowel vibration 3. You have an inner desire to find the cheerful side of life, have a vivid imagination and colorful language. You enjoy entertaining. You like to exaggerate, for life as you find it is too prosaic for your true taste.

Vowel vibration 4. Your innermost urge is to see a good

job well done. You see virtue in routine, and you dislike waste and petty arguments. Because your word is your bond, you feel that everyone else should live up to the highest ethical standards.

Vowel Vibration 5. Your inner urge is toward distant and romantic places. To you, variety is the very breath of life. You seek freedom, and details, routines, and schedules dampen your spirits and kill your enthusiasm. You are clever and actively interested in pursuits where cleverness spells success. Repartee and wit are the soul of the intellect in your opinion. You like crowds, motion, and speed. Curiosity is the name of your life work and versatility the by-line.

Vowel Vibration 6. You have strong humanitarian tendencies. You enjoy doing good, and your ideal is to serve others. Love, sympathy, and tolerance are all yours. Harmony, beauty, and rhythm are as necessary to you as the breath you draw.

Vowel Vibration 7. Your intuition is highly developed, and your inner urge is to study the mystic and mysterious aspects of nature. You like to observe, to draw conclusions, and to keep the results of your analyses to yourself. You admire mental courage, intellectual tenacity.

Vowel Vibration 8. You admire success. You have the ability to work long and laboriously, sacrificing pleasure, for you want power, acclaim, and position, and the best in everything. With you quality is what really counts. You can sway the masses, and you can sell, merchandise, and advertise.

Vowel Vibration 9. You are the dreamer of dreams. You are alert to all the finer things of life, and suffer at the thought of harsh realities. You would have everyone doing good and important work and enjoying it.

After discovering the hidden You through your vowel vibrations, you can discover the passive You through the con-

sonants by adopting the same method.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 1. You believe there must be a worthwhile purpose to everything you do. Ambition is the driving force which propels you forward. You like to have every wish gratified. Improvement can come by developing noble ideals, altruism.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 2. You are a builder, visualising enchanted castles in material form. You can be charming and you succeed in getting much of what you want because others wish to please you. Deliberate cunning may

be conceived in your mind, and scheming actions result, but your natural inclination is to help others.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 3. You have faith in the future, and do not need constant reassurances to face the things to come. Your destiny will be fulfilled regardless of present circumstances. You may sometimes take the path of non-resistance. Improvement can be made if you have courage.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 4. You have stability and balance, and are very self-reliant. You are good company for yourself, and your strength makes you the stand-by of your own needs as well as your friends. You have ability, but sometimes see hardship where it doesn't exist.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 5. You swing fearlessly through life, seeking adventure, carelessness of the morrow, and care-free in your heart. You look upward, never down. You are a dreamer and magician.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 6. Harmony is yours because you have confidence, and you know that the abundance of natural goodwill can never be exhausted. Luxury is not necessary to your happiness, but comfort and balance are. You have an inner well of wisdom, patience, and faith.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 7. When you are alone you are at peace with the world. Quiet, solitude, and relaxation are natural to you. Your outlook is one of faith based on in-

telligent action. You can stand alone, and loneliness holds no fears for you.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 8. Strong protective forces surround you, and you reflect their strength in your mental processes. You know how to deal with material and business problems. You are happy in solitude and employ your time to good advantage. Problem solving is a delightful mental pastime for you.

Consonant Vibrancy No. 9. You are tolerant of everything except that which stands in the way of justice and constructive action. Your emotions and your intellect are well balanced, and your intuition guides you.

YOU have now delved into the secrets of your personality by the vowels and consonants in your name, but what are you expressing to the world around you?

Add the total number value of all the letters of your name together, and reduce the total to a single digit as before.

If your full name value is 1, your purpose in life is to lead and to help others find themselves. If you neglect to live up to your best self you display the traits of a dictator. Your greatest asset is your individuality.

If your full name value is 2, you express the co-operative spirit. You delight in group and community projects, and find happiness through sympathy and goodwill. You are a diplomat.

No. 3 full-name value means that you inspire and uplift others. You are a natural gloom-chaser, and see the beauty in life and point it out to others.

If your full name value is 4, your purpose in life is to build. By meeting your destiny with a smile you can accomplish much.

If the full name value is 5, change, novelty, and progress will mark your career. Creative imagination and adaptability are your distinguishing traits.

The fine things of life are your delight if your full name value is 6. Your life purpose is to express some of the highest ideals of humanity. You are a protector, and harmony and beauty are necessary to your happiness.

If your full name value is 7, you must learn the difference between real and unreal values. Eventually you evolve as an understanding, tolerant, and sympathetic individual, but you have many obstacles to overcome.

If your full name value is 8, you will be called upon to judge, and others will abide by your opinions. Serenity, comfort, and splendid works can all be yours. Accept destiny's high position.

A No. 9 full name value means that love, tolerance, and service are your ambition. You never condemn, and are self-effacing. There is so much love about you that you will never be lonely or unhappy.

Fortune Telling



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For coughs, colds and sore throats



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PACKET

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MALLEYS Automatic

Only fully automatic washer that does not need a hot water system

There's no trouble, no work in washing when you own a Malley's Automatic. A Malley's does all your washing, from sheets and heavy overalls to delicate baby woollens, filmy nylons. It's so easy — all you do is set the dials, press the button and GO — your Malley's does the rest!

NEEDS NO HOT WATER SYSTEM Malley's Automatic can be installed in any home. Heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish — doesn't use a drop of the precious hot water you need for baths, washing up.

12 lb. CAPACITY. The Malley's Automatic does a bigger wash than any other washing machine in Australia.

PRESS-BUTTON WASHING. Just drop in the clothes, turn on the cold water tap, set the automatic dials, press the button, and GO! The Malley's washes thoroughly because it pre-soaks, boils, rinses in warm and cold "live water", spin-dries — all automatically.

OTHER FEATURES — The Malley's has no clutch or gear-box to wear out. Safe top loading. Costs pounds less than any comparable machine: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas as a SEMI-Automatic with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. Both models are available on the easiest of terms.



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are handled by Malley's own
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Let's figure it out

Each day of the month, according to the numerology experts, has its own individual numerical vibration. And your character was influenced by the particular vibrations which shook the day you were born.

SEE yourself as others see you, they advise, so that you may develop your greatest potentialities.

Here are the keys to the days:

1st: Courage, initiative, and leadership distinguish you. To follow or obey orders is distasteful to you. You think too well of your face and figure.

2nd: You are an excellent intimate, a perfect partner. You are affectionate and gentle, but may give the wrong impression of being a little fishy-washy.

3rd: You are versatile and popular and enjoy company. You are inclined to scatter your talents and you tend to chatter.

4th: You are reliable and trustworthy, creative and practical.

5th: You love change and variety. Everything you do is characterised by speed, determination, and efficiency. You like to borrow.

6th: You are deeply attached to family and home, and willingly accept responsibility. You believe that love can conquer all. Weakness is to exaggerate a story to improve the flavor.

7th: You are quiet and unobtrusive, serious and studious. Why not do something for fun?

8th: You possess power, force, and strength, but for the sake of your old age don't let things to excess.

9th: You are sympathetic and have wide understanding, but you are inclined to talk too much about yourself.

10th: You are strong and energetic and enjoy problems. Take care not to become overbearing and don't complain needlessly about your health.

11th: You have a magnetic personality and your mind is creative, original, and alert, but you are easily wounded and should learn that everyone has to give as well as take.

12th: You have a large capacity for loving, and have high moral and ethical standards. You have a charming effect on people, but you don't always mean what you say.

13th: You have an infinite capacity for work and leadership, but don't stifle all the spiritual and emotional within you. Marry young or forget about marriage.

14th: You have a vivid and creative mind and would make an excellent critic. Lies are abhorrent to you. Try to keep your feet on the ground.

15th: You are bound by home, family, and friends. Matters of education, law, and domesticity are your particular interests. Be kind, but not over-indulgent.

16th: You are clever, alert, and intellectual, but inclined

to be impatient. Try to relax, exert your magnetism, you'll have more love and friendship.

17th: You have ambition, courage, and vitality. Never lose sight of the sensitiveness within you.

18th: You combine the spiritual, creative, and material. Never lose sight of your ideals.

19th: You are very expressive and positive in word, act, and feeling. Fortune will follow you, but learn to let the benefits accrue so that you'll never be left high and dry.

20th: You are warm-hearted, affectionate, and loyal. You give of yourself in every sense. Try to listen to the advice of others.

21st: You fit into every sphere in business, home, and socially. The lighter and glittering side of life appeals to you, but don't fritter away the gifts which have been given to you. And don't listen to gossip.

22nd: Power, vibrancy, and force characterise you, and doubts never assail you, but you are inclined to be over-conservative in carrying out inspirational programmes.

23rd: You are highly emotional and changeable. You express yourself well in every way, but don't give up the solid virtues and ways for fleeting attractions.

24th: Your greatest happiness is spreading happiness to others. Home and family mean more to you than anything else, but don't assume everyone's obligations.

25th: You are emotionally well developed, imaginative, and quiet. Action with you takes a slow but final course. Have patience and you'll achieve your goal.

26th: You are vital and energetic, and you want to teach others all you know. Don't be overbearing with your sense of power, and be more demonstrative with your affections.

27th: You are intellectual, perceptive, sympathetic, and a deep thinker. Avoid leading a too cloistered life.

28th: You have initiative and are creative and original, but you can do better with a collaborator or partner.

29th: You have a magnetic personality and a flock of friends, but don't be spoiled. Moderation is the keynote to your best expression.

30th: Social life is the meat and drink of your life, and you have a conscientious soul that seeks to fulfil every duty of your career. Your potentialities are great.

31st: You have creative ideas, but restrict yourself a little by sticking to routine and schedule. You are too unselfish; look out for your own interests more.



The day you were born, say the numerologists, was not an accident. Behind the numbers in your date of birth is an occult significance which has a bearing upon your entire life—and you can't escape.

Added together, the digits in your date of birth comprise your number of destiny or your Life Cycle number.

Here is the number value of each month:

January . . . 1	July . . . 7
February . . . 2	August . . . 8
March . . . 3	September . . . 9
April . . . 4	October . . . 1
May . . . 5	November . . . 2
June . . . 6	December . . . 3

Take the number value of the month you were born and add to it the number of the day and the year you were born. For example, if you were born on May 25, 1928, you would add

May . . . number value . . .	5
Date	25
Year	1928
Total	1958

Reduce this total to a single digit:

1 plus 9 plus 5 plus 8 equals 23

2 plus 3 equals 5.

Therefore, the number of this person's Life Cycle or number of destiny is 5.

Those with the destiny number 1 are the pioneers, the leaders, and the planners. You are original and creative, and have a strong individuality. Ambition is a prime factor in your life and you are endowed with executive ability. Sometimes you are domineering and hasty, and inclined to be critical and demanding, but follow the generous impulses of your heart and you will retain your leadership and your friendships.

You have the destiny number of 2? Then you are the helpmate, endowed with tact and diplomacy. The keynote of your life is co-operation, and disharmony takes a toll upon your nervous system. You have natural grace and great consideration for others — two traits which win you a host of friends.

The destiny number of 3 means that you are the artist. You see things clearly, and no delusions waste your time. You are versatile, sociable, and entertaining, and you are

inclined to accept things as they are without worrying too much about them. You like getting your own way and indulging your own desires. Love is a necessity to you. Unless you are sharing a real emotional experience with someone who takes you seriously you are not really happy.

Number 4 is the destiny number of the builder. You are loyal and faithful and have been endowed with patience, endeavor, and the desire to give practical service. You are not particularly demonstrative about your emotions, but where dependability is wanted you fill the bill.

The destiny number 5 indicates the scribe. You are mercurial by nature, full of wit, dash, enthusiasm, and energy. Your pursuit of happiness is an endless trail of good humor and pleasure. Not that you do not have your serious moments, for you are highly intellectual and are a master in the use of words. You could excel wherever a good vocabulary is needed.

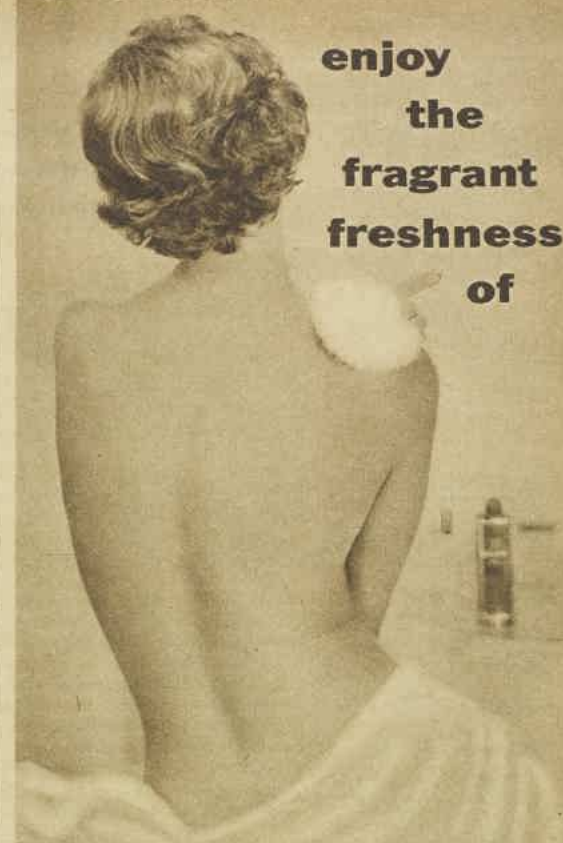
Number 6 is the teacher. You have high ideals and your aim is to help others. Beauty and harmony are very necessary to you, and you have a deep appreciation of the arts and music. Your unselfishness makes you the confidant, counselor, and teacher.

If your destiny number is 7 you are the mystic. You are contemplative and analytical by nature. People turn to you for comfort, consolation, and healing. Your manner is intellectual and your main interests are along cultural and philosophical lines.

If your destiny number is 8 you are the gleaner. The harvest of study, organisational ability, and the qualities of an executive are yours. You understand human nature and sympathise with its weaknesses. Courage distinguishes you, and your ideal is to see that you and everyone else enjoy freedom of action.

With the destiny number of 9 you are the metaphysician. Service is the keynote of your career, and generosity and perfection are your goals. An extreme sensitivity makes you respond to people, atmosphere, environment, color, voices, and music. You have the highest aspirations.

Be lovelier . . .



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fragrant
freshness
of

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Now contains a special odourless deodorant to keep you fresh all day!

YES...Three Flowers Talcum Powder is really wonderful! Fresh and fragrant as the flowers for which it is named...as gentle as a caress it smooths the skin with a lovely softness that makes you feel so cool and comfortable. And now it has a special odourless ingredient which neutralises the source of perspiration odours...makes the Three Flowers fragrance last longer...keeps you fresh all day. Be lovelier still with Three Flowers Talc!



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BRASSO



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shine like the sun
with a little touch
of BRASSO

PAA
PAN AMERICAN WORLD'S MOST
EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

myself and don't go
you don't feel?

CONSTRUCTIVENESS

among my friends
Army 3 yrs. and has

DETERMINATION

how are you

POOR JUDGMENT

can be a dam.

Why does
mean I am
thought &
discovered a
amount of it
but I did
think you
get much of it.
Ho
I'll be be
your worst
your best,
we all ab
Truly yours
J. Waters

CAUTION

being a maid which too
wanted extra time off when

FRANKNESS

Well you please
analyze it.

AMIAILITY

causes where ice a
wells once stood

ARTISTIG ABILITY

it's giving me the
confusion in time I'd

FICKLENESS

A settlement has been
made out of court and
we have who while

Tattle-tale writing

● What does your handwriting reveal? Are you brilliant, passionate, witty, fickle, jealous? Are you energetic, have you engineering ability? It is easy to find out. Just analyse your writing.

IT is one of the easiest and most revealing methods of learning about yourself and the workings of your mind, and of peering into the minds and lives of your friends.

All you have to do to know all is to persuade a friend to write to you. On the other hand, all you have to do is to write a grocery list and your tradesman will know at a glance whether you are extravagant, witty, or a stable character who is a good credit risk.

The first things you look at when analysing a sheet of handwriting are margins, slant of writing, and direction of base lines.

Margins are the frame of the handwriting and reveal the artistic tastes of the writer. Margins that are quite wide, especially the left ones, show a sense of beauty, for margins are used instinctively, not with a conscious effort to create an effect.

Margins also show a tendency to thrift or extravagance. A wide margin on the left side of the sheet, with a fair-sized margin on the right, indicates extravagance, or, if you want to phrase it more tactfully, an inclination to spend generously.

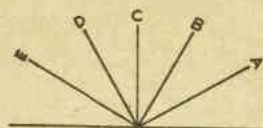
When a wide right-hand margin is used with a narrow one on the left-hand side it shows a forced inclination towards thrift. If the left margin is very wide, and the right margin entirely lacking, it shows a person who is inclined to be penny-wise and pound foolish.

Margins which are wide, but disorderly, show poor judgment—an unreliable and disorderly sense of beauty.

Base lines, too, are revealing. Writing which runs uphill indicates optimism, downhill pessimism. The moody person writes a combination of uphill, downhill, and straight writing.

When writing is always done with a straight base line it shows a person who is not easily disturbed, thinks carefully and logically, and keeps his impulses in check.

The slant of the writing is interesting when combined with the base-line revelations. The chart below shows the exact slants.



Each angle has a different interpretation.

Angle A shows a person of an eager and enthusiastic nature, a person of great ardor, who is demonstrative and impulsive, and likes people.

Angle B indicates milder emotions than A, but shows a generally optimistic nature.

Angle C. The straight up-and-down writing shows an excellent balance between mind and emotion. It indicates reserve and self-control.

Angle D. The backhand slant indicates a definite control of head over heart.

Angle E. The extreme backhand angle shows the same degree of

emotion as the extreme forward slant, but while the forward writing shows impulsiveness and eagerness the backhand shows restraint and repression. It reveals a person who is very critical, undemonstrative, and suffers from depression.

Pressure of writing is also important. Heavy pressure denotes vitality and ardor; light pressure shows less physical vitality and a greater critical faculty, particularly over details. A light-pressure writer is more easily hurt than the heavy-pressure one, and is more sensitive to his surroundings.

Medium pressure, the half-way measure between the two, has consequently a modification of the qualities.

"Loops" is a term which is applied to such letters as "L," "G," "Y," and "f."

Upper loops which are taller in proportion to the rest of the writing show high inspiration. The wide loop shows emotion and sensitivity. Long lower loops show appreciation of material things, and a desire for activity. An angular loop shows determination.

When upper and lower loops are eliminated the writer is capable of quick thought and decisions. It is, too, a sign of good taste. The "g" which is made like a figure "8" shows good taste, quick thought, adaptability, and a witty mind.

Fortune Telling

The ability to think independently is revealed by the absence of a beginning stroke.

This is a beginning stroke. It is expected in the handwriting of young people. In adults, if this stroke still persists it shows a lack of both progressive thought and ambition.

When the beginning stroke is eliminated it is a sign of a good mind.

The final strokes do not follow this rule. There are many variations to be considered.

The upward-curved ending stroke shows humor and sociability.

Knots tied in it, or some other peculiar formation, show unusual or eccentric traits.

When the final stroke is long in a writing which has large capitals and some formations, it reveals a forceful, courageous person.

The final stroke which ends abruptly in a blunt, heavy manner reveals a domineering personality.

If a straight stroke ends in a short but very thin line it shows sensitivity.

While no word on a sheet of writing is necessarily of importance, the construction of the letters is revealing. If the connecting strokes between let-

ters are in proportion to the size of the letters, neither too wide nor too cramped, they indicate logic and good practical judgment. If the connecting strokes are very wide they show a more intense, eager person, often with poor judgment because of his desire to rush ahead.

When the connecting strokes show decided variations in their length the writer is emotional, and finds it difficult to get down to a definite and fixed pattern. If the letters in a word are not connected to each other it is a sign that their writer possesses intuition.

Here are some more points to check on when you are doing a quick character check on handwriting.

A person who dots every "i" has a good memory; if every dot is similar it shows practicality; if every dot is of a different shape it means imagination and inability to concentrate. When the dots are omitted entirely, or almost entirely, it means either a poor memory or else a desire to forget things one might do well to remember.

The small letter "t" is a strong key in revealing the extent of a person's willpower. When people make various types of "t" crossings on one sheet of writing it means versatility and, often, lack of concentration. If all the "t" crosses are the same it shows consistency. When the "t" crossing is eliminated entirely, or almost entirely, it shows absent-mindedness.

When the tops of the letters "a," "o," and "g" are left open it is a sign of generosity and candor. If the tops of these letters are tightly closed the writer is reserved in thought and action.

When the capital letters are large in proportion to the size of the small letters it is an indication of pride, of high aspirations, and an unreserved nature.

Capitals in proportion to the size of the small letters show good judgment and that the writer is not making a bid for attention.

Over-ornamented capital letters show a love of showy clothes and over-elaborate homes. A large loop on a capital I shows egotism. When the first point of a capital M is higher than the others it means a desire to be admired.

While the handwriting reveals the innermost character of a person, the signature is really the expression of the outer personality that is seen by others.

There are cautious signatures and friendly ones.

If you see a handwriting which is backhand, accompanied by a signature which slants to the right, then you know that the person's mind rules his heart. If the writing leans backwards the friendly personality shown by the forward-slanting signature is just a manner which has been built up on the surface.

When the reverse is shown, a forward-slanting handwriting and a backhand signature, you may deduce that the writer is an affectionate and friendly person who is trying to build up an aloof personality.

Continued on page 42

GOSSIP

we were all a little bit
irred but we got

homic and
refuse to under
suspect

BANALITY

what the
will start

OBSTINACY

As you may
opened a

PASSION

mind getting

SENSITIVENESS

let sure song
don't see

TEMPER

They expect

ENERGY

be & Daria

MUSICAL, ARTISTIC

Dear Miss Sam

Received your note
most of the Sun

most amusing to
be back in town

Let's see how
is University H-

Cordially,
Violet

JEALOUSY

Eastern Parkway
For you too if you

LOVE OF PLEASURE

may leave

LOVE OF FLATTERY

despite the optimism report
I hear coming from Florence

WHAT YOUR CUP REVEALS



A WINDMILL and a ship are good omens for business. They are interpreted respectively as industry and increase. A windmill always indicates that, with care, fortune will smile on you. A ship in full sail means that trade will increase.



IF YOU SEE a lion's head and curved lines in your teacup, take care! A lion suggests powerful friends, and at the top of the cup indicates a good position through influential friends. But the wavy lines mean danger of losing good position.



A TEACUP showing romance—a heart, a ring, and the sign of Libra. The heart symbolises love and pleasure; the ring means a proposal; and Libra is the sign of the Zodiac for October, and denotes marriage, in which the partners are equals.



LUCKY CUP, with a bouquet, a star, and dots. The bouquet symbolises success and honors, and even if there's a sinister symbol near it, the bouquet modifies it. The star signifies hope, love, or destiny. With dots, it means wealth and honors.

Many queer topics are discussed over a cup of tea, and there is no better way to finish a tea-party than by a session of fortune telling by tealeaves.

THERE is a definite method to be followed if you want to read your fate from your teacup. First, pour off any liquid left in the cup and shake the leaves well. Then turn the cup down into the saucer to drain. The leaves that remain are supposed to tell your fate.

One authority on teacup-reading says that you must allow your imagination to have full play, and also adds, "Do not expect the figures always to have an actual resemblance to the emblems; it is quite sufficient that the leaves suggest these things."

And therein lies the secret. The more fertile the imagination of the person who is studying the cup, the more will be discovered in it.

If you intend to read the cups, here are some signs you should know at a glance:

An arrow indicates a disagreeable letter, and if it has dots around it the letter will concern money.

A cat usually means treachery or deception, but if it is near the handle and top of the cup it shows domestic comfort.

A goat means you have enemies, but if there are clear, straight lines nearby you'll have a victory over them.

A mouse indicates poverty or theft. A wolf denotes intrigue and greed, and danger of robbery.

The owl is a sinister omen. Failure, trouble, loss in business, sickness and poverty, or deception in love can all be blamed on it.

And jealousy and spite are in the air when a cabbage appears in a cup.

If you see a clock at the top of the cup it

indicates a speedy recovery from severe illness.

A dagger means danger. Beware of being hasty. If you see a gun, think of discords and slander. And an hour-glass is dangerous, too. Watch over everyone dear to you.

The snake is the emblem of falsehood and enmity, and the spider means cunning. But apparently a spider in an evening cup of tea can be lucky, for

*"A spider at morn—
With sorrow forlorn!
A spider at night—
A whirl of delight!"*

Some other auspicious signs to look for are—

The cow means prosperity. A horse's head means news from a lover. A basket means a gift or an increase. A basket of flowers is an augury of good things, festive gatherings, and social pleasures. A bell foretells a happy marriage or recognition.

If two or more birds are seen, good news.

An offer of marriage is indicated if a cage is seen near the top of the cup; but if the cage is in the middle it means a marriage of convenience.

An egg anywhere in the cup is most favorable—the more the merrier. It denotes respect, prosperity, good children, and success in any undertakings.

An invitation to a wedding or a dance will come if you see a violin in the teacup. A fish is always a lucky emblem, and if it's surrounded with dots it means wealth through a lucky speculation. A rose means that ultimate success is certain. Figures of people usually mean company, and if they are near

the handle of the cup it means they are very close to home.

Leaves show happiness and success.

Another happiness emblem is the sun. In the middle of the cup it means fortune, happiness, and comfort. At the top it denotes honor. If you see a single tree, it means lasting good health and position; several trees, gratified wishes.

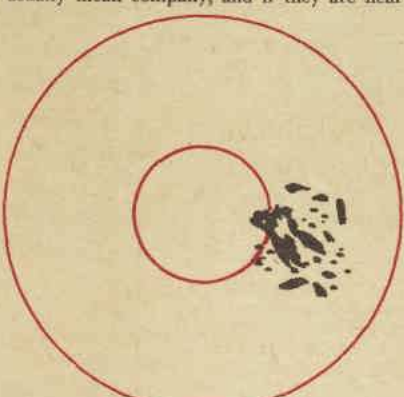
The 12 signs of the Zodiac all have meanings, too. Aries denotes progress; Taurus is a sign of money; Gemini means a letter or journey; Cancer concerns the home; Leo

denotes children and pleasure; Virgo deals with domestic affairs; Libra means marriage or partnership; Scorpio is a sinister sign and denotes loss; Sagittarius indicates long voyages; Capricorn concerns ambitions and wishes; Aquarius, friendly associations, fellowship; and Pisces, restraint.

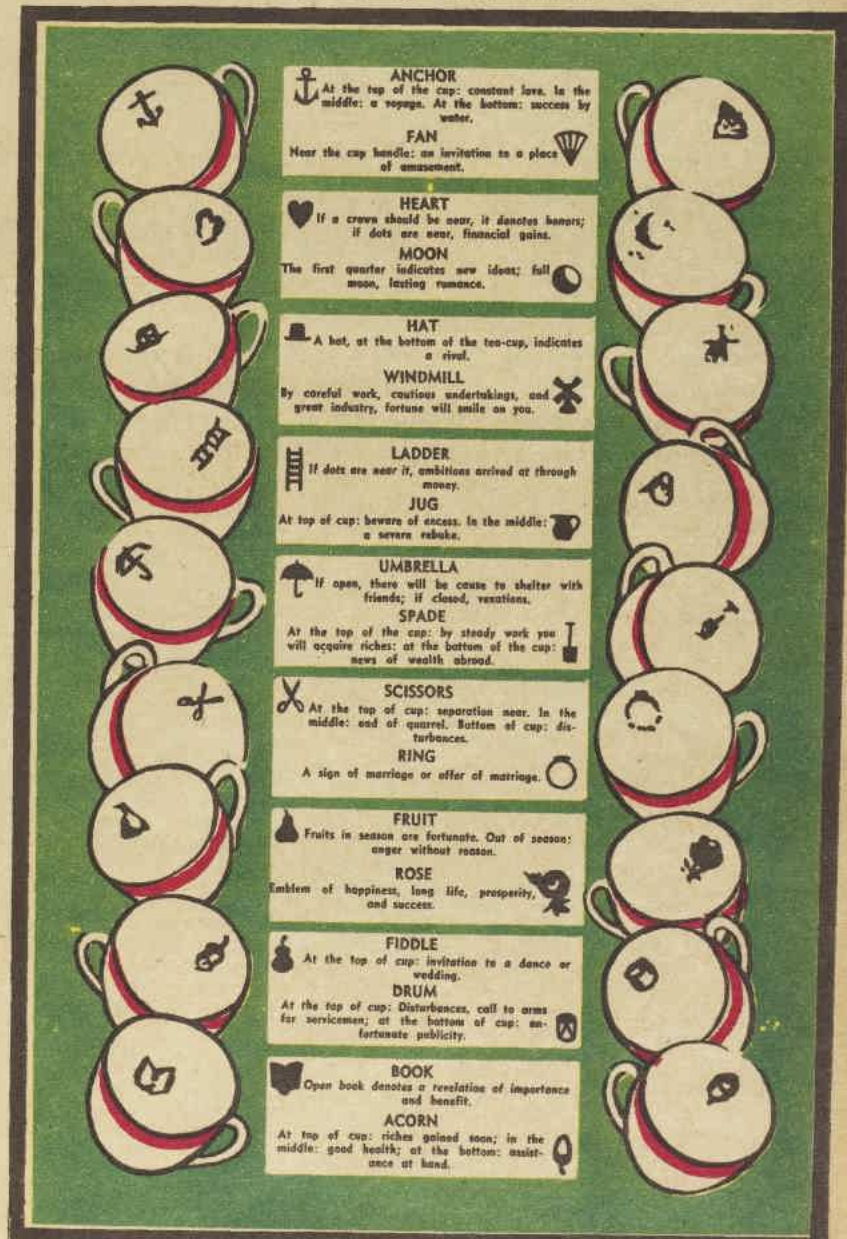
This list of signs and symbols is by no means complete, and the interpretations given are not the only ones which could apply. On the contrary, each diviner should exercise his or her own initiative power—and imagination.



THE TEALEAVES show a boat, a road-way, a circle, the letter F, and a ring. The boat means a forced removal; road-way, a journey; circle, a fortunate ending; the letter F is the initial of someone concerned; and the ring means a proposal.



A DOG'S HEAD in your cup and a lot of dashes. The dog is always an emblem of fidelity and shows true friends. But if he is surrounded by dashes or clouds, it shows that friends are estranged from you by the envy of someone not worthy.



LOOK AT THE teacups illustrated above, and work out their meaning before reading the explanations. All these signs are likely to appear one day in a cup you are reading.

presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning May 28

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a telephone call.	★ Your job will keep you on the move. If you contact the public either as a paid or voluntary worker, it may be hectic. You'll thrive on responsibility.	★ You want to get away because you are fed up with the domestic duties? There are few home-makers who cannot allow an hour a day for privacy.	★ You may meet a person to whom you have not been introduced in the ordinary way. You have many tastes in common, and a friendship may develop in the future.	★ Relatives from the country on a visit may want to see the town, or townies may rally forth to relatives in the bush. Interesting experiences will result.
 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in signing a paper.	★ You have decisions to face in practical affairs, and no one can help you to make up your mind. Be sure you are prepared to accept the consequences of drastic action.	★ Home purchasing falls largely on one member of the household. In an acquisition of importance it might be wise to consult family tastes. Color has value.	★ That joint shopping expedition with the beloved could prove a romantic memory or a wrangle. A man's idea of suitability may be contradictory. Cost is a factor.	★ Raising funds for charity is hard work, yet there is pleasure in meeting old acquaintances. You may be asked to manage the money side. This is right up your alley.
 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck lies in the right approach.	★ The personal element is included with your job. The boss may appear unreasonable or your associates uncooperative. Either be philosophical or look elsewhere.	★ Your sign is sure to have a flair for salesmanship. Use persuasion to obtain concessions from your landlord or repair work on the part of friend husband.	★ This all-time great love could fade out like that wonderful picture you saw a few weeks ago—the title of which you have forgotten. Teenage tears soon dry.	★ Lead the team to victory, whatever the objective may be. You can shine in sports, in community work, or in any social effort conciliating people and points of view.
 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in escaping an accident.	★ Doing some quiet thinking, you may be preparing to try a new venture—attractive, if not glamorous. If you can check up on the practical side, this looks good.	★ You may be all for efficiency, but are inclined to cut down on domestic drudgery, but haste leads to carelessness. Be extra cautious with electric equipment.	★ Perhaps you believe you care more than he does. The boyfriend or husband is happily settled emotionally and sees no reason for demonstrating his affection.	★ There's a subtle withdrawal in your mind. Discontent with present activities may be vague, but you begin to doubt the value of ways in which you use leisure.
 LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck lies in a competition.	★ Your crowded programme could be hard to handle, with a hundred interruptions. Color and variety will be brought to an otherwise dull routine. Efficiency can slide.	★ Folks drop in, a committee meets at your place, or a relative arrives to spend a few days. The house is untidy, with a cheerful air of being lived in.	★ Lovers no longer in their first youth are under smiling stars. Second marriages may bring a second spring to the lives of many. If young, be thoughtful.	★ This will be a lively social chapter. Pick and choose at will. Since first impressions are apt to be lasting, consider dress and grooming of first-rate importance.
 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, three combined. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in making the right contacts.	★ An honor, with considerable responsibility attached, may be offered you. Acceptance depends on the amount of self-confidence mastered for the task.	★ This is the right moment to assert your independence. If you have a sport or hobby that takes you out on odd days, cling to it even if the family grumbles.	★ If you have been showing a sentimental interest in a certain person for reasons other than real attraction, stop and think. You head for serious disaster.	★ If you accept a formal invitation among people not well known to you, contact the host or hostess and ask for information about dress for yourself and escort.
 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck lies on the broad highway.	★ Whether seeking a better job with more pay or easier working conditions bringing more leisure, extra knowledge produces the answer. Study and plan.	★ Homework for the children, games, radio for their siders, all the various pursuits of a family may criss-cross unhappily in the home. Pacify individuals.	★ So you are reading serious books because "he" is interested in a subject? And you listen to him holding forth for hours? Those tactics are sound if he's the one.	★ Don't make the same social mistake twice. Watch what others do and conform as well as you can. However, an occasional slip is not written down on the record.
 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck lies in a box or cupboard.	★ Gritting your teeth will not help, or resentment at some person or thing. A steady pull will carry you a long way on the path marked out. Avoid risking basic security.	★ Minor illnesses in the household, extra work caused by unexpected guests, or possibly selfishness burden you. These will soon lift.	★ A tempest in a teapot can be exaggerated. Don't permit mischief-makers to report gossip or create a barrier between you and the one you love.	★ If you are on the outer with a big shot in your social world, don't worry. You may be one of many whose toes have been stepped on. That person may be eclipsed.
 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck will be at a party.	★ The kindness and influence of a person in authority may be wielded on your behalf, making work easier and more co-ordinated. This might arouse jealousy.	★ Yes, you are a good cook, but how long since you made the family dinner-table look like a magazine cover? This week you can shine as a culinary artist.	★ Pride counts in any relationship. If you earn more money than the boyfriend, if you expect to start marriage in an expensive way, you make it hard for him to propose.	★ If you want to be liked, be interested in other people. Show friendliness by helping the stranger to make acquaintances; the wall-flower to find partners.
 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a business arrangement.	★ Why stew over other people's mistakes or worry about possible setbacks which may never happen? Concentrate on your own job, and wait for results.	★ That grand scheme laid aside and then brought out at intervals is due for taking off the shelf and dusting. Don't be muddled by well-meant but far from expert advice.	★ Party counts in any relationship. If you earn more money than the boyfriend, if you expect to start marriage in an expensive way, you make it hard for him to propose.	★ Your ideas are sound. Gather supporters around you and have everybody join in the fun. Plan in detail and watch expenses so that there is no last-minute hitch.
 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in the unexpected.	★ Tear right into that postponed task and discover its amusing side. Should it involve bringing friends together, you may long remember the happy effects of co-operation.	★ People are really important to you just now. You have no intention of being stuck home while others have fun. Many of you will be stepping out.	★ Party-going, dating steady is the prelude to a love affair. That fascinating boy or girl friend may suddenly become the most important person in your world.	★ Plattered at being asked to join a new group, you can, if you choose, make lifelong friends. New interests will probably swallow up some of the old activities.
 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, off-white. Gambling colors, off-white, violet. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck sits on your doorstep.	★ Whether you are a part-time or full-time homemaker, you have your innings now, and many a Piscean home will blossom with fresh color.	★ Withdrawing into your shell, you find new attractions under the old vine-and-fig-tree. Familiar as an old shoe, you can there relax and be yourself.	★ Invite all the boys and girls you know to your place, but don't allow him to think, or even suspect, that his presence is the real reason for the party.	★ Move slowly. Let plans mature before pushing them into the limelight. Some of your brightest inspirations are just around the corner. Social outlook will brighten.

Fortune Telling

Tattle-tale writing

from page 40

● Underscoring of a signature is more or less an assertive quality which shows that the writer is rather emphatic in thought and action. It does not mean that the signature without an underscoring shows less distinction or self-confidence; but the underscoring shows a conscious trend in that direction.

ILLUSTRATED here are various types of underscorings and their meanings.

John Doe

Straight short strokes show good judgment, practicality, cleanliness, and assertiveness.

John Doe

Straight long strokes, often quite heavy, are more aggressive and assertive, and show physical courage.

John Doe

Straight long strokes of lighter pen pressure also show assertiveness, but of a less physical kind.

John Doe

Underscoring which is curved shows a gracious manner. Many actors and musicians use this.

John Doe

Underscoring ending in an angular or abrupt fashion shows ambition, force, definite personality.

John Doe

Eccentric underscorings show the personality to be unusual in some form.

John Doe

Curved or straight line, crossed by two upright strokes or two dots, shows business sense.

John Doe

When the underscoring comes over the name, it reveals some unusual or eccentric qualities, and trouble in following the conventions.

Now you know the signs to watch for, here is the theory in practice. Illustrated on this page is a letter "in own handwriting" applying for a job. Here is the analysis:

Margin on the right is not over-crowded. Left margin is fairly wide in proportion and straight up and down, showing good taste, generosity based on logic rather than emotions, and good financial judgment.

Slant, according to the chart, comes under "B," de-

noting an affectionate nature. Pressure is medium to heavy, which reveals mental and physical vitality.

Size is midway between medium and small, which shows he is able to concentrate on details, yet wants to keep in touch with people and ideas. (Small writing shows concentration; large, expansive ideas.)

Loops are of good size and more rounded below the line. They show physical vitality, high aspirations, and desire for material pleasure.

Beginning and ending strokes appear in some letters and are eliminated in others. This shows the mind is progressive, but at the same time hesitant to break with conservative ideas. The beginning strokes reveal a certain amount of caution. The ending stroke on the small "d" in the word "read" shows a critical mind, but the ending strokes on "of" and "your" in the second line show an upward curve, which is an indication of humor.

Words. The letters in the words are connected, intuition breaks being so rare that they can be disregarded. Thus he is logical in his undertakings. A tapering towards the ends of some of the words indicates

tact, ability to get along well with people, and a desire for love and companionship.

Small letters. He uses care in closing the "a's" and "o's," showing his ability to say no more than is necessary. There are some open ones, but generally a person with his tact and caution does not make errors of indiscretion in conversation. The small "r" is wide and almost square, showing good taste in clothes and decorations and a desire to possess them. The small "b" is partly open, showing gullibility where the affections are concerned. He makes a small "e" which looks like the reversed figure "3," revealing his admiration for cultured people.

"I" dots (should be viewed through a magnifying glass) show varying shapes indicating humor and imagination. It is quite surprising to see so much in such cautious handwriting.

"T" crossings are proportionate to the size of the writing, showing a good balance between mind and emotions.

Capital letters are large in proportion to the writing. They show pride, high aspirations, dignity, a love of material comfort, and an ability to mingle with people.

Signature is more angular

than the rest of the writing. The "H" has an individual style of locking up in itself and there is an assertive underscoring. This shows that his outer personality is more abrupt, more critical, and more aloof than he actually is; that he is trying to assume an aloofness which actually he does not possess.

March 2nd 1956
League of American
30 Rockefeller Plaza

Dear Sir
I have read many
of your Little Story Book
I wonder if there might
be an opportunity of
associating with your
organization.
I would appreciate
the opportunity of a
personal interview.
Yours Truly
William Haring

Mr. Job Seeker briefly has these good traits: Good memory, logic, vitality, humor, social grace, tact, gregariousness, good taste, appreciation of art and culture, financial judgment, caution. On the

debit side he is over-cautious with trifles, hindered by conservatism, gullible where affections are concerned.

His outer personality would lead you to feel he is a go-getter in whatever he undertakes, yet the summing-up of his characteristics shows he would not be happy in any job unless the human contacts there were pleasing to him.

He attaches importance to the dignity of a job. He is well suited to detailed work and would take pride in working accurately with facts and figures because he has good financial sense. This can be traced to his desire for luxuries and material comfort, for social contacts of the highest order with people of cultural and artistic attainments.

He does not care to be in a subordinate position, as his pride would suffer. Yet he is not happy working alone, and is much better off when he is co-operatively sharing a job or a business. He is a good contact man. He does not leave a job hurriedly, being naturally cautious.

In his personal life he needs a great deal of admiration and love, and is happiest when sharing his interests and affections. He would be an excellent husband and father.



Houndstooth

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BRINGS GLAMOUR TO YOUR FURNITURE

This exclusive pattern in vinyl fabric is brilliant in its wide range of beautiful lasting colours . . . washable, too! With Houndstooth-covered furniture you'll be proud to say "Come in"! Ask to see Houndstooth upholstered furniture in your favourite store.



Manufactured in Australia by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.

but they were sooty, stunted trees that smelled of cat; Istanbul, for instance, thought every tree in the Street belonged to him.

One back garden had a lilac bush, but it did not flower; even Lovejoy knew that nothing would be likely to flourish in those backyards, besides which each of them belonged to someone.

It was queer to think of people in Catford Street owning gardens. Lovejoy had lived there all these years, but she had not seen what she saw now, the flowers—what they must always have been there, thought Lovejoy.

Now, in almost every window, she saw pots with plants growing in them; pots of red and pink flowers, of yellow ones, daffodils—she knew them—and hyacinths, as well as green things—ferns, palms, rubber plants; Sparkey's mother grew fuchsias in her flat window. Mrs. Cleary and Miss Arnot were unpopular, their cats spoiled the window boxes; some houses had window boxes as high as the fourth floor; they had not the profuseness of the Square window boxes, but they made patches of unexpected color up the Street. In the area of one of the houses a whole vegetable garden grew in boxes.

Well, you have to use something like boxes down there, thought Lovejoy, an area's concrete all over. The plants, she had to admit, seemed to grow well in boxes.

"What are those?" asked Lovejoy, peering down from the pavement and pointing to some small shiny-leaved plants.

"Broad beans," said the man who looked after them. "Don't you be throwing things down here."

"I'm not," said Lovejoy. "Well, don't you," he said so belligerently that Lovejoy saw more clearly than ever that

Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 3

growing plants was difficult in Catford Street.

Another man, in another area, was setting little plants in half-barrels. It was a barrel garden; it even had barrels cut into seats. Lovejoy knew the man; he was Mr. Isbister, Rory Isbister's grandfather, a wrinkled, brown old man, who lived in the basement of Number Twenty-three. "What are those?" asked Lovejoy.

"Sweet-peas," said Mr. Isbister.

He was not cross as the first man had been and let Lovejoy talk to him. "I've got some seeds," she said.

"You'd better get busy," said Mr. Isbister. "S' nearly April."

"Is April the time to sow?"

"March, April for most things."

"Why?" asked Lovejoy.

"Because," said Mr. Isbister, and grunted as he bent to tie a sweet-pea to a little stick.

"Yes, but why?"

Mr. Isbister pushed his cap back on his head, leaving earth in his grizzled hair, and looked at her. Lovejoy was standing above him on the pavement. They were not at a good level for talking, but he answered her. When Mr. Isbister talked there were few words and long pauses. It was not at all like Vincent's eloquence, but each word sank in.

"Christmas-time," said Mr. Isbister, "till round 'bout February—"

"Yes," said Lovejoy encouragingly.

"Th'earth's like dead," said Mr. Isbister; another pause.

"Round 'bout March"—pause—"begins t' work. April's working."

Mr. Isbister looked up at the sky and frowned. "April's short month," he said, "must get after things"—pause. "Get busy," and he went back to his sweet-peas.

But Lovejoy had not finished. "If you wanted to make a garden here, where would you do it?" she asked.

There was a silence, then, "Nowhere," said Mr. Isbister.

Lovejoy set her lips.

"When you do anything,"

Vincent had told her often, "people will advise you not to, they'll want to drag you down," and his eyes grew dark, thinking of Cassie.

"Don't let them," cried Vincent. "They—must—not. You must refuse to let them."

I am going to have a restaurant that I call a restaurant," said Vincent, "or I'll have nothing at all"; and, "I'll have a garden or nothing at all," said Lovejoy.

Every now and then in the streets between the Square and the river there was a gap, the bombed sites of which Olivia and Angela had spoken, though the children called them the bomb-ruins. Where once houses had been, or warehouses or shops, was a pit below the level of the street, a space that was sometimes a hundred or two hundred yards across, an open gap between the houses. After the war the bomb-ruins had been tidied up, the debris of the ruins removed, only rubble left that would do for making new foundations when new buildings went up.

The workmen had left each one tidy, but soon they were all untidy again; people tipped rubbish in them, threw tins and scrap iron down in them; most of the Street children were forbidden to go near them, and they were seemingly empty, but only seemingly. Lovejoy

knew, as every child in Catford Street knew, that the bomb-ruins were the headquarters of the gangs.

Every boy in Catford Street who was big enough belonged to a gang. "But you're not six," Sparkey's mother told him. The gangs kept to themselves, though they fought one another at times, and they had partisan groups among the girls. By tacit consent, the girls kept out of the ruins; they were afraid of the eeriness of that waste ground.

"Tramps go there, and thieves. There was a burglar dumped a safe there, an' one night a girl was killed with a stocking!" said Sparkey, his eyes enormous. If a girl went in the ruins, she was not behaving like a girl; no book of etiquette had stricter rules of behaviour than the children of Catford Street, and a girl who did not behave like a girl could be fought.

"It's y'own fault, y'asked for it," the boys used to say, if they had to fight the girls.

"Come in here and we'll knock y'teeth out," they said now to Lovejoy.

For Lovejoy was hovering. With the packet in her pocket, she had been walking round and round the bomb-ruins; some, bare and wide, she knew were no good; they were as public as the streets, everyone could look in them; but there were some where the rubble made hiding-places in which, picking a way in and out, she could get where no one could see her—places disused, derelict, given up, quite empty.

"If it wasn't for those blasted boys," said Lovejoy.

It was not only that they would have fought her; she knew they could leave nothing alone. If they saw a tin, they

must kick it; a poster, they drew on it and tore it; a fly, they must catch it. They took it out of one another, too; if a boy were near another boy, perfectly friendly, after a moment he would kick or punch, and in a moment they would start scuffling, twisting, and wrestling; they could not sit next to one another in the bus without driving their elbows into or kicking one another. There was no ill-will, no malice, as there would have been with girls.

It was as if there were—a fizz in them, thought Lovejoy. She did not know how else to describe that bubbling, bottled-up energy. She had it herself, in spite of her quietness, her self-containedness; often she felt more like a boy than a girl; sometimes she sat down on the boarding steps of the bus if the conductor were upstairs, and holding on with one hand to the boarding rail she would stick out her legs low over the road to feel the air as the bus swept round; all the old ladies screamed out that she would be killed. Lovejoy put her tongue out at them, and, before the bus stopped, jumped off.

Sometimes she walked on her hands down the length of a block. She sucked gob-stoppers, keeping the ball in her cheek, like any little hooligan; neither Vincent nor her own mother would have recognised her. Lovejoy knew what it was like to be a boy, but, thinking of the fragile loops of Mr. Isbister's sweet-pea seedlings, she drew her breath sharply. Isn't there anywhere those boys don't go? she thought. She seemed to have been carrying those seeds round for days.

"Have a box," said Mrs. Combie and Mr. Isbister.

"I won't have a box," said Lovejoy.

Just as a bird, after flying and fluttering and perching and looking, will suddenly build its

nest in some exposed place so bare and noticeable that it seems that a cat must get at it or boys steal the eggs and tear it down, so Lovejoy, after days of searching for secret spots, suddenly chose an extraordinary place to plant her seeds.

There was one bomb-ruin where, as far as she knew, the boys did not go, where they had made no camps—they called anything they built on a bomb-ruin a camp. This site was too close to the seething High Street, almost at the top of Catford Street, opposite the newspaper stand; it was public, but left on its pyramids of old bricks standing up and a few remnants of brick walls that must once have been cellar walls; among them, where two made an angle, she found a place.

It was sheltered, the walls made it feel secret, if she stooped or knelt on the ground no one could see her, and in it was a patch of earth that showed among the rubble.

It'll do, thought Lovejoy. She spent two days in clearing the patch until it was big enough, about four feet square; she kept the best bits of rubble to edge the garden, as she had edged the seaside gardens she had made on the sand in Bourne-mouth or Torquay or Margate in the halcyon days when she was little. I can put the bits close together and they'll look like pebbles or shells, she thought.

The ground smelled of stale rubbish and soot, thought Lovejoy, wrinkling up her nose. Each piece of rubble had to be cleared and put down with a gentle hand; she did not dare throw it on a pile or make any noise; it was neat work but slow, and very grimy; she grew blacker and blacker; her hands

To page 45



The faster you're rid of dangerous congestion, the faster you're rid of your cold ...

Bonnington's Irish Moss gets rid of dangerous congestion faster than anything else you can take. It's the pectoral oymel of carrageen* in Bonnington's that does this. You can actually feel what's going on inside you . . . you can feel the congestion breaking up. Harsh, hacking coughs quickly take on a different, relieving character as the cold breaks up. You can see for yourself that the more often you sip the more often the congestion comes away!

*Carrageen is a moss or seaweed found in a few restricted areas of the world. The carrageen used in Bonnington's Irish Moss is collected on the Northern Coast of Ireland.

SO SOOTHING If you're taking Bonnington's Irish Moss for the first time you'll probably be surprised by its gentle action. Although it gets the better of the very worst colds, you can give it to tiny tots or elderly people with complete confidence. It soothes the most inflamed membranes. It eases the hurt of the most violent coughs.

100 penetrating sips
in every 3½ bottle of
BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS



You've got to take care of a cold whilst you're at work as well as at home. Bonnington's Irish Moss makes this easy because you don't have to mix it with anything. You can sip it straight from the bottle. Buy two bottles at a time. One for work. One for home.



Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 44

were like a sweep's and her knees looked as if they had black caps on them.

She spent every moment she could in the garden. Nobody came—no boys, only cats; once Istanbul stalked through the rubble and, after springing up on the gap that led to Catford Street, disappeared into Mrs. Cleary's and Miss Arnot's house—or was it his house? thought Lovejoy.

He made her wonder again why Sparkey was not on his step; she had kept a weather eye open for Sparkey, but all these days his step had been empty. He's probably ill, thought Lovejoy, who knew the ways of Sparkey.

The busy feet passed and re-passed in the High with the blur of traffic noise behind them; nobody looked over the wall and it would not have mattered if they had; Lovejoy kept well down. Before going into the site at all she looked carefully up and down the street and seized an empty moment to sidle through the gap in the wall, jump down the bank, where she waited; if no heads came over, no footsteps sounded above her, she dodged across from one old wall to another, keeping behind the pyramids of earth and brick; sometimes even she could not tell which walls were hers. "Nobody will find it," said Lovejoy.

It took a whole week to clear the rubble and make the edges; the middle was hard black earth with a few blades of grass and weeds in it. I must dig, thought Lovejoy, but with what?

She asked Mr. Isbister. She appeared suddenly in front of him as a robin appears on the handle of a spade, only she was not as attractive as a robin. "What do you dig the earth up with?" she asked.

"Small? Little bit?" Lovejoy nodded. "Fork," said Mr. Isbister and went back to his work. Lovejoy went home.

"Mrs. Combie, will you lend me a fork?"

"What do you want it for?" asked Mrs. Combie.

"For something."

"Yes, but what?"

"It's a secret. Please let me have a fork."

"You'll spoil it," said Mrs. Combie.

"Ettie, no one can spoil a kitchen fork," said Vincent.

Reluctantly Mrs. Combie opened the kitchen drawer and took one out.

It was not much later that Lovejoy appeared in front of Mr. Isbister again. "Now look what you've done," she said, and showed the fork with its prongs bent up and one broken.

"You told me to use a fork," she said, glaring at him. "It's Mrs. Combie's"—and she wailed, "I have to take it back."

"Garden fork!" said Mr. Isbister. "Look"—and he showed her a small stout garden fork and a trowel. "Real garden needs spade," he said, "but you could manage with these."

Lovejoy looked at the tools and then at Mrs. Combie's broken fork. "You wouldn't lend me them?" she asked.

"No," said Mr. Isbister and put them away. He had a cupboard made out of a box in among his barrels, and now Lovejoy saw in it a horde of garden things; there was a spade, a watering-can; there were flowerpots and wooden

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It's an open fire. A cheery, open fire—a fire that radiates comfort and friendliness without smoke, soot or unpleasant cleaning.



It's an air circulator. Fireflow catches all the heat from the fire and uses it to drag cold air from your room at floor level, heat it and then breeze it comfortably through your home.



Here's the 2-way heating system that gives you unequalled 2-way warmth yet is so economical to operate, and styled to harmonise with the most modern interior furnishings.

Keep Winter Chill out of Your Home with the 2-Way Warmth of MALLEYS Fireflow

MALLEYS FIREFLOW IS SO MUCH BETTER IN SO MANY WAYS

Fireflow does not waste heat. Unlike the ordinary open fire, which independent tests show wastes 86% of the heat straight up the chimney, Fireflow captures every bit of heat from the fuel and circulates it into your room. There's no waste with Fireflow—you get full value from the little fuel you use.

Fireflow's 2-way warmth heats your room completely. No more roasting fronts and freezing backs! Now, thanks to Fireflow's 2-way system, you get penetrating, spreading warmth all around you.

Fireflow burns wood or coke. Your choice of either wood or coke will give you the same economical warmth from the new Malley's Fireflow. There's no smoke or soot to cope with—Fireflow is so convenient!

Fireflow is easy to light. A damper control and draught director make your fuel catch immediately. In minutes you can enjoy the warmth of a perfect fire.

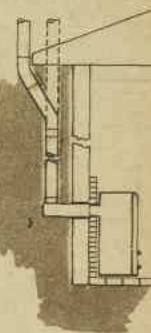
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labels, packets of seeds, and a bundle of raffia. Her quick eyes saw all these before he shut the cupboard door. You need all that for gardening, she thought. Perhaps I could pinch—but garden things, it seemed, were precious and well guarded. Mr. Isbister, for instance, was taking no chances; he had a padlock on the door, which he locked, and put the key in his pocket.

"You go and get your own things," he told Lovejoy. She went silently away to face Mrs. Combie with the broken kitchen fork.

A fork. A trowel, a fork. How can I get a fork? At last Lovejoy came to the Square Gardens, and there Lucas—though she did not know his name was Lucas—had left his wheelbarrow on the path while, as Angela was out of the way, he had gone to have a smoke and some tea from his flask.

Lovejoy saw tools in the barrow; she could see a twig broom and a spade, and a big fork. Who knows? thought Lovejoy, he might have left a little fork as well. She pressed her nose against the chestnut palings which had taken the place of the railings that had been there before the war.

In the war the railings had been taken away.

"Every bit of iron was needed," said Angela when she told this story. "Railings were taken from all over London. When they took ours we didn't mind at first. We thought we should like the people from the Street to share our garden; we truthfully welcomed them," said Angela, "but very soon we found out our mistake. They scuffed up the grass, the boys played cricket on it, they threw paper about, they even picked the flowers and broke off the trees. Lucas said—"

"I don't like Lucas," Olivia had interrupted once. "He's a toady. He treats the children like the cat."

"The cat?"

"The cat did this, the cat did that," said Olivia.

"Nonsense, they are little hooligans, you know they are," said Angela. "They nearly broke Lucas' heart. They simply don't understand about gardens."

"How can they?" asked Olivia hotly. "I mean what chance have they? In the whole Street there isn't a tree, not a blade of grass for any of them. Each child should have a blade, at least," said Olivia.

"Well, we shouldn't have one if they all came in," said Angela, and she ordered the new palings. They seemed very tall to Lovejoy and they had sharp pointed tops. Still, I might get over them, she thought.

The Gardens looked an oasis of green and deep-down freshness after the Street; they smelled fresh, of grass and leaves and freshly turned earth; a few daffodils were out along the paths, and hundreds of crocuses in the grass.

"You have been successful!" the residents said to Angela. "The Gardens have never looked better." To Lovejoy they were a revelation and she forgot the fork as, holding two of the palings, she pressed her face in between them to look.

"What are you doing here?" Angela had a new spring hat; it was blue, trimmed with blue feather wings, which gave her a look of extraordinary swiftness. When she pounced on Lovejoy she might have been an avenging angel.

"What are you doing here?" Lovejoy, her back against the paling, stood mute.

"Answer me," said Angela.

"What are you doing?"

"Lookin'." Lovejoy let the word out and shut her lips.

Angela did not know it, but one of the Catford Street children was doing what she had

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always hoped they would do, appreciate the Gardens. If Lovejoy had asked her question, "Is that good garden earth?" or been able to say what she felt about the crocuses, the whole history would have been different, but she was silent and sullen and dropped her eyelids in the way Angela knew meant that a purpose was being concealed.

"You were going to climb the palings," said Angela.

Lovejoy was suddenly filled with a terrible feeling of the power of grown-ups, the power and the knowledge. No one knew better than she how to behave; pretty manners had been drilled into her when she was a very little girl, but now her helplessness enraged her; she had thrown the potato knife at Cassie, and what she did now imprinted her forever on Angela's mind.

She spat. The spit landed hard on the pavement by Angela's shoe. Both of them looked a little frightened at that dark spot of venom on the pavement, then, skipping as if nothing had happened, skip-hop-jump, Lovejoy turned her back and disappeared towards the Street, while Angela, with a heightened color, went home.

Lovejoy gave up trying to get a fork for nothing. "Where would I buy garden things?" she asked Vincent.

Vincent, as usual, ignored the chain stores or any shop in the High. "There's a garden shop in Mortimer Street by Driscoll's," he said.

"It's expensive over there," said Mrs. Combie.

"That's where you get good

An optimist is one
who believes a house-
fly is looking for a
way to get out.

—George Jean
Nathan.

things," said Vincent in rebuke.

When Lovejoy found the garden shop it was like Mr. Isbister's cupboard multiplied a hundred times. She blinked at the riches; there were shining green and red painted garden tools, trowels and forks, spades, big forks, big and little rakes; Lovejoy longed to handle a rake. There were twig brooms, and watering-cans with bright copper nozzles and tiny green watering-cans with long spouts.

It was a delectable shop; there was a smell of fresh wood from lengths of trellis; there were clean, inviting-looking flowerpots stacked in different sizes. There were wheelbarrows. If I had a wheelbarrow, how I could move those stones, she thought, and stopped to read its label. "The Super-nimble Wheelbarrow," she spelled out, "£4/10/-." Four pounds ten! She dropped the label as if it were red-hot.

A showcase, the whole of it used for seeds, was so brilliant with the colors of the flowers on the packets that Lovejoy was dazzled. Before she could touch them or read the names, a shop-girl was beside her; shop people were always vigilant if a sparrow-child came in. "What do you want, dear?" said the girl briskly.

Lovejoy had seen a trowel and fork with red handles; they were tied together with string and laid in a wooden basket. "How much are those?" she asked.

"Eight-and-a-penny," said the girl more briskly. "You haven't got that, have you? Run along home."

"Don't you have cheaper ones?" asked Lovejoy. "What

are those plain ones?"—and she showed a pair without any red paint.

"Those are stainless steel," said the girl, without pity. "Thirty-three shillings the pair."

Lovejoy went out. She walked slowly back across the Square into Motcombe Terrace; there she paused, and suddenly her face cleared. Of course, I'll go to Dwight's, she thought.

Dwight's Repository and Sale Rooms, established 1889, was a few doors down the Terrace from the Street. People said it was the same Mr. Dwight who kept it now. Sooner or later, everybody in the Street bought or sold something at Mr. Dwight's; he seemed to have the flotsam and jetsam of all the streets round; in the window and inside the shop, from the floor to the ceiling, was junk: furniture and clothes and china, toys and bits of bicycles and perambulators, birdcages, parts of wash-hand-stands, and nearly new washing machines, shoes and books and radios; things were thick along the pavement and nobody knew how Mr. Dwight managed to get them back into the shop at night.

As Lovejoy came up, Mr. Dwight was there as he always was with his boy, putting out more things on the pavement: a bookcase of books, a sofa, a jug and basin patterned with ivy on a Japanese table, another basin full of old stirrups under the table, a sewing-machine, some dinner plates on two card tables, and a tin bath. Lovejoy waited until Mr. Dwight looked up, then said, "Mrs. Combie sent me to ask have you a small garden fork and a trowel."

There was a pause while he put some bundles of spoons on the stirrups; Lovejoy looked at the back of his neck, where the grey hairs were stiff; the band of his striped shirt was not very clean; he had no collar and the green sweater under his apron was baggy and stained. After the overwhelming beauty of the hardware shop it was a relief to get back into her familiar shabby world. She said, "A fork alone would do."

"Is she starting window boxes?" asked Mr. Dwight.

When he had finished arranging the spoons he went back into the shop and began turning things over. Lovejoy followed and watched.

"I did have one, somewhere," he said under his breath and moved a pile of cookery books. "Somewhere," breathed Mr. Dwight and lifted a folded tablecloth, some old tennis balls in a net, and at last from under a long-clothes baby doll he brought out a small dusty fork; the varnish had come off its handle, its prongs were crusted with dirt, but it was a fork.

"There's a trowel to it somewhere," said Mr. Dwight. "Maybe not its, but it'd do. I'll look for it. Tell Mrs. Combie I'll let her have it this evening."

"How—much?" asked Lovejoy.

Mr. Dwight looked earnestly at the fork. "It's a nice little fork," he said slowly. "It's handy."

"It's dirty," said Lovejoy.

"It's strong," said Mr. Dwight. "One prong is bent," said Lovejoy.

"Well, she can have it for one and six," said Mr. Dwight. "The same for the trowel. Two and nine the pair. Take it or leave it."

Lovejoy did not know why she bargained; no more than thirty-three shillings had she two and ninepence, and April was begun and the seeds were still in her pocket. She looked at the fork, where he had

thrown it on top of the tablecloth in all its usefulness and dirt. "You wouldn't hire it?" she said.

"No, I wouldn't," said Mr. Dwight. "One and threepence. Two and six, the two."

"Mr. Vincent, can you lend me half a crown?"

It was a bad moment to choose; Lovejoy saw that too late. She was finding out how difficult it is to notice other people when one is busy. Vincent was at his desk in the restaurant doing his eternal accounts and his face when he looked up was even whiter, more knotted with worry than usual. "Half a crown?" he said. "I'll soon heed half a crown myself."

He and Lovejoy gazed down at the figures, meticulously written in the long, thin account book.

"There are nine million people in London," Lovejoy had once told him, but Vincent had shaken his head. "There are about three thousand," he said solemnly, "three thousand real people, if that." Still, three thousand was a large number. "You'd think some of them would come," he said.

"Some do," said Lovejoy.

"Not enough to do any good, not real people." He shook his head as if he could not understand and Lovejoy tipped away.

"Do you know what that child has been doing?" asked Cassie, outraged. "Singing in the Square."

It was lunchtime; Cassie had been in that morning; she dropped into the restaurant every day — "or twice or three times a day," said Vincent bitterly — and on her way home had gone across the Square to Mortimer Street, meaning to go into Driscoll's and see if she could discover what extravagance Vincent had bought that day; she had caught Lovejoy in the act and brought her back. Now Mrs. Combie, who was serving vegetables for Vincent — there were three people in the restaurant — let the pots stand on the table and, leaning her weight on it, as she did when she was tired, looked at Lovejoy across the potatoes. Lovejoy defiantly looked back.

"Like her mother!" said Cassie.

"Don't be silly, Cassie. Mrs. Mason is a concert artist," said Mrs. Combie, and Lovejoy could have put her arms round the flowered overall and kissed her.

"Singing. Begging!" said Cassie.

"Did you, Lovejoy?" asked Mrs. Combie. Her voice sounded damped and sad and Lovejoy hung her head.

"It wasn't any use," she said. Standing on the edge of the pavement, she had sung some of her mother's songs. One lady had opened a window and thrown her threepence — a queer, dark lady who stayed at the window to listen. "I couldn't help myself," said Olivia when Angela said she had encouraged the children to beg. "It sounded such a cheap in the Square."

A maid came out from another house and told Lovejoy to go away, and a lady came from the gardens and said the noise was waking her baby. Lovejoy moved to another house and was told to go away from there, and then Cassie came.

"I want two and six," said Lovejoy hopelessly. "—two-and-threepence, I've got threepence from the lady. Could—could I write to my mother?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1956

If you would lend me a stamp?" she asked Mrs. Combie.

Mrs. Combie looked more tired and said, "Dearie, I don't know her address."

"You don't know —" began Cassie.

"She'll write presently," said Mrs. Combie with dignity and put some buttered carrots in a dish and carried them to Vincent.

"If you ask me you'll be landed, Ettie," said Cassie when she came back.

"Mrs. Combie," asked Lovejoy when Cassie had gone, "couldn't you lend me half a crown and put it on the bill?"

Mrs. Combie looked over Lovejoy's head without answering for a moment; she was looking through the glass door into the restaurant, where Vincent for once was busy —

"But chops and liver and bacon and an omelet, there's nothing in that," she said to Lovejoy. Her eyes stayed troubled on Vincent as he moved about, and Lovejoy knew again that for all Mrs. Combie's kindness and the way she understood, Lovejoy and Mrs. Mason and everyone else could be drowned or lost or starved for Vincent.

"Half a crown?" said Mrs. Combie. "I couldn't do that. I daren't. You see, your mother hasn't paid, not for two months."

Lovejoy went back to the bomb-ruin, slipped through the gap and down the bank, bent and ran, doubling in and out of the walls to the garden. She crouched in the middle of it, trying to dig a hole with her finger, but the earth was too hard; all she did was to stub her finger so that it swelled and sent pain up her arm. Then she sat, nursing the throbbing finger in her armpit, her head on her knees.

The places where money was kept were these: telephone boxes, the coppers put down for the newspapers while Sparkey's mother was at lunch or tea, gasmeters, and the boxes on the doors in the Ladies'. Lovejoy had inspected these: she had been the round of the telephone kiosks pressing button B and collected nothing at all; the people round Catford Street were too poor to forget their threepences. The kiosk boxes like the gasmeters were impregnable to her; her hands were small and she had no tools. There were tills in the shops, but shop people in the High and down the Street took no risks; the tills were behind the counters or enclosed in wire cages with cashiers in charge of them.

There was a till on Vincent's desk, but from the beginning Lovejoy ruled out Vincent and reluctantly she ruled out taking the money from the newspapers; there was something too trusting in the way it was left there; the very innocence and stupidity of it protected it; even the boys who had been known to break open a telephone box did not touch those coppers.

There was one more place Lovejoy knew where money was kept: in churches.

Like every other child in Catford Street, Lovejoy had looked into St. Botolph's and Our Lady of Zion. At St. Botolph's, just inside the door, were two collecting boxes, one labelled in Mr. Wix's colloquial way, "People are still poor," the other "Our Organ Fund," but it was no use trying St. Botolph's, because keeping guard in it were church ladies; Lovejoy had been chased out of it before now. The Catholic Church was different; nobody watched there.

"There's nothing worth stealing," Angela would have said. That was true; St. Botolph's was beautiful, Our Lady of Zion was makeshift

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and gimerack; the statues were of the cheapest plaster and the Stations of the Cross that hung along the walls were colored prints in cheap wood frames; the altar cloth was plain linen, the screen behind, plain blue; Father Lambert had no ladies to embroider for him, the hands that helped him were too rough for silk and gold thread, and yet there was far more money in the Catholic Church — boxes and boxes, thought Lovejoy.

There were four boxes at the entrance, two for guilds, one for payments for the small paper books that were for sale in the rack above it — but anyone could take one for nothing, thought Lovejoy and no one would know — one for the poor and one "To Build Our Church and Schools," like the aeroplane outside. "Yes, we're fearful beggars," Father Lambert would say often. That was not all; inside the church were more; a box called "Sisters of Nazareth" and a box for candle money.

There were always candles burning on the small candle rails, though here again anyone could take a candle and light it without paying; sometimes people lit three or four,

porch and where the bell hung now on a makeshift crossbar; from the landing more steps had once led into the crypt; now they were the church entrance.

Lovejoy went stealthily down them; she had Vincent's screw-driver in her pocket and she felt like a burglar.

But the church was not empty. Two girls with scarves over their heads knelt at the back, but it was not hopeless; Lovejoy knew, by the white overalls lettered with blue that they were under their open coats, that they worked at the laundry in Garden Row and would have to be back there at two o'clock. She went past them into the church, almost up to the front, slipped into one of the flimsy pews, and knelt down; she looked through her fingers at the candle box.

The candles were lit on a rail that stood by the altar; the box was fixed to the wall; the label on the top read: "Candles 2d."; twopences and twopences, thought Lovejoy; there were nine candles on the rail. One-and-sixpence! thought Lovejoy. She might be slow at reading, but she was quick at adding up,

of beads in her hands and as she prayed she played with it. A necklace in church! thought Lovejoy grimly. Even she knew better than that.

It was quiet, remote, almost secret in here. Lovejoy knelt down, watching the girl, willing her to go away, and in a moment the sliding beads grew still, the girl put the necklace in her pocket, stood up, and went to the candle-stand. She took a candle out of the holder, lit it from another candle, looked up at the statue, and, letting the wax run down to make a warm bed in the socket, fixed the candle upright.

Then she took out a purse, found two pennies, and put them in the candle box; Lovejoy heard them clink as they fell, and the box top moved as if it were loose. Lovejoy could not look properly, only through her fingers, but her heart began to beat quickly. As the girl moved aside to kneel again before she went, Lovejoy saw that the padlock on the box was open.

For a moment she could not believe her luck; she looked so hard that her eyes blurred and she had to rub them and look again. There was no doubt about it, the box was open, the small strong padlock dangled from the hasp undone; the girl walked away down the church, and Lovejoy was alone with the open box.

"I must have left it open," Father Lambert was to say afterwards. "Now I wonder how the devil I came to do that." He thought for a moment and said, "Perhaps it wasn't the devil."

Lovejoy was alone in the church, too, as far as she could hear. Getting carefully up, and being careful not to knock over a chair, she looked; one girl, the girl who had been in the chapel, was still there, but she was by the wall—praying to the pictures, thought Lovejoy. It seemed odd, but it suited Lovejoy well; the girl had her back to Lovejoy; she stood up, passed to another picture, and again knelt down. Lovejoy did not in the least know what she was doing, but as the pictures went right round the walls it seemed likely that she would be some time.

Lovejoy came back into the chapel and stood by the candles, looking at the box. The whole church seemed hushed, waiting. Do it. Do it, said Lovejoy, and the church seemed to say it, too; the open box was like an invitation, like a little too like—the newspaper coppers. In spite of all the boxes, she knew by the aeroplane outside that the church had no money to spare. She hesitated; then she remembered Cassie and her mother, and her face hardened.

Delicately, with her finger, she slid the padlock off, caught it, and laid it quietly down, lifted the hasp, and opened the box; there was not much money inside, but she put in her quick little claw and scooped some of it out. It did not chink much; not more than twopences being put in, thought Lovejoy. Experienced in hiding things, she did not put all the money into her pockets but some into her thick woollen socks and some into the handkerchief pocket of her knickers.

There was a sixpence; her fingers, feeling for pennies, nearly dropped it; but all the rest was in coppers and it was heavy; I hope my socks don't come down, thought Lovejoy. Three times she dipped, then pulled the socks up, gave a hitch to her knickers, shut the box, closed the hasp, slid the padlock into place, and locked it. The whole thing had not taken two minutes; she peeped into

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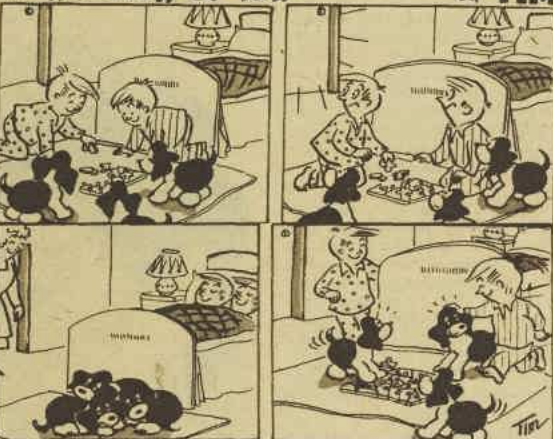
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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



but they always put in their twopences; probably the boxes were full of money, thought Lovejoy longingly.

It was not easy to steal in the Catholic Church because it was never empty; it was busy, not with church ladies but with people. At St. Botolph's the people came to the services, but here they came in and out all day long; they knelt for a moment to say a special prayer or prayed a long time or they lit candles.

This traffic was a disadvantage from Lovejoy's point of view, but it was balanced by the fact that no one took any notice of anyone else; anyone could pray at the candle rail for an hour and no one would think it queer. You can do just as you like, thought Lovejoy, but you have to kneel down or bend your knee as you come in and go out. Well, I can do that, said Lovejoy.

She prospected and pondered till the second day, when, after she had helped Mrs. Combie wash up, she quietly stayed away from school and went to the church. She had thought it might be empty after lunch when the shop and factory workers had gone back to work and the children were at school. At this time people were in their houses, either washing up or feeding babies or sitting a moment to read the paper, listen to the radio or snatch a few minutes' peace, like Vincent.

It should be empty, she thought, and skipped up the flight of broken steps that led from the Street to a landing that had been the old church

especially money. She meant to go closer in a moment, but as she knelt she saw a subdued shine from the opposite corner of the church and she noticed what, in her brief runnings in and out, she had not seen before.

The long hut that now made the church had been put up over the ruins and, rising through the temporary concrete floor were three of the old church pillars; probably they had been too heavy, too expensive to move until the remains were razed altogether to build the new church; the pillars had been left as they were, broken off short, and they made a side aisle to the church.

Bookshelves and cupboards had been put along it, but at the far end, up by the altar, screened from the main church by the top pillar and a blue curtain, a chapel had been made; as Lovejoy looked, a man came out from it, pausing by the pillar to genuflect and cross himself before he left the church. After a moment Lovejoy stood up and tiptoed across to look.

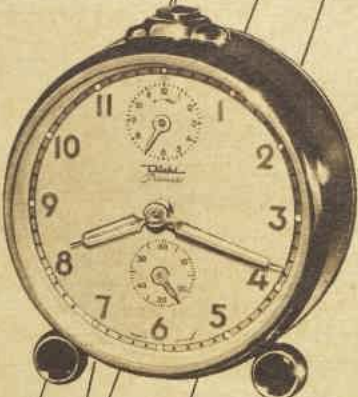
It was like another tiny church; there were rows of chairs, a small altar with another blue screen behind it, a vase of paper roses, and, above it, on a pedestal, a plaster Mother and Child.

Below the statue was another rail of candles and another candle box.

A girl was kneeling on one of the prie-dieus—nothing but girls, thought Lovejoy crossly, girls going gabble, gabble, gabble. This one has a string

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the church; the girl had moved one picture down.

Lovejoy unmistakably chinked as she moved. I'd better go, fast's I can, she thought and had begun to move heavily away when the statue on its tall pedestal caught her eye.

Angela said the statues in the Catholic Church were cheap and vulgar, but to Lovejoy they seemed beautiful, especially this one of Mary. "Her robe's a beautiful sky-blue," she told Vincent afterwards.

"Plaster-blue!" said Vincent with scorn.

"Yes," said Lovejoy happily, "and she has a white plaster veil and plaster lilies."

"Ough!" said Vincent as if that hurt him.

"It isn't 'ough'," said Lovejoy, offended, and did not tell him any more. Mary's pink hands and face were a little bright, perhaps, but she had pretty, shiny painted nut-brown hair and on the back of her head was the usual gold plate. Lovejoy did not know the purpose of that, but she thought it decorative; like a dear little new kind of hat, she thought. The Baby had one, too.

To Lovejoy the statue was exquisite, but now, as it caught her eye, its eyes were looking down at her—down into me, thought Lovejoy uneasily; she had the uneasy feeling that the statue was real and had seen what she had done, had seen but was not angry; the eyes had been sad and gentle before, they still looked gentle and sad—not even cross, thought Lovejoy; that mysteriously offended her.

It was against the code she had been brought up in all her life, the code of all the children in Catford Street: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, or two eyes, two teeth, if you could get them. This steadfastness—and yet what could a statue do but be steadfast?—its unchangingness seemed to put her guilt squarely upon Lovejoy and she did not like it. "Yah! Boo!" said Lovejoy rudely, but the statue stayed the same.

She began to panic. It had all been too easy, as if it were a trap; but it was not a trap; there was the church door open, the girl still murmuring her prayers. Lovejoy had only to walk out, carefully, so that she did not chink, and the money was hers.

Instead she had a strong feeling that she could not walk out, that she should put the pennies back. Almost she did. She had been perfectly collected and calm when she opened the box, but now her skin prickled, and her hands and her forehead, under her fringe, were wet. Why doesn't she look away? thought Lovejoy. Turn your head, she wanted to say sharply, but of course the statue could not, it was only plaster.

"Silly little fool!" said Lovejoy scornfully at herself and with a mighty effort she walked down the side aisle. At the bottom she turned. The eyes were still looking.

What happens when a sin is committed? Usually the sinner flourishes.

Lovejoy bought the fork and trowel from Mr. Dwight and dug up the ground, doing her best, with the small fork, to make the earth smooth and fine, like the beds in the Square gardens. She sowed the cornflowers at either end of the garden, trying to put the seeds in rows like cabbages in an allotment, but they got lost in the furrows: she sowed them as evenly as she could and scattered earth over them. There had been three-and-eightpence in the candle-box, and from the one-and-fivepence she had over she bought grass seed to grow in the centre.

"How much would I need," she asked Mr. Isbister, "to make that much grass?" She showed

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him the length and width with her arms.

Mr. Isbister paused and then grunted, "Half an ounce."

Lovejoy knew how to sow grass. She had watched the men doing it when the new council flats were made; they had lawns, not asphalt, and she had seen the men sow the seed and then stretch nets over the places to keep off the sparrows and children. Lovejoy, of course, had no net, but that was soon solved.

She had stolen the money, so it seemed to make no difference now if she stole a net, and she took the cat net off a perambulator when the baby was put outside to sleep. First she unfastened the net—if anybody comes I can pretend I'm looking at the baby, she thought; they'll scold me, but that's all they can do—then she waited, looking up and down the Street and into the baby's house through the windows; the moment came; she dexterously peeled the net off, slid it under her coat, and sauntered away.

That gave her a bad few minutes in bed that night. People put nets over perambulators in case cats—Mrs. Cleary's or Miss Arnot's, perhaps—sat down on the babies' faces and smothered them.

"Old women's tales," said Vincent, but Lovejoy could see how a cat could sit on a baby who had no net; the warmth, the soft pillow, would tempt it. The thought of the weight—of Istanbul, for instance, on a baby's face—filled the night with horror; she saw the baby choking in the tabby fur, beating with helpless fists, writhing, and no one would hear.

In the night she decided to take the net back; I should be a murderer, thought Lovejoy, but in the light of morning she went firmly to the garden shop and spent twopence on a dozen small wooden name-pegs, took them to the garden, and, after sticking them where the grass was sown, stretched the cat net over them; when it was done it looked so professional that she was charmed.

"If it was stolen, it couldn't have been a good garden," Tip was to say.

"It was a good garden," said Lovejoy, which was true. It all seemed to come together under her hand—"And why not?" asked Lovejoy defensively. It was not her fault, she argued, if she stole. The comics were ungarded on the stand, the little boys looked away from their ice-cream cones, Sparky had stood right out on the pavement to look at the flowers on the packet, the baby was left out with the net, the candle box was open, "What do you expect?" asked Lovejoy furiously.

Now the garden was ready to grow. In the earth the seeds were changing into plants—"or presently they'll change," said Lovejoy when she dug one up with her finger and found it was still the same.

"Hey! give them time," said Mr. Isbister.

"But how much time?" asked the impatient Lovejoy.

At night now, when she went to bed, she did not lie awake feeling the emptiness; she thought about the garden, the seeds, their promised colors. She had never before thought of colors—except in clothes, thought Lovejoy; now she saw colors everywhere, the strong yellow of daffodils, the blue and clear pink—or hideous pink—of hyacinths, the deep colors of anemones; she was learning all their names; she saw how white flowers shone and showed their shape against the London drab and grey. She was filled with her own business. She had never had her own business before; directly after breakfast, on her way to

school, she went to the garden and was thinking about it all day long.

Each day she discovered something new. In the chain store she haunted the garden counter. It was piled high with packets of seeds and she needed seed; she had ambitions beyond cornflowers now. It's no use trying to swipe a whole packet, thought Lovejoy longingly, but she found that if she handled them as if she were turning them over, she could, by pinching sharply and quickly, make a little hole in the paper and sometimes a seed, or a few seeds, trickled out. It took time.

She did not dare to go often in case the girls grew suspicious; though there was always a crowd round the counter, they might notice her; there was danger, too, from the people on each side, but with cunning

and caution Lovejoy managed it. The packets looked as though a mouse had nibbled them, or a bird had pecked them. "But no birds come in here," said the manager. By the time she got them home Lovejoy did not know what the seeds were: she kept them in an old pillbox of Mrs. Cornbie's and slept with it under her pillow at night.

When she had a dozen she sowed them an inch apart. She had no idea how close to put them or how big they would be but—"Love-in-a-mist, mignonette, alyssum," as if they were a charm she said them when anything unpleasant came into her mind; there were several sharp-edged things that came: "If I had a little girl I'd come from John o' Groat's..." "You'll be landed, Ettie..."

Sometimes Lovejoy was back in the church with the candles

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shining and the statue looking into her; it never looked at her, always into her, and she wriggled uncomfortably because, unaccountably, it seemed to find something in Lovejoy that matched it. How did it know that inside the hard, tough Lovejoy was something as gentle as those eyes. The something that worried about the baby not having a net, for instance? Lovejoy resented it; she felt as if she were being poked by a sharp pointed stick.

A murderer, they say, always goes back to the scene of his crime; Lovejoy went back to the church; she slipped in up the side aisle and stopped, quivering with shock. "Cool!" whispered Lovejoy. "Cool!" The hairs seemed to rise on the back of her neck and her legs felt cold. The statue was covered up.

Standing there, Lovejoy looked slowly round; all the statues were covered up; the altar candles, the vases of flowers were gone, everything was swathed in purple, and the hooded figures were frightening. Lovejoy had never heard of Holy Week, but she felt as if a cataclysm had happened, and a tumult of grief and fear lifted up in her. "Cool!" she said again. "Gripes!"—and turned and ran.

When she came out she did not go to the garden; she had a sudden odd distaste for it and she walked down the Street, kicking her shoes crossly on the pavement.

The distaste did not last; she went to the shop and from a packet she stole a big round seed; "And I know what it is," she told Mr. Isbister triumphantly. "It's a nasturtium, Golden Gleam." The nasturtium took the feeling of sadness and wrong away. With all the troubles that rose up in Lovejoy's mind that night, she had only to put out her finger and touch the pillbox and begin

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to intone, "Nasturtium, love-in-a-mist, mignonette, alyssum," and she was asleep.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" asked Vincent. "You look"—and he considered her—"fatter," said Vincent, but that was not quite the right word. "And younger," he said suddenly.

"I don't know what's happened to that child," said Mrs. Combie. "She's dirty."

That was a nuisance Mrs. Combie had never had with Lovejoy but, oddly, she was glad. "Perhaps she is a child, after all," she said. Then, in the midst of this happiness, the postcard came.

It came at breakfast-time and was addressed to Mrs. Combie. "Expect me Thursday. Love to my baby. Bertha."

The postmark was Harrogate. "That's where she has been," said Mrs. Combie. "Harrogate's a good-class place." She turned the postcard over to look at the picture, which showed a panorama of good-class hotels in the distance, green lawns and red and yellow flower beds near to. "The Valley Gardens," read Mrs. Combie with admiration. "So much for Cassie," she said.

Her whole face looked smoothed as she poured herself out another cup of tea; her hand was steady and her eyes looked happy. Then she was afraid, thought Lovejoy.

She, Lovejoy, felt as if a thunderbolt had gone through her she was so surprised—surprised at herself, not at the postcard. When Mrs. Combie had read it out, it felt like an interruption, thought Lovejoy. I shan't be able to garden, she had thought at once, and into her mind had flashed the undeniable thought that when her mother was there she, Lovejoy, spent most of her

time waiting—waiting still as a mummy, hushed as a mouse, for her mother to wake in the mornings; waiting to go out while her mother talked to Mrs. Combie or Vincent or anyone—anyone! thought Lovejoy, annoyed—waiting in the shops while her mother tried on clothes; waiting in Mr. Montague, the agent's, waiting-



room, or outside dressing-room doors, outside pubs, or in restaurants; waiting at home, sitting on the stairs. Why did people take it for granted that children had all that time to waste? I want to garden, not wait, she thought rebelliously.

It was only for a moment; as if a spell had lifted and come down again, a moment later she was shocked. Garden! when Mother . . . she thought, and she began to quiver.

"When is she coming?"

"Thursday," said Vincent.

"This Thursday? That's tomorrow."

"Yes, Maundy Thursday," said Mrs. Combie.

"Why do we shut on Good Friday, Ettie?" said Vincent.

"On a holiday somebody might come. Do you think your mother'll bring you an Easter egg?" he said teasingly to Lovejoy, but Lovejoy had

was taking Lovejoy for a walk. Now and again, on a Sunday, Vincent went for a walk; it was almost an expedition as far away as he could get in spirit from the Street.

"I need—I need to breathe a different air," said Vincent. "Somewhere—elegant," he said, breathing through his nostrils as he did when he was offended. It was no use taking Mrs. Combie; loyal as she was, elegance was wasted on her; the perfect companion for these walks was Lovejoy. "She doesn't know anything," said Vincent, "but she has feeling," and together they visited St. James' or Berkeley Square or Bond Street and looked, not enviously but most fastidiously, into the windows of the little shops.

Lovejoy would instruct Vincent about the clothes and he would instruct her about the furniture, the china and glass, and the pictures. Sometimes they walked in streets of private houses, catching glimpses of expensive rooms, of a moulded panel, a curtain, a lampshade made of silk or lace, a vase of flowers.

As Lovejoy walked along, her head just touching Vincent's sleeve, the only thing she wished was that she and Vincent were more fitted to be where they were. Vincent, in his outdoor clothes, looked small and shabby and dusty; his overcoat was worn to threadbare places, its tweed had lost its shape and sagged, his hat and scarf were stained, and he had not any gloves.

Lovejoy knew that her own coat, the dog-tooth check, was too short; her socks were short, too, and left too long an expanse of leg between; if she moved her elbows at all the coat split, and the red shoes hurt her so much that she had to go along like a crab, but while she had any clothes left

at all Lovejoy would not have forgone those Sunday walks.

"It's not Sunday," she said now in surprise when Vincent asked her. Mrs. Combie was surprised, too, but, "Come along," said Vincent firmly. He and Lovejoy went on a bus all the way to Hyde Park Corner and walked down Knightsbridge to Sloane Square; when they came back Mrs. Mason had gone.

"She had a telegram from the Blue Moons," said Mrs. Combie. Vincent opened his lips but shut them again; Mrs. Combie and Lovejoy were looking at each other with radiant faces. "She went at once," said Mrs. Combie.

"Of course," said Lovejoy.

The Blue Moons! Lovejoy had forgotten how the Blue Moons governed their life—mine and Mother's, she thought, lifting her chin proudly. She had often resented them, but now they were dear, familiar, the dear Blue Moons. The stiffness went out of her bones, the pain and jealousy out of her heart. "Where? Where are they?" she asked.

"Brighton. She said it was a wonderful booking; they hadn't one for Easter, that's why she was so worried." Mrs. Combie's face looked easy and clear; she seemed to feel the same as Lovejoy.

"Tell you what," said Mrs. Combie, "you and me'll go down and see her one weekend. She gave me fifteen pounds. Now go and tidy the bedroom, dearie; I must help Mr. Vincent with the lunches." Neither of them had noticed that Vincent had gone into the kitchen without saying a word.

The bedroom needed tidying; it looked as if a whirlwind had

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been through it and had swept it almost bare; Lovejoy's clothes were thrown down in a corner of the cupboard, but her handkerchiefs were gone. "She even took my toothpaste," she said afterwards, "and my shoe cream and my soap."

The cupboard doors were open, the drawers wide, bits of paper and old tickets and labels lay on the floor; the wastepaper basket was full of bottles and there were wisps of hair and cotton-wool, red with lipstick, on the dressing-table; Lovejoy thought of how it had all been carefully made ready, and tears pricked her eyes.

The room still smelled of her mother; when Lovejoy burrowed her face against that spot on the armchair, instead of hard plush she seemed to be burrowing against the warm, soft flesh she knew so well, which smelled of scent—gone a little stale, thought Lovejoy—of scent and powder and perspiration—Cassie had taught Lovejoy never to say sweat—of clothes and the warm elastic of stays, of cigarette smoke and drink; it was not altogether a pleasant smell, but it was the smell of Lovejoy's babyhood, of her kitten-dance time, when she had been little and the world was safe.

"And when's your mother going to buy you all those new clothes?" Cassie had asked.

Lovejoy could still hear Cassie asking it, and she bit her lip as she stared at the wall.

"Your clothes are perfectly good," Mrs. Mason had said.

"Yes, but, Mother, I've grown," said Lovejoy and she had shown how the pleated skirt and the check coat were far, far too short.

"They must be let down," said Mrs. Mason sharply.

"It's here as well," said Lovejoy, showing how tight and stretched the coat and suit-jacket were under her arms.

"You must manage," said Mrs. Mason.

"But I can't breathe," said Lovejoy.

Mrs. Mason had not even objected to the sandshoes; she had not seemed to notice them. "It doesn't matter what

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you look like," she had said. "Doesn't matter!" That was blasphemy to Lovejoy. She had had to persist, but when she showed how the red shoes had given her corns Mrs. Mason was angry. "You seem to think I'm made of money," she said.

"I don't," said Lovejoy, "but what can I do?"

"And what can I do?" asked Mrs. Mason.

Everything had been—quicker, thought Lovejoy. At the Agency, Montague and Blewitt's, Mrs. Mason and Lovejoy had always gone straight in. "Mr. Montague's expecting you," the secretary would say and smile. Mr. Montague had a photograph of Lovejoy in her kitten dress on his office wall—or used to have, thought Lovejoy; she was not sure because everything seemed changed; they had gone to see Mr. Montague four times in these three weeks and had not seen him once.

The last time Mrs. Mason would not let Lovejoy go in with her, but told her to wait in the street—because of my clothes, thought Lovejoy, and her lips shook; but there had been something even worse than the clothes.

When Lovejoy took her nose away from the armchair she smelled another smell; on the table was a tumbler with a little whisky in it and an ash-tray that held the butt of a dead cigar; the smell of them was stronger than the smell of her mother. Lovejoy took the tumbler and ash-tray and put them outside the door; then she opened the window wide.

"Who is this gentleman that comes to see your mother?" Cassie had asked.

"Colonel Baldcock," said Lovejoy stiffly.

"As much Colonel as that cup!" said Cassie, and for once Lovejoy had agreed with her.

The other gentleman had gone away; the colonel did not go away, and Mrs. Mason told Lovejoy to call him Uncle Francis.

"I won't," said Lovejoy. Children are shocked when they first see grown people lovemaking, but Lovejoy's ideas were, in some ways, the reverse of most children's. "But it's grown-ups who kiss," she was to say to Tip in surprise. To her it was an entirely grown-up occupation, like being cuddled and held on knees. "That's not for children!" she was to say, shocked in her turn. It was for ladies

anguish, did she let him stay and put me out?

Lovejoy had fought; she had brought out all her reserves. "I've got a secret," she had said.

"Have you, lovey?" asked Mrs. Mason idly.

"It's a garden," Lovejoy had said it with a rush, because she had not really wanted to tell about it, even to her mother. Suppose she wants to see it? she had thought. She need not have worried.

"Think of that!" said Mrs.



and gentlemen, she knew that; then why did it seem so terrible when the lady was her mother and the gentleman was Uncle Francis.

And the strange part, she said to herself now, as she began to make the bed, the strange part is that she didn't like him either. Who could like him? thought Lovejoy, seeing again his red wet forehead and thick fat hands. He was thick all over, she thought, wrinkling her nose in disgust, and his clothes were horrid and he smelled, like the old ash-tray and the dirty glass. Then why, she thought in

Mason and put up a hand to hide a yawn.

"You go to the pictures," the colonel said and gave Lovejoy ninepence. It was hard to refuse that, but Lovejoy put it coldly on the table.

He tried to wheedle her. "Go and buy yourself a nice ice-cream."

"I don't like ice-creams," said Lovejoy, which was a lie.

Well, he's gone now, she thought. She had finished the room and she picked up the tumbler and ash-tray and took them downstairs.

"Wash them and put them away," said Vincent. He did

not meet Lovejoy's eyes, nor did she look at him.

Once or twice the colonel and Mrs. Mason had had dinner in the restaurant and Vincent had served them silently, going back to his desk between each course and leaving them alone.

"It brings you business," said Mrs. Combie helplessly.

She was trying to find a bright side, but, "I don't want that business, thank you," said Vincent.

After dinner they would go out, as they went out every evening. Later Vincent heard them come in, but he did not hear the colonel go home, and the child is there, thought Vincent. Once or twice he got up and stood hesitating, then he shrugged and sat down again.

One night it had been even later than usual when Vincent switched off the restaurant light to go to bed. Mrs. Combie always left a gas jet burning for him on the second floor, and by its faint glimmer, as he came up, he had seen something white. It was Lovejoy, as he had first seen her, sitting on the stairs. But it's one o'clock! thought Vincent.

She was in her ragged pyjamas, a blanket had been put round her, but when he touched her bare feet they were as cold as stones; her head leaned against the banister, and her cheek, when he brushed it with his finger, was wet.

Vincent stood up, his mouth in a small, straight line. He had stayed for a moment, looking at the closed door; then he picked Lovejoy up, carried her downstairs, put her on the old sofa in the kitchen, tucked the blanket round her, and went back. After a moment he had quietly and firmly knocked.

Now Lovejoy, washing the ash-tray and emptying the dregs of the whisky down the sink, began to sing one of her mother's songs. Vincent heard her little pipe and sat still, listening. Thoughtfully he drew circles on his pad, but Lovejoy was not thinking of Vincent. Tonight, or tomorrow night, thought Lovejoy, her mother would be back in her place, Bertha Serita, in the blue dress,

the silver ruff, the little saucy hat, the glittering sequins, her big throaty voice floating out across the audience in the Pier Theatre? The Pavilion Rooms? The Winter Garden? One of them; it did not matter which. Presently the song ceased; Lovejoy had gone back upstairs.

Though the bedroom was perfectly tidy she began to dust it again, wiping down the window with her duster. The glass was dirty with steam and smoke, and slowly, with her finger, she began to write on it. "Mother," wrote Lovejoy. "Mother." She got as far as the second M when the letters all ran together in a blur. She rubbed them out with the duster and then knelt down, her head on the window-sill.

She had meant to cry, but before any tears could come she saw on the sill, level with her eyes but hidden under the curtain where it had been forgotten all these days, the pill-box of seeds.

Before going down into the bomb-ruin, Lovejoy cast her usual wary look up and down the Street, and there was Sparkey, in an overcoat and muffler, being led away by his mother from the newspaper stand for his tea. She crossed over to speak to them.

"Where's Sparkey been?" she asked.

"Having his spring bronchitis," said Sparkey's mother. Lovejoy nodded; that was an annual fixture. Sparkey's mother looked gaunt and tired and had black marks under her eyes, while Sparkey was more than ever thin and transparent-looking, but they had not forgotten the packet. Sparkey put out his tongue, and, "You leave him alone," said his mother.

"Of course," said Lovejoy distantly and walked away.

Sparkey's mother went on towards Garden Row, but presently Sparkey slipped his hand and came, dodging from one portico to another, back to his step. He watched Lovejoy go

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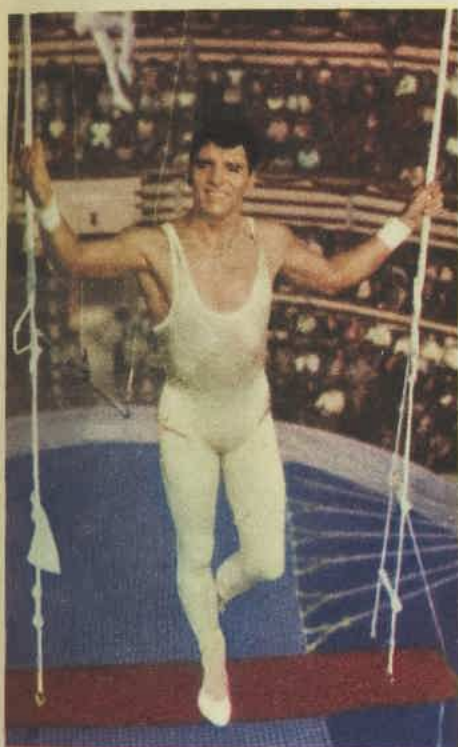
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★ To capture the atmosphere of circus life Hollywood producer-star Burt Lancaster (who was an acrobat under the big-top at one time) hired the entire Cirque d'Hiver of Paris as a backdrop for his technicolor circus drama, "Trapeze." The film will shortly be released in Australia by United Artists. The pictures on this page show the film's stars, Italian actress Gina Lollobrigida, Tony Curtis, and Lancaster, on location in Paris.

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BURT LANCASTER as the ace aerialist in "Trapeze." In the story he is grounded after a serious accident. Lancaster performs all his own acrobatic feats throughout the picture.



STAR OF THE SHOW. Curvaceous brunette Gina Lollobrigida (above), watched gravely by a circus clown, poses prettily in all the glamor of her spangled tights and winged headdress.

LEFT. Tony Curtis, popular young Hollywood leading man, with Gina Lollobrigida off the set. Lollo is just as eye-catching in scarlet jeans and striped sweater as she is in movie spangles.

RIGHT. Ready to go into their act are stars Gina Lollobrigida and Tony Curtis in this film sequence. In the story Curtis is a pupil of Burt Lancaster and his rival for the beautiful Gina.



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Epic movie armies invade Spain

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

They're going to Spain to make their epics now. Sir Laurence Olivier headed the invasion to shoot the battle scenes of "Richard III," 20th Century-Fox followed to make the exteriors of "Alexander the Great."

AND now Stanley Kramer, one of Hollywood's most brilliant younger producers, is out-doing them all. Spain is the locale for his gigantic epic "The Pride and The Passion."

After a year of planning, Kramer moved out of luxurious headquarters in an American-built hotel in Madrid to make the first shots.

The film has on its cast list 9400 extras, 200 mules, several fleets of trucks, a helicopter, Italy's voluptuous Sophia Loren, the eternal Cary Grant, the undersized but pugnacious Frank Sinatra, and roughly four million dollars for spending money.

The story is based on C. S. Forester's "The Gun," which tells of the 18th-century Spanish War of Independence.

At least producer-director Kramer will have the excuse of using authentic backgrounds. For these, his mammoth location team will swarm over about 1000 miles of Spanish territory with a

6000lb. cannon, filming as they go.

This cannon, the real star of the film, is 14ft. high, has a barrel 24ft. long, and is supposed to fire a cannonball two miles. It is dragged painfully all over the hills, valleys, streams, and plains to blast out the French invaders.

Accustomed as the Spaniards had become to lavish Hollywood production methods after the coming-and-going of the "Alexander the Great" unit, they are now goggling at the spectacle to which Kramer and his "army" are treating them.

In the first battle delivered before the cameras on an immense plain overlooked by the snowcapped mountains of Hoyo de Manzanares, the unit's trucks moaned and bucketed across the battlefield, reeling off kaleidoscopic shots of a retreating army.

Then came the buzz of a helicopter with its shadow dancing over rocks as it fussed over the army, taking panoramic air shots.

This sort of outdoor work is expected to last four



ITALIAN glamor-girl Sophia Loren tackles her first serious acting role in "The Pride and The Passion," which is now being filmed in Spain.

months. The three stars have already arrived.

The bronzed, insouciant Cary Grant, a network of humorous wrinkles around his eyes scarcely betraying his real age—52—stepped off the plane with enough reserves of soap and cigarettes to withstand a siege.

"My wife, Betsy Drake, believes in looking after me," he explained. "I don't know what sort of a country she must think Spain is."

On his way to Madrid Cary stopped off in Paris to look up some French friends he made while making "To Catch a Thief," and also to bone up on Napoleonic army costume and equipment at the Invalides Museum. He plays an English officer.

Frankie Sinatra, a cheeky fellow, calls him "Mother" Grant.

Sinatra, a relative youth of 39, is known on the set as "The Boy." Chewing gum, his jaw thrust out, his hat tilted on the back of his head, he sits back with an air of enjoying his new company.

The company is a dark good-looker called Peggy Connolly, a singer, whose admiration and friendship have brought her from Hollywood to watch his performance as a Spanish guerrilla.

She may yet find herself refereeing exchanges between Frankie and Ava Gardner—who is also in Madrid but, so far, is keeping aloof.

Sinatra has a reputation for temperament which, so far, he is failing to justify on this trip. Apart from a little difficulty with the management of the Hotel Madrid when a record player and spinet were not installed promptly enough in his suite, Sinatra has been all sunlight and docility.

He has also shown a cordial appreciation for the gorgeous Sophia Loren, whom he calls "The Gasser." "She gasses me, boy. Yessir, she sends me. Quite a dame."

Sophia, who has been taking English lessons only lately, is a little uneasy about this compliment.

She says, "Thees slang, it is not easy. I must theenk of a name for Frankie, something like 'string bean' or . . . well, I theenk of somesing. Like 'my little brother monkey,' maybe?"

"I want to pick him up by his ears."

This film is enormously important for the great Sophia Loren, who, at 21, now steps into the first film taking her



FRANK SINATRA was on a Hollywood set when this mellow picture was taken. He is now in Spain to co-star with Sophia Loren and Cary Grant.



PERENNIAL Cary Grant seems happy about his co-starring role in Stanley Kramer's epic movie "The Pride and The Passion." He plays an English officer.

to world stardom at the same time as her rival, Gina Lollobrigida, enters the international lists with "Trapeze," which she has just finished making in Paris with Burt Lancaster.

Sophia, whose 39in. bust is her most boosted vital statistic, plays the part of a fiery flamenco-dancing Spanish patriot who has lost her father and brother at the hands of the French and is out for revenge.

She is out to reap acting honors this time.

After a night of dancing before flickering fires for the film cameras with the shadow of the huge gun looming in the background, she came off set breathless, swung a shawl over her smooth, brown shoulders, sipped at a sherry, and said, "I don't like too much talk about my chest any more."

"At first I like it because I have to attract attention. Now I want to attract attention by good work."

To help her in this familiar ambition of the ex-pinup star is her salary, rumored at something like £750 weekly.

The mixture of Cary Grant, a veteran of light comedy, Sinatra, who rather evokes the vocal and slangy 1950s, and the alluring Loren, queen of a cheesecake age, is an odd one to hurl into an historical epic.

But behind them looms the impressive figure of Kramer, a movie-making giant of great honesty and skill.

NOTE: If Sophia is flattered by her choice and her salary she may be a bit deflated by the story going the rounds of the unit. Cary Grant not only had to bone up on the Napoleonic era, he also had to bone up on Loren. They say he'd never heard of her.



1 CAVALRY led by dashing Lieutenant Armand de la Verne (Gerard Philipe) creates a stir in the town. That night, at a merry dinner in the mess, Armand wagers with civilian guests that he will become the lover of any woman they select.



2 AT A BALL next evening fate picks the victim. She is Marie-Louise Riviere (Michele Morgan), a newcomer in town. It is rumored that she is a divorcee as well as the mistress of a local man. Armand believes the wager is as good as won.



3 HAT SHOP of Marie-Louise is chosen rendez-vous of Victor Duverger (Jean Desailly), her wealthy protector, who is jealous of Armand's attentions to her. But Armand, in spite of all his efforts, makes no progress with Marie-Louise.

Period Romance

★ Rene Clair, the distinguished French movie-maker, wrote, produced, and directed "Summer Manoeuvres" ("Les Grandes Manoeuvres"), a comedy-drama of a love affair that begins as a dubious joke and ends on a wistful note.

The story, filmed in color and set in a French provincial town before World War I, covers a period of four weeks, in which a detachment of cavalry en route for summer manoeuvres is billeted in the township.

Two top stars of the French cinema, Michele Morgan and Gerard Philipe, are the lovers of the story. They are supported by a large cast which includes Brigitte Bardot, Yves Robert, and Jean Desailly.



4 WALTZING with Marie-Louise at another social gathering, Armand suddenly realises that she is not indifferent to him. Indeed, he is encouraged to believe that her heart has betrayed her. She makes a rendezvous with him for the following day, but Duverger steps in. The two rivals quarrel and soon the whole town is talking. Armand's colonel sends for him, hoping to avoid an open scandal.



5 MISSION that will keep Armand away from town for two weeks follows. Separated from her suitor, Marie-Louise hears talk about the wager, has second thoughts about his past and his lies; also Duverger asks her to marry him. But no sooner is Armand back than she is in his arms.



6 REUNION of the pair is followed by a dinner at which Armand's admission that he is in love is ridiculed. Marie-Louise hears the mirth. When he leaves the next day her window is shut.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 30, 1956

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Page 54

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Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 50

through the gap; then he stood up on tiptoe to see more.

I haven't been for three weeks, Lovejoy was thinking, and she realised what an interference her mother and Uncle Francis had been. Well, he has gone, she thought comfortably, and her mother was back with the Blue Moons where she belonged. Lovejoy felt as if dozens of tight threads that had been sewn tightly into her were being loosened one by one.

As she came across the rubble, she noticed that there were rather more nettles and weeds between the walls: it had been raining, there were puddles on the ground, but the sun was drying them up. There was the usual smell of rubbish and soot. Lovejoy sniffed it as she looked round carefully; then she came and scuttled between the walls, behind the pyramids till she came round her own two walls to the garden.

There she stood still.

The packet had said that the seeds would come up: Mr. Isbister had said that too; when Lovejoy had planted them she supposed she had believed it, but it had been more hope than belief. Now, on the patch of earth under the net, had come a film of green; when she bent down and looked closely she could see that it was made of countless little stalks as fine as hairs, some so fine that she could scarcely see their color, others vividly showing their new green. They're blades, thought Lovejoy, blades of grass!

In the borders were what she thought at first were tiny weeds, until she saw real weeds among them. The weeds were among the grass too; she could tell them because they were bigger, a different pattern, and when she looked again the borders were peopled with myriad heads, all alike, each head made of two flat leaves, no bigger than pinheads, on a stalk: they were so many and so all the same that she knew they were meant; no weed seeded like that. They must come from a sowing—my sowing, thought Lovejoy suddenly, the seeds I planted.

She knelt down, carefully lifted the net away, and very gently, with her palm, she brushed the hair blades; they seemed to move as if they were not quite rooted, but rooted they were; when she held one in her thumb and finger it did not come away. "It's like—earth's fur," said Lovejoy. She said it aloud in her astonishment, and the sound of her

own voice made her jump and look up. It was then she heard the whistle.

It was the kind of whistle that is made by blowing on fingers in the corners of the mouth, a boy's whistle. Boys! Lovejoy crouched down, tense and still.

Lovejoy had thought the bomb-ruin was deserted, but there was a camp there and it belonged to Tip Malone.

Sparkey knew why the gang had not been to the camp all this time; just as the girls had suddenly taken to skipping—three months ago not a skipping-rope was to be seen in the Street—now the boys were playing baseball; Tony Zassi, the little American, had taught them. Sparkey knew where they played in the park across the river; they had been there every day all the holidays.

"Well, you can't go," said Sparkey's mother. "It's too

To remind the man of the good turns you have done him is very much like a reproach.

—Demosthenes

far and the ball's too hard." Sparkey trembled in case any boy heard her.

But now school had begun and the boys were back, and as Sparkey stood straining to see, while his mother called him, he heard the familiar rattle sound of voices, of scuffling, and the boys came into view, walking and twisting together in a huddle of jeans, corduroy trousers, and shorts, old darned sweaters and jackets, cropped heads, short-cut hair, and weapons, knives and catapults; it was the gang, and in the middle walked Tip.

All the Malones were big, and Tip was a head above the other boys; he was carrying a hat—it was not his but Tony's. Tip was swinging it and talking in his big Irish voice. Sparkey stood up on his step; his eyes glittered so that if his mother had seen them she would have thought he was feverish again and taken him in, but a neighbor had come up to talk to her. Sparkey was husky with emotion as he called, "Tip, Tip Malone. Tip."

One of the boys, Puggy, glanced across the pavement, but when he saw it was only Sparkey he took no notice.

"Tip," croaked Sparkey.

"Tip." In a pause in his stream of talk, Tip heard; unlike Puggy, when he saw it was only Sparkey he stopped. The other boys, even Puggy, stopped too. "Well, young 'un?" said Tip.

Sparkey could have cried at Tip's kindness but he held firm. He had an end in view. "I know something you don't," he said.

"Blimey. What cheek!" said John.

"I do," said Sparkey. "What do you know?" asked Tip, amused at this strange little creature with owl eyes and spindly legs.

"F I tell you kin I be in the gang?" Sparkey flushed as the boys guffawed. They all guffawed but Tip. Tip looked down at Sparkey and said, much as Sparkey's mother had done, "But you can only be six—or seven," said Tip as a compliment.

"Aw, c'mon," said Rory, and Puggy twitched Tip's sleeve, but Sparkey looked so miserable that Tip was moved to ask, "What do you know?"

"F I tell can I be in the gang?"

"He can't know anything," said Jimmy Howes.

"I do," Sparkey forgot to croak; his voice was so shrill that it carried right down the Street.

"Shh," said Tip. "D'you want everyone to hear?"

There were murmurs from the gang because Tip was taking this seriously. "C'mon," "Le's-go," "Aw, c'mon," they said, but Tip was a dictator. "Shut your mouths," he said. "This may be important."

Sparkey swelled with joy and hope; he almost told there and then but he wanted to make his bargain. "F I tell—" he began when Tip interrupted.

"You can't be in the gang," he said reasonably. "You couldn't keep up; you're too small, you'd get knocked about, but I tell you what: we'll keep a place open for you and for now you can be our lookout, our spy."

"A—spy!" said Sparkey. His bronchitis had left him weak and he nearly fainted from joy. "I'll do anything for you, Tip," he said huskily.

"Well, tell us what you've

To page 55

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN



● Three little kittens wearing checked aprons are featured on the iron-on transfer (above) No. 1002C.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 30, 1956



Illustration of busy typist trying to catch a cold — so that she can enjoy the soothing relief of Allen's delicious double-action Butter Menthol cough drops. The butter soothes the throat. The menthol clears the head.

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Continuing An Episode of Sparrows

from page 54

got to tell us, if it is anything," said Puggy impatiently.

Sparky drew himself up; he felt twice as big and as important as he had a minute ago.

"I'll tell Tip," he said, "not you," and he looked at Tip. "There's a girl," he said, "on your ruin."

There was silence while they all turned and looked at the bomb-ruin, where nothing, no life, stirred. "Don't be silly," said Tip.

"There is. It's Lovejoy Mason." As he told that Sparky felt an immense satisfaction. Now he was even with her for the packet. "She goes in and out," he said.

"What for?" asked Rory. A garden had not crossed Sparky's mind, and, "I think she's building herself a camp," he said.

"A camp?" They were outraged.

"What d'you know about that!" said Ginger, flabbergasted.

"Blasted cheek," said John.

Tip's camp was the best-hidden for miles; screened by a bit of an old wall, it was like an igloo built of rubble; there was only a little hole, close to the ground, by which to go in and out; even the smallest of the boys had to lie down and wriggle. Outside it looked just another pile of bricks and stones; inside it had bunks made of orange boxes, an old meat-safe for keeping things in, and an older cooking-stove in which it was possible to light a fire or heat up a sausage or soup over a candle; drinks were kept in a hot-water bottle. "It's real drink, sometimes beer," whispered Sparky — he always whispered when he spoke of the camp — and sometimes the boys had cigarettes.

"Do you have to smoke?" Mrs. Malone asked Tip when, for the tenth time, he was sick. "Yes, I have to," said Tip desperately. "They wouldn't think anything of me, else."

The gang had thought the camp completely secret, but, "She's there now," said Sparky breathlessly. "I just seen her go in."

For a moment they stood still, then Tip put his two little fingers in the corners of his mouth and whistled. The next moment they were through the gap, down the bank, and in the bomb-ruin. There was a violent noise of boots on stones, of hoots and cries, as they hunted among the walls; then they found her, and Lovejoy was surrounded.

One minute the garden was there, its stones arranged, the cornflowers growing, the grass

green; the next there were only boots. To Lovejoy they were boots, though most of the boys wore shoes, but boys' shoes with heavy steel tips to the soles and heels.

She crouched where she was, while the boots smashed up the garden, trampled down the grass, and kicked away the stones; the cornflower earth was scattered, the seedlings torn out and pulled in bits. In a minute no garden was left, and Tip picked up the trowel and fork and threw them far away across the rubble. "Now get out," said Tip to Lovejoy.

Lovejoy stood up; she felt as if she were made of stone she was so cold and hard; then, in a boy's hand, she saw an infinitesimal bit of green; he was rolling a cornflower between his finger and thumb; suddenly her chin began to tremble.

"D'you know what we do to girls who come on our land?" said Puggy. "We —"

"Shut up," said Tip. "I'm talking."

Tip had seen two things the other boys had not; being in front as they attacked, he had seen the garden whole; he had not had time to look properly but he had a vision of something laid out, green and alive, carefully edged with stones; the other thing he had seen, and saw now, only he did not want to look, was the trembling of Lovejoy's chin.

She had not uttered a sound, not screamed or cried or protested; the Malones were vociferous. Tip connected females with screams and cries, and here was only this small trembling. It made him feel uncomfortable; he remembered how a puppy's legs, when he had seen it run over and killed, had trembled like that.

"Get out," he said to Lovejoy, but less fiercely. As she still seemed dazed he put his hand on her shoulder to turn her, but he should have known better than to touch her; this was Lovejoy, who had thrown the potato knife, who had spat at Angela; she turned her head and bit Tip's hand.

She bit as hard as she could, and ran.

When she came through the gap, the boys after her, Sparky looked down at his shoes and smiled.

To be continued

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Make these traditional American TOLL HOUSE COOKIES

Cream 1 ¹/₂ tspn. BUTTER or shortening with 1 ¹/₂ tspn. BROWN and 1 ¹/₂ tspn. WHITE SUGAR. Flavour with ¹/₂ tspn. VANILLA. Beat an EGG and add gradually. Stir in ¹/₂ cup sifted S.R. FLOUR and a pinch SALT. Add a few drops HOT WATER if necessary. Lastly, add 1 pkt. CHOC-BITS and 1 oz. CHOPPED NUTS (preferably walnuts). Drop small spoonfuls on to greased tray and bake in moderate oven.

(Imagine! Choc-Bits do not melt in the baking.)



Toll House Cookies

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With Peanuts

With Coconut

With Raisins

Choc-Bit Candy Quickies



Chocolate Frosting



Frost'n'Bake Fudge Cake

Choc-Bits CANDY QUICKIES

Combine and melt over hot (not boiling) water: 1 pkt. CHOC-BITS, ¹/₂ cup GOLDEN SYRUP, 1 ¹/₂ tspn. WATER. Remove from heat. Add 2 cups of any ready-to-eat dry CEREAL (corn flakes, rice bubbles, puffed wheat, etc.). Stir gently until coated. Drop in teaspoon on to waxed paper. Chill until firm. Variations: Use 1 ¹/₂ tspn. less of syrup and, instead of cereal, use any of the following: Coconut, dates, candied fruits, raisins, peanuts or other salted nuts.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Melt 1 pkt. CHOC-BITS over hot (not boiling) water. Add 2 cups sifted ICING SUGAR and 6 ¹/₂ tspns. IDEAL EVAPORATED MILK. Beat until smooth. Makes enough rich chocolate frosting for top and sides of 9" layer cake.

Frost'n'Bake Fudge Cake

Melt 1 pkt. CHOC-BITS over hot (not boiling) water. Add 3 cup NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK, 2 ¹/₂ tspns. WATER, 1 ¹/₂ tspn. VANILLA. Pour into baking dish about 12" x 8" x 2" completely lined with double thickness of waxed paper. Prepare your favourite plain cake mix, and pour gently over chocolate. Bake until cake cooked. Turn on to rack and stand 2 min. before peeling off paper. Decorate immediately with nuts.

QUICK FUDGE SAUCE

Melt together over hot (not boiling) water and stir until smooth: 1 pkt. CHOC-BITS and 2 ¹/₂ tspns. BUTTER. Add 1 cup sifted ICING SUGAR alternately with ¹/₂ cup HOT MILK. Add 1 ¹/₂ tspn. VANILLA. Beat until smooth and satiny. Serve hot or cold.

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

BIRTHDAY PARTY

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery Expert



HOSTESS Mrs. Boyarsky, of Clovelly, N.S.W., at a party in honor of her daughter and son. Mrs. Boyarsky prepared all the dishes for the party unaided.



ATTRACTIVE candle-and-flower arrangement (above right) in the Israeli national colors made an effective table decoration. **RIGHT:** Novel savory arrangement. Olives, gherkins, and colored onions are speared on cocktail sticks into a large marrow.

● All these dishes were made by Mrs. C. Boyarsky, of Clovelly, N.S.W., for a party in honor of her son and daughter.

THERE were 130 people at the party, but Mrs. Boyarsky managed to do the catering alone by spreading the preparations over two or three days.

She left the salads, dishes made with perishable ingredients, garnishes, and decorations until close to party time.

Spoon measurements are level in the following recipes which she gave:

DOLL BIRTHDAY CAKE

One pound plain sweet biscuits, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. unsalted butter, 8 egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. almonds, 1 packet drinking chocolate (dry powder type), cream, pink coloring.

Cream butter thoroughly with sugar. While mixing, add one egg-yolk at a time, then beat in dry chocolate powder. Pour boiling water over almonds to blanch them, remove skins and place in oven 10 minutes to brown lightly. Chop roughly and add to mixture. Stir in crushed biscuits, fill into a greased basin lined neatly with greased paper.

Press down firmly with the hands, making the top level. Do not bake, but place in refrigerator until very firm. Just before serving, turn out, remove paper. Press a small doll in top and coat completely with whipped cream, sweetened, flavored, and colored pink.

TENNIS RACQUET CAKE

Sixteen egg-whites, 2 cups sugar, almond essence to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. blanched almonds.

For Cream Filling and Covering: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. unsalted butter, 10 egg-yolks, 1 cup icing sugar, 3 teaspoons powdered coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg-whites very stiffly (it is advisable to make half the mixture at a time). Gradually add sugar and beat until mixture stands in peaks. Put almonds through the mincer 2 or 3 times or grind in an electric blender. Fold into the meringue mixture, add almond essence. Line two large baking-dishes with greased paper, divide the mixture between the two. Bake in very slow oven one hour. Re-

move from oven, turn out on to soft, clean cloths and peel paper off. Cut a tennis-racquet shape out of greaseproof paper, place it on each cake in turn, and cut carefully round the edges. When cakes are quite cold, join with a generous layer of cream, lift carefully on to serving-tray, and cover top and sides with remaining cream. Decorate with birthday candles, piping to represent strings, or snowballs to represent tennis balls, or any other decoration desired.

CABBAGE SALAD

Take a big cabbage with large leaves. Wash it well, cut out the centre, leaving some of the large outside leaves to form a bowl. Place it on a large serving platter. Shred the centre of the cabbage finely, add 2 thinly sliced onions, 2 chopped apples, 2 chopped

oranges, and 1 finely chopped or shredded pineapple. Toss lightly but thoroughly with mayonnaise, fill back into cabbage. Decorate around edge of platter with prawns, sliced tomatoes or oranges, or any other colorful ingredients available.

Mayonnaise: Mix 1 egg-yolk with 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper. Then drop by drop add 1 small bottle peanut oil. Care must be taken to add oil as directed or mixture may curdle. Later add lemon juice. If carefully mixed the mayonnaise should be like thick cream.

Note: This quantity of salad is sufficient for 10 to 20 people, according to the amount of other food served.

VEGETABLE MARROW NOVELTY

Cut a slice from one end of a large vegetable marrow so

Continued overleaf



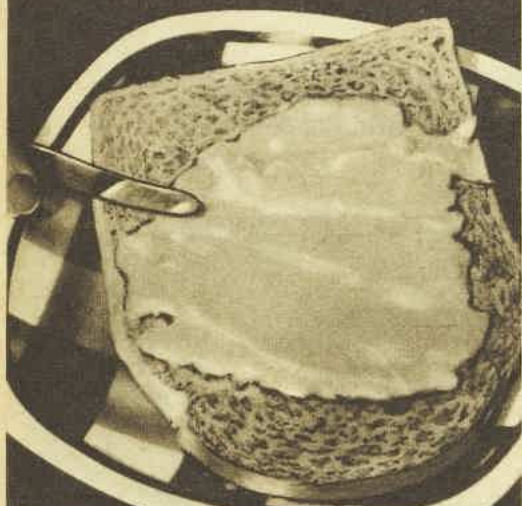
A BIG CABBAGE with firm outside leaves makes an excellent "bowl" for cabbage salad. The salad is decorated with whole prawns. Any other suitable colorful ingredient can be used.



DOLL for a girl and tennis racquet for a boy are simple and effective birthday cakes which are easy to prepare and decorate. See recipes on this page.

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Rhubarb rice fluff, a delicious creamy sweet with a refreshing fruit flavor, wins a consolation prize of £1.

Level spoon measurements are used in all our recipes.

SAVORY VEAL WITH DUMPLINGS

One and a half pounds veal steak (cut into 1 in. cubes), 1½

cups hot water, ¼ cup diced carrots, ¼ cup diced potatoes, ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped onions, ¼ cup green peas, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt, little pepper, ½ cup tomato soup, flour, cooking fat.

Roll the meat in flour and fry lightly in hot fat. Add the hot water. Cover and cook slowly for one hour. Add vegetables, sauce, and seasoning, and continue cooking for 30 minutes. Add the tomato soup and bring to boiling point. Drop in the dumplings and cover tightly. Cook 12 to 15 minutes without lifting the lid.



SAVORY VEAL with dumplings and vegetables is easy to prepare and very enjoyable on a cold night. See the prize-winning recipe at left.

DUMPLINGS: Sift 1½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, and 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Mix to a soft dough with milk and 1 tablespoon melted shortening. Drop a spoonful at a time on top of meat.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Miller, 42 Empress St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

RHUBARB RICE FLUFF

One and a half cups milk, ¼ cup uncooked rice, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sweetened stewed rhubarb (drained from syrup), 1 cup evaporated milk (thoroughly chilled).

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Wash and drain rice, add to milk, cover and cook (still in the double boiler) until rice is tender (about 1½ hours). Remove from heat and mix in sugar, salt, and rhubarb. Chill. Just before serving, fold in whipped evaporated milk. Pile lightly into sweets dishes or sherbet glasses. Top with a strawberry for decoration. To vary the flavor try adding ½ cup well-drained crushed pineapple or sliced strawberries to the rhubarb.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss B. Campbell, Box 5, Post Office, El-Arish, via Tully, N. Qld.

FAMILY DISH

OLD-TIME favorite steak and kidney pie with tomato and bacon flavoring is this week's family dish. It costs 7/3 and serves five or six.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

One and a half pounds round or topside steak, 2 kidneys, 1 onion, 2 small tomatoes, 1 rasher bacon, 3 tablespoons flour, gravy browning, salt, pepper, 4oz. pastry.

Skin and soak kidneys. Remove excess fat from meat and cut into 1 in. squares. Place in large saucepan, add chopped kidneys, chopped onion, chopped tomatoes, and chopped bacon (rind removed). Season with salt and pepper, cover with water and bring gently to boiling point. Simmer 1½ hours until meat is tender, or pressure cook 20 to 25 minutes. Thicken with blended flour and gravy browning, simmer 3 minutes. Pour into pie-dish, cover with pastry, decorate with pastry rose and leaves. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Tony's luxury dish

Diplomatic pudding

"THIS is a classic recipe that appeared in some of the earliest cookery books and I am sure that you will find it a delicious dessert," says famous Sydney chef Tony Clerici. "It is always served very hot."

For six persons you will need:

Half cup seeded raisins, ¼ cup candied fruits, ½ cup rum, ½ lb. sponge cake, ¼ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups scalded milk, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup apricot jam.

Combine the raisins and the candied fruits and mix well with the rum. Butter a small angel-cake pan and sprinkle with confectioner's sugar. Place a layer of sponge cake in the bottom of the pan; cake that is slightly stale is best. Spread a layer of rum and fruit mixture over the cake. Continue in alternate layers until the pan is full, finish with a layer of sponge cake.

Beat the sugar, vanilla, and eggs until thick and creamy. Add the hot milk gradually, beating constantly. Pour this mixture very slowly over the pudding, allowing the cake to soak up the liquid. When the mould is full, place in a pan of boiling water and bake for 25 minutes in a moderate oven. Remove from oven and let stand 20 minutes before unmoulding. At the last, heat the jam with an extra dessertspoon of rum and the two tablespoons water and pour around base of unmoulded pudding. The sweet may be baked just before dinner and left in the mould until serving time.

that the marrow will stand upright. Near the top cut holes for eyes, mouth, and ears. Around top of "head" arrange cocktail-sticks and on them place olives, colored onions, pieces of gherkin, or any savory pieces desired. This looks attractive set in the middle of a large platter with savories or potato salad arranged around it.

CHICKEN SALAD

(In orange cups and pineapple shells)

Two pineapples and 8 oranges, lettuce leaves, 1 cup diced chicken meat, 1 chopped onion, 2 diced apples, 2lb. potatoes (cooked and diced), 1 diced cucumber (fresh or pickled), a quantity of cooked peas, mayonnaise (same quantity as prepared for cabbage salad), chopped parsley, legs or wings of cooked poultry to garnish.

Prepare chicken salad. Mix diced chicken, chopped onion, chopped apples, diced cooked potatoes, diced cucumber, peas, and mayonnaise. Toss lightly to mix. Cut pineapple in halves lengthwise, cutting

Birthday party

Continued from page 57

through top leaves, which should be left on. Remove centre pulp (reserve for future use), leaving cases with walls about ¼ in. thick. Cut oranges into basket shapes and scoop out with a spoon. Arrange orange and pineapple shells on lettuce leaves on a large tray, fill with chicken salad, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with chickens' legs or wings.

Note: This is sufficient for 16 to 20 people.

CHICKEN IN ASPIC

One pound giblets, ½ lb. chickens' livers, 1lb. chicken pieces, 6 hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup white vinegar, 3 teaspoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon pepper, salt to taste, 1 clove garlic, 3 dessertspoons gelatine.

Cook giblets, chickens' livers, and chicken pieces 1½ hours in salted water to barely cover. Remove and cut giblets, livers, and chicken meat into dice. Place in a dish with the

chopped hard-boiled eggs. Measure stock, add vinegar, sugar, pepper, salt, and crushed garlic. Bring to boiling point; stir in gelatine and continue stirring until dissolved. (If using more than 2½ cups stock, add 1 extra dessertspoon gelatine and 1 extra dessertspoon vinegar for each extra cup of stock.) Pour over chicken and eggs and chill until firm. Unmould and serve on a platter with salad.

EGGPLANT CUPS WITH GREEK SALAD

Cut eggplants in halves lengthwise (including stems) and scoop out centre pulp with a spoon, leaving shells to be filled with salad.

Greek Salad: Fry 3 sliced onions in ½ cup of oil until almost brown. Then add to it 3 sliced green peppers and 3 sliced tomatoes. Add 1 cup tomato sauce, pinch salt, pepper, and sugar. Continue cooking over low heat for

about 20 minutes, allow to cool.

Another Filling for Eggplant Shells: Bake a large whole eggplant in oven. When it is quite soft chop up the inside of the eggplant and mix with a finely chopped onion. Add 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pepper and salt to taste. Allow to cool. This is called eggplant caviare and may be used instead of salad.

STAR OF DAVID CAKE

Three-quarter pound plain sweet biscuits, 1 tin condensed milk (sweetened), ½ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 5 eggs, ½ lb. unsalted butter.

Mix condensed milk with lemon juice, then add the vanilla. Separate egg-yolks from whites. Mix yolks thoroughly with sugar and add to the first mixture. Beat egg-whites very stiffly and add. Line baking-tin with grease-proof paper and arrange biscuits on it. Pour melted butter over biscuits and pour the condensed-milk mixture over the butter. Bake in moderate oven about ½ hour or until brown on top.



LOOSE-LINE JACKET with soft, rounded neckline can be dressed up or down to suit any occasion. For sports wear you can wear brightly colored scarves or detachable Peter Pan collars; for more formal wear it can be dressed up with chunky jewellery.

LOOSE-LINE JACKET

Simplicity is the key to elegance, and this plainly knitted jacket with its grouped button fastening is simplicity itself. The jacket illustrated is knitted in pale blue, but you can make yours in any of the other soft pastels that are now so popular, or in white or smart black. Directions are given below in sizes 38, 40, and 42in. bust.

Materials: A, 11oz.; B, 12oz.; C, 13oz. Paton's Beehive Fingering 4-ply Patonised (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 13 knitting needles; 12 buttons.

Measurements: To fit A, 38in.; B, 40in.; C, 42in.; length from top of shoulder, A, 22½in.; B, 22½in.; C, 23½in.; length of sleeve seam, A, 17in.; B, 17in.; C, 17in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin. in width.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles cast on 66 (70, 74) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 14 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 15 (15, 15½in.) from commencement.

Cast off 6 (8, 10) sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in every alt. row until 52 (54, 56) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 6in. on the straight, ending at neck edge.

Cast off 10 (12, 14) sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 36 (36, 36) sts. rem. Work 4 rows without shaping.

Shape shoulder by casting off 12 (12, 12) sts. at armhole edge in next and following alt. rows twice.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as given for left front, making shapings at opposite end of needle.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles cast on 136 (144, 152) sts.

Work in rib k 1, p 1 for 14 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures same as front to underarm.

Cast off 6 (8, 10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next and every alt. row until 110 (112, 114) sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front.

Cast off 12 (12, 12) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Cast off rem. sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles cast on 66 (68, 70) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in plain smooth fabric inc. 1 st. at each end of the 5th and every following 6th row until there are 104 (106, 108) sts. on needle.

Cont. without shaping until side edge measures 17in. (or length required) from commencement.

Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 38 (40, 42) sts. rem., then at each end of every row until 24 (26, 28) sts. rem.

Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Using No. 13 needles cast on 26 sts.

Work 6 rows in plain smooth fabric.

* 7th Row: K 4, cast off 5 sts., k 8, cast off 5 sts., k 4.

8th Row: P 4, cast on 5 sts., p 8, cast on 5 sts., p 4.

Work 10 rows in plain smooth fabric.

19th Row: As 7th row.

20th Row: As 8th row.

Work 28 (28, 30) rows in plain smooth fabric.

Rep. from * to * 4 times, then work 7th and 8th rows once.

Work 6 rows in plain smooth fabric. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Work as given for the right front band, omitting buttonholes.

NECKBAND

Using backstitch seam join shoulder seams. Sew on front bands, fold in half and sl-st. on wrong side.

With right side of work facing and using No. 13 needles pick up 118 (120, 124) sts. evenly around neck.

Work 5 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

6th Row: Rib 4, cast off 5 sts., rib to end of row.

7th Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 5 sts., rib 4.

Work 10 rows in rib, then rep. 6th and 7th rows once.

Work 4 rows in rib.

Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Fold neckband in half and sl-st. on wrong side. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Work round buttonholes and sew on buttons to correspond.

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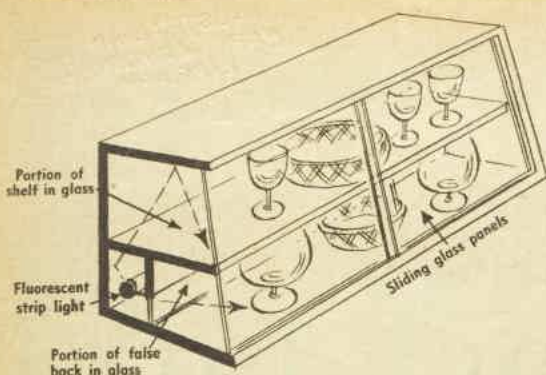
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* Slightly higher in W.A. and country areas

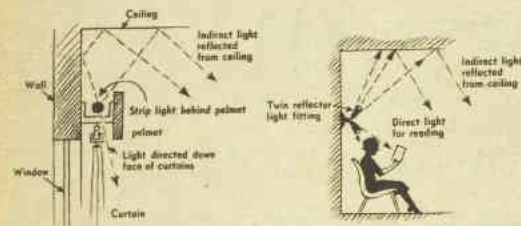
Best ways with lights

Mrs. Charles (the name is mine) asked my advice about the lighting in her new home. An avid reader and needlewoman, she has been suffering from eye-strain in recent years, and felt that badly located light points were largely to blame.

Architect's Diary
By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY



ABOVE: Special cabinet for displaying pieces of china and crystal, with one end cut away to show the method of lighting. Below: Concealed lighting (left) in a curtain pelmet gives indirect lighting. The diagram (right) shows the best direct and indirect lighting for reading or sewing.



I've noticed that modern homes have more wall lights than ceiling fittings," said Mrs. Charles. "Are they better?"

I told her: "Flexible wall lights have the advantage of being used for both direct and indirect lighting. They can be arranged to accent various parts of the room, making possible a variety of effects and avoiding the monotony of fixed ceiling fittings."

"What exactly is indirect lighting?" asked Mrs. Charles. "Light that does not come direct from the filament but is reflected from other surfaces. This reflected light is softer and better diffused and less likely to cause discomfort from glare," I said.

"The main disadvantage is that a certain amount of light is absorbed by the reflecting surfaces—so that it is necessary to use higher-wattage bulbs."

"I've always thought that a lamp beside the chair would be the best kind of light for reading," said Mrs. Charles.

"Yes, but lighting experts stress the need for good overall lighting also, because the eye is continually adjusting itself between a bright close light and the gloom of an ill-lit room. This causes discomfort and eye-strain in itself."

"I suppose a combination of medium indirect lighting in addition to the reading-lamp would be a good combination, then," observed Mrs. Charles.

"Many light fittings today are designed for this," I said. "Twin-reflector wall brackets allow one light to be directed for reading and the other to provide indirect lighting from the ceiling."

"A well-designed standard lamp with an opal shade protects the eye from filament glare and at the same time directs light to the ceiling for overall illumination."

"These indirect effects can be decorative. For instance, strip lighting in a pelmet over curtains provides a dramatic effect. The light diminishes from top to bottom, giving an illusion of graded color and accentuating the contrast of light and shade in the folds."

"If the top of the pelmet is left open an indirect source

of light is gained by reflection from the ceiling."

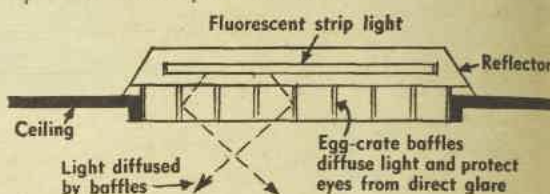
"Where else could indirect strip lighting be used?" asked Mrs. Charles.

"Different ceiling heights provide an opportunity for introducing a long reflector in a trough in the space between the two ceilings," I said. "Concealed lighting in the back of a glass cabinet can add tremendously to the decorative effect of the items. Fluorescent lighting behind a make-up mirror with a special re-

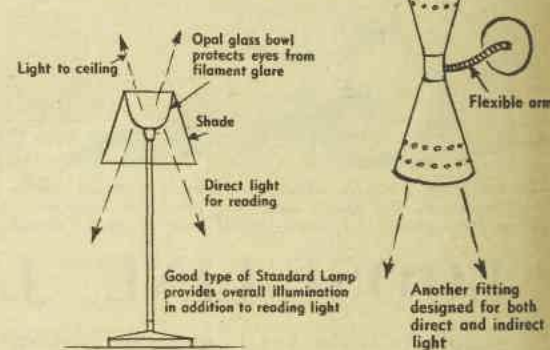
flector around the outside mirror gives an almost shadowless result."

"My husband suggested we use flush ceiling fittings in some rooms," Mrs. Charles said.

"These are good where you do not need general lighting, because the beam of light has a narrow angle like a spotlight. They are more suited to emphasising some outstanding ornament or item of furniture."



ABOVE: Diagram of a flush ceiling fitting with special egg-crate baffles to help disperse the light. Below and left are two types of modern lighting fittings which give excellent all-purpose home lighting.



Early baby care

A BLOCKED tear duct in young babies is a common condition which may cause anxiety. One eye always seems to be full of tears, and the lower lid over which the tears flow becomes reddened.

The condition usually rights itself, but if it does not you should take the baby to an eye specialist, as the duct may need to be pierced.

Meanwhile, give special care to the eye, protecting it from strong winds and from strong

light. Apply a little white petroleum jelly to the lower lid to prevent it reddening and scalding from the tears.

Also bathe the eyes twice daily with a mild antiseptic lotion, normal saline (one level teaspoon of salt to one pint of boiling water), or cool, weak tea (without milk) are all very good.

Squinting is another troublesome eye condition. This usually rights itself as baby learns to focus his eyes correctly, but if it persists this will also need expert treatment.

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse.

Thrush, swollen breasts, and protruding navel are other simple nursery ailments that mothers need to recognise and know how to treat.

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The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in the capital cities. Price 12/6, postage 9d. Please print names and addresses clearly.

HEADACHE & PAIN

New light thrown on today's tension . . .

Significant medical research points to the fact that the build-up of today's tension is part of a health pattern leading to the breakdown of the natural defences which protect you against serious ill health. Stress is the danger!

This tension pattern starts with worry and strain, leads to nervous reaction, develops into headache, nerve pain and traces its effect all too clearly on your face. Combat today's tension symptoms sanely, safely, before your health is wrecked. Take 'ASPRO', the recognised medicine for the relief of headache and pains attendant on minor ills that affect so many of us today. 'ASPRO' acts quickly without harming vital bodily functions.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1956

Continuing . . .

My Girl Francine

from page 9

bringing in piles of shining glasses on gleaming silver trays. Then the doorbell started to ring and the party had begun.

I'm a fairly practised sort of host, but even so I was amazed at the way that party seemed to crackle right from the start. After a while I gave up hovering round the cocktail cabinet and peering anxiously at people's glasses. They were all getting filled up like magic. Miss Bradley seemed to be everywhere at the same time.

Occasionally she appeared at my elbow with a tray of tiny puff-paste things or a wonderful combination of hot prunes wrapped in bacon and speared with toothpicks. Then she was at the door again, taking off people's coats or dodging about with a cocktail shaker refilling glasses.

William Hartley Stevens himself was very jovial. He repeated several times how much he admired my apartment, how wonderful it must be to have an able "staff," and finally consented to stay on for dinner.

This was more than I had hoped for, but I was a little dubious when I discovered there were now twelve for dinner instead of ten. Not that I worried after the first course. It was superb, and the meringue-and-ice-cream bombe we had for dessert almost melted in the mouth.

William Hartley Stevens, who had had every minute of his stay in America booked up, seemed to have forgotten he had a plane to catch at five-thirty in the morning. I have never seen a man relax so completely over his cigar and brandy after dinner.

He said kindly that my party was the highlight of his trip to New York. And by the time the last guests departed happily, around midnight, I was in a distinctly mellow mood.

I carried the glasses out to the kitchen, where Miss Bradley was still struggling with the washing-up. She had been diving in and out of the living-room all evening, passing coffee cups and emptying ashtrays, so there hadn't been much time to wash up even the cocktail debris. But she had it all stacked and sorted by this time and was halfway through the silver and glasses when I put in an appearance.

"Here, let me give you a hand," I said magnanimously, reaching for a cloth. "You really should have an assistant in the kitchen, even if you want to do all the serving yourself."

"Assistants are not always reliable," she said curtly. "This is the part of the work I dislike most, but at least when I do it on my own there are never any breakages. The Francine Catering Service has a reputation for that." She gave me an amused "You see what I mean" glance as I promptly broke a glass.

"Well, you'll be here for hours if I don't help," I said defensively.

"Just as you like. I charge by the hour, so if you want to shorten the time it's your own affair."

I wouldn't exactly call her friendly, but by the time we had finished we were on quite a polite footing. I had congratulated her on the service, and she had admired my silver and admitted that having

plenty of glassware and china made her job much easier.

Then she looked at her watch, made some calculations in a notebook, and presented me with the bill. The whole thing—food, flowers, service—came to a great deal less than the Superior would have charged. I wasn't arguing over the price, but the largest item—the service fee—came to sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents. That seemed an enormous amount for one girl to make in a single day.

"It is now one-thirty," she pointed out when I queried the item. "I arrived at nine-thirty yesterday morning and took one hour off for lunch. The service charge is four-fifty an hour."

"Yes, yes, I understand. I'm quite satisfied with the service, of course. It's just that sixty-seven dollars a day—why, that's—" My tired brain tried to cope with the sum in terms of monthly salary.

"I do not always work such long hours, nor do I work regularly every day; but, at a conservative estimate, my income is about twelve thousand a year," she said candidly. "Will that be all for this evening, Mr. Carson?"

I helped her into the tartan raincoat in a dazed sort of way. I hadn't exactly been treating her as a servant before, but I hadn't regarded her as an equal either. Money, after all, is money, and I had worked hard to get what I had. Yet here was this girl simply walking into an income like that with no trouble at all.

It really annoyed me. What did she do with all that money? I tried to work it out as I tossed about in bed, and it was a long time before I could get off to sleep.

Viewing the problem quite dispassionately the next morning, I had to admit that the Francine Catering Service did a far better job at less cost than the Superior, and, although it pained me to give Miss Bradley so much an hour, I engaged her for my next party, too.

In the next three or four months, she handled several cocktail parties and dinners, but, somehow, I could never watch her helping the guests in and out of their coats without wincing slightly as I remembered that she earned more money than many of them.

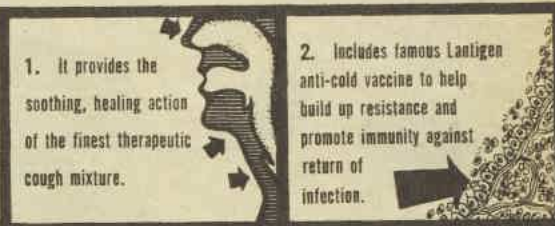
I always made a point of helping with the washing-up. I'm not mean, and I certainly never begrudged the Superior its service charge. But that, after all was being shared, and it gave me positive satisfaction to cut Miss Bradley out of even half an hour. It still puzzled me what she did with all her money, and one night, when we were mopping up in the kitchen, I decided to ask her straight out.

"Twelve thousand is a lot of money," I began cautiously. "There must be quite a bit left even after the income tax."

"Oh, but I don't have to declare it all," she said cheerfully. "The tax people would

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To page 63

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Page 61



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Continuing . . .

never believe I earned all that anyway."

I was appalled. I've always known that most women have this peculiar criminal streak in their characters. I've seen perfectly respectable dowagers trying to smuggle bottles of perfume through the customs, and women who run small businesses are notorious for trying to avoid income tax. But Miss Bradley was quite shameless about it, and it struck me that she had no social conscience whatsoever, which was very disturbing.

I became quite heated trying to convince her that it was not only illegal but also foolhardy to avoid paying tax, but she was such a pigheaded girl that we had got through several more wash-ups before I realised I was wasting my breath and returned to my main line of attack.

"But what do you do with it all?"

"Well, I invest most of it," Miss Bradley said easily. "Stocks and bonds—that's quite profitable, too. You see, I'm saving up to buy a small inn in Connecticut, and, with a decent mortgage, I could—"

Now, I loathe women who understand money. On a large scale, that is—investments, stocks, bonds, mortgages. I don't mind their being competent with a weekly house-keeping budget, but I like them to show a decent reluctance to handle any large-scale transactions.

I wasn't listening to the rest of Miss Bradley's explanation, but from the little that did reach my brain cells I gathered that she considered herself a financial wizard.

"Why Connecticut?" I said to change the subject.

She rattled off all the reasons. Fast.

Miss Bradley always had her answers pat. I wasn't used to arguing and often floundered about as I tried to marshal my facts; but she had thought hers out well in advance, and, although she was usually wrong, somehow she managed to sound as though she were right.

It infuriated me, and I often used to lie awake for hours after she had gone home, thinking up smart retorts I would make next time we had a session in the kitchen.

Rehearsing some of the brilliant repartee was beginning to encroach on my office hours, too. Altogether I was spend-

My Girl Francine

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ing far too much time on Miss Francine Bradley, and it was possibly a reaction to her forthright personality that fanned my sudden interest in Sylvia.

I had known Sylvia for years and always considered her as a possibility for my ideal girl. But although it was restful to be with her, somehow we'd never got past a few theatres and dinners.

Still, Sylvia measured up to my standards pretty well. She was fair, she wore pastel clothes, I couldn't remember a single startling sentence she had ever said, and I understood she played the piano.

Now, it was no use inviting her out to a restaurant. I'd done that before and it had thrown absolutely no light on Sylvia's quiet personality. What was needed was a pleasant little dinner at home, where I could ask Sylvia to play me some Chopin while I settled down in front of the fire.

And I didn't want to be dashing out to the kitchen, flipping over omelets and fetching plates, either—that would break into the evening too much and unsettle me when I wanted to concentrate on Sylvia.

So I rang the Francine Catering Service and asked Miss Bradley to name a day. "A dinner for two?" she said in her usual businesslike tones. "But it's most uneconomical to hire a catering service for that. You'd get much better value if you took your client to a restaurant."

"This is not a client," I explained patiently. "And I want a dinner at home."

"It would hardly cost more than ten dollars a head at a restaurant," she said belligerently. "Whereas I would have to be there at least three hours, and there's the food and wine on top of that."

"Have you a free night this week or not?" I demanded and managed to pin her down to the following Tuesday. I explained that I wanted soft lights and flowers and unobtrusive service, and hung up very pleased with myself.

It was quite a stroke of genius hiring Miss Bradley for the evening. Against her, Sylvia's gentle femininity would show up at its best.

It was still too early in the morning to phone Sylvia, so I

had to wait till lunchtime to issue the invitation, but I knew she would be able to come. Sylvia was one of those girls who always made you feel anything you had to do was a great deal more important than anything she had in mind.

There were pink candles on the dinner table when I got home on Tuesday and a fragile arrangement of early apple blossoms as the centrepiece. Miss Bradley had caught the atmosphere quite well, and, as I wasn't expecting Sylvia until seven thirty, I went out to the kitchen to talk to her.

She was looking rather pale and I thought she must have been overdoing her catering engagements lately until she straightened up from the stove and announced with typical arrogance, "I've left off my make-up this evening. I thought it might make your guest a little more at ease if I looked rather homely."

She didn't look homely at all, but it was the astonishing conceit of the woman that annoyed me.

"I doubt whether Miss Jordan would have noticed you in any case," I said cuttingly. "She is one of the most beautiful women I have ever met."

"That's nice," she snapped. "Do you want the coffee served at the table or in the living-room?"

I told her the living-room and went on to say a great deal more than I intended. I even hinted that, as I was considering a proposal, it would be most awkward if she barged into the room too frequently.

"Perhaps you'll recommend the Francine Catering Service for the wedding reception," was all she said, rather tartly.

I felt this was going a bit too far, and, as Miss Bradley was, as usual, rubbing me the wrong way, I retired to the living-room to put myself in the mood for Sylvia with a few records played softly on the hi-fi.

The evening was not a success. The service was excellent and so unobtrusive I can only remember Miss Bradley appearing twice. When Sylvia and I went into the living-room, the coffee tray was already on the table, and we didn't see Miss Bradley again.

But it was the thought that she might pop in at any moment that must have upset me. I found I couldn't concentrate

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Contributions are invited for our "Adam and Eve" Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

NOT long after my wife first had her driving licence I had to go to hospital, leaving her in full possession of the car. One night when she came to visit me she was carrying a torch. I suggested that she leave it with me to use through the night, but she insisted that she needed a torch when driving at night.

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"To see where to put my feet, of course," was her reply.

£2/2/- to R. J. K. Johnstone, Box 51, Gordonvale, North Queensland.

JUST LIKE A MAN

MY husband just isn't interested in gardening, so all the garden work falls to me. After months of digging, weeding, watering (carrying water from the creek), cultivating, etc., I was rewarded with some lovely strawberries. Proudly I showed them to my husband, who remarked:

"They are beauties. To think they grew like that without any attention!"

£2/2/- to Mrs. D. R. Bruce, Reedy Creek, via Broadford, Victoria.

• Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

BRUSH MASSAGE FOR A NEW CLEAR SKIN

By

MARGARET MERRIL

Once a week why not try a brush massage to invigorate the skin, and thoroughly cleanse the pores. Invest in a small brush—one of those soft nylon brushes with a certain amount of spring. Now begin your treatment.

First cleanse and soften your skin with cold cream, massaging upwards and outwards with the fingers. Leave the cream on your face while you mass your favourite beauty soap into a foam with warm, clear water.

Dip the tips of the brush into the foam, and then start massaging, using a circular movement—upwards and outwards—over the face until your blood reaches the surface of your skin, tingling happily and leaving you with a healthy clarity. Rinse well with warm water, and then splash on cold to close the pores. Pat dry with your softest, snowiest towel.

Complete your treatment with oil of ulan, that all-soothing oil which does so much to feed the skin. You will feel refreshed and thoroughly cleansed, and you will be good to look at, too.

Brush massage will bring life into your complexion and help to remove the lifeless skin tissue which often clouds beauty.

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OVALTINE

BUY THE BEST—IT COSTS NO MORE

Page 64

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O.F.P.M. 12
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1956

My Girl Francine

on talking to Sylvia, and I can't remember a thing she said herself.

Even when she sat down at the piano and I relaxed by the fireside, I was only conscious of a vague tinkle in the background that could have been Chopin but sounded like fair-ground music.

I kept on watching the door, expecting Miss Bradley to come in, and my head was full of blistering statements I was going to deliver later in the kitchen. She certainly had a peculiar effect on me. Arguing with her was quite a stimulating experience and made me forget almost everything else except a determination that I was going to emerge triumphant in our next exchange.

It was about 11 when Sylvia decided to go and asked me to get her a taxi. I suppose I should have offered to drive her home, but I was longing to get out to the kitchen to force a quarrel with Miss Bradley. The whole evening was her fault. I couldn't put it into words exactly, but she had unsettled me.

So I just saw Sylvia into the taxi and then sprinted up the stairs. The kitchen was in spotless order, but there was no sign of Miss Bradley at all.

I paced about the apartment disconsolately for a while, practising some scathing remarks, and finally went to bed muttering what I was going to say to her in the morning. On the stroke of eight I picked up the telephone.

"Why did you slip off so stealthily last night?"

"Well, I could hardly barge into the living-room with my account, could I? And surely you didn't want me to sit around the kitchen for half the night, ticking away like a taximeter, did you?"

"Sylvia left at eleven o'clock," I informed her stiffly. "Well, I left at ten, so that saved something, anyway. I'll send the bill this morning."

"Don't bother; we can settle when I see you. Last night's dinner wasn't quite the success I had hoped, so I'm planning to repeat it next week. What night could you manage?" I don't know what made me say that, because I hadn't enjoyed the dinner at all, and I certainly didn't want to go through another one.

"I've decided the Francine Catering Service isn't really suited to small dinners," said Miss Bradley in rather an odd voice—subdued and almost hesitant for her. "And I'm getting rather too many clients, so I shall have to limit my engagements in the future."

"But I'm one of your best clients," I protested. "You'll still be able to come for cocktail parties, won't you?" Really the thought of going back to the Superior was positively agonising.

"Usually—if you give plenty of notice. But I want to keep at least three nights a week free in the future, for my own amusement."

"What are you going to do with them?" I had sudden visions of her going out to cocktail parties herself, meeting lots of people, and dining later at a restaurant. And I found myself wondering whom she would meet, and where she would go. "You'll never get your inn in Connecticut if you don't work for it," I reminded her.

"I'm not so keen on the inn as I was," said Miss Bradley

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slowly. "I worked it out again last night and if I keep on saving I'll be forty-two before I have enough for a down payment—and I'm not going to be a kitchen maid for that long. I've decided that it's more important to have fun while I'm still young enough to enjoy it."

It occurred to me I knew nothing whatever about Miss Bradley's private life. And there was no doubt that seeing Sylvia fussed over and admired the night before had helped in this sudden decision by making her feel she wanted that sort of attention, too. I don't know everything about girls, but I do know that one who gets carried away in a state of romantic yearning might do something stupid.

There was a moment of silence on the telephone just then and I heard quite clearly a man's voice in the background at her end of the phone. And suddenly I was conscious of a blinding jealousy, so that before I could stop myself I demanded hotly, "What's that man doing having breakfast with you?"

"Man?" She sounded surprised. "Oh, the voice. It's just the radio giving the news."

I had never felt so foolish in my life, but in the middle of my acute embarrassment I realised something else, too. I simply must see Miss Francine Bradley straight away. I couldn't bear to live through another day without having a final conclusive argument with her.

"If you have your account ready I'll drop around on my way to work and settle with you," I said stiffly and slammed down the receiver before she could argue about it.

Her little place was tidy and sunny and she handed me the account at the door but let me follow her into the kitchen when I insisted. So it was, appropriately enough, over another pile of washing up that I proposed to her.

It was too much to expect a direct answer to that. She said, rather sulkily, that she supposed I was only after her money, and when I explained that her savings would mainly go in paying back taxes we had another furious argument.

Then I remembered that I hadn't tried to kiss her yet. So I stopped her in mid-sentence and pulled her towards me. The effect on Miss Francine Bradley was surprising.

She stopped arguing immediately and cuddled down in my arms as feminine as any girl you could hope to meet. And then she murmured that perhaps I knew best and would I kiss her again.

But what I hadn't counted on was the effect on me. I felt tender and protective and willing to agree to anything she suggested. I've never been exactly the same man after that kiss.

It was—well, it was like Francine herself, pure dynamite, and not the sort of thing I could ever hope to analyse.

I don't think I came down to earth for quite a while afterwards—certainly not in time to notice the shy pastel little ghost of my ideal girl pause in the middle of a bar of Chopin and fade gently out of my memory.

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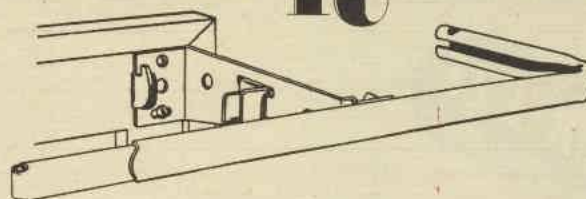
Not many sounds in life exceed in interest a knock at the door.
— Charles Lamb.



Curtains by Margaret Jaye

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The secret is the Kirsch Extender rod shown here, that holds the curtain out beyond the window sash, *without marking the wall.*

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Continuing

3 Is A Lucky Number

from page 5

pocket. He was re-reading the directions on the back of it when a slight sound made him turn his head and he saw, to his horror, the woman herself not five feet away.

Her neat head had appeared suddenly just above the flat roof of the scullery, outside the bathroom window. She was clearing the dead leaves from the guttering and must, he guessed, be standing on the tall ladder which was kept just inside the back door.

It was typical of the man that he did not panic. Still holding the sachet lightly, he stepped between her and the bath and spoke mildly.

"What on earth are you doing there, darling?"

Edyth started so violently at the sound of his voice that she almost fell off the ladder and a flush of apprehension appeared on her thin cheeks.

"Oh, how you startled me! I thought I'd just do this little job before I came up to change. If it rains the gutter floods all over the back step."

"Very thoughtful of you, my dear." He spoke with that slightly acid amusement with which he had found he could best destroy her slender vein of self-assurance. "But not terribly clever when you knew I'd come up to prepare your beauty bath for you. Or was it?"

The slight intonation on the word "beauty" was not lost on her. He saw her swallow.

"Perhaps it wasn't," she said without looking at him. "It's very good of you to take all this trouble, Ronald."

"Not at all," he said with just the right amount of masculine off-hand insensitivity. "I'm taking you out tonight and I want you to look as nice as . . . er . . . possible. Hurry up, there's a good girl. The foam doesn't last indefinitely and like all these very high-class beauty treatments the ingredients are expensive. Undress in the bedroom, put on your gown, and come straight along."

"Very well, dear." She began to descend at once while he turned to the bath and shook the contents of the sachet into the water. The crystals, which were peach-colored and smelled strongly of roses, floated on the tide and then, as he suddenly turned the pressure of water full on, began to dissolve into thousands of iridescent bubbles.

A momentary fear that their camouflage would not prove to be sufficient assailed him and he stooped to beat the water with his hand, but he need not have worried. The cloud grew and grew into a fragrant feathery mass which not only obscured the bottom of the bath and all it contained but mounted the porcelain sides, smothering the white flex and overflowing on to the wall panels and the bath mat. It was perfect.

He pulled on his jacket and opened the door.

"Edyth! Hurry, dearest!" The words were on the tip of his tongue, but her arrival forestalled them. She came shrinking in, her blue dressing-gown strained round her thin body, her hair thrust into an unbecoming shower cap.

"Oh, Ronald!" she said, staring at the display aghast. "Won't it make an awful mess? Goodness! All over the floor!"

Her hesitation infuriated him.

"That won't matter," he said savagely. "You get in while the virtue of the foam is still there. Hurry. Meanwhile, I'll go and change myself. I'll give you ten minutes. Get straight in and lie down. It'll take

some of the sallowness out of that skin of yours."

He went out and paused, listening. She locked the door as he had known she would. The habit of a lifetime does not suddenly change with marriage.

He heard the bolt slide home and forced himself to walk slowly down the passage. He gave her sixty seconds. Thirty to take off her things and thirty to hesitate on the brink of the rosy mass.

"How is it?" he shouted from the linen-cupboard doorway.

She did not answer at once and the sweat broke out on his forehead. Then he heard her. "I don't know yet. I'm only just in. It smells lovely."

He did not wait for the final word, his hand wrapped in his handkerchief had found the main switch again.

"One, two . . . three," he said with horrible prosaicism and pulled it down.

From the wall socket behind him there was a single spluttering flare as the fuse went, and then silence.

All round Ronald it was so quiet that he could hear the

there was something else he was going to do first.

Edyth's leather writing-case in which she kept all her private papers was in the bottom of her soft-topped canvas hat-box. She had really believed he had not known of its existence, he reflected bitterly. It was locked, as he had discovered when he had at last located it, and he had not prised the catch for fear of putting her on her guard, but now there was nothing to stop him.

He went softly into the bedroom and opened the wardrobe door. The case was exactly where he had last seen it, plump and promising, and his hands closed over it gratefully. The catch was a little more difficult than he had expected, but he got it open at last and the orderly contents of the leather box came into view.

At first sight it was all most satisfactory, far better than he had anticipated. There were bundles of savings certificates, one or two thick envelopes whose red seals suggested the offices of lawyers, and, on top,



"He's going to tighten a loose scree in a door hinge. You ought to see the stuff he uses when he puts a nail in a loose board on the fence."

pulses in his own body, the far-away tick of a clock at the bottom of the stairs, the dreary buzzing of a fly imprisoned against the window glass, and from the garden next door, the drone of a mower as the heavy, fresh-faced man who had moved there performed his weekly chore shaving the little green lawn. But from the bathroom there was no sound at all.

After a while he crept back along the passage and tapped at the door.

"Edyth!"

No. There was no response, no sound, nothing.

"Edyth!" he said again.

The silence was complete and after a long minute he straightened his back and let out a deep sighing breath.

Almost at once he was keyed up again in preparation for the second phase. As he well knew, this next was the tricky period. The discovery of the body had got to be made, but not too soon. He had made that mistake after Dorothy's "accident" and had actually been asked by the local inspector why he had taken alarm so soon, but he had kept his head and the dangerous moment had flickered past.

This time he had made up his mind to make it half an hour before he began to hammer loudly at the door, then to shout for a neighbor, and finally to force the lock. He had planned to stroll out to buy an evening paper in the interim, shouting his intention to do so to Edyth from the front step for any passer-by to hear, but as he walked back along the landing he knew

ready for the taking, one of those familiar grey books the post office issues to its savings-bank clients.

He opened it with shaking fingers and fluttered through the pages. Two thousand. The sum made him whistle. Two thousand two hundred and fifty. She must have paid in a decent dividend there. Two thousand three hundred. Then a drop as she had drawn out a hundred pounds for her trousseau. Two thousand two hundred.

He thought that was the final entry, but on turning the page saw that there was yet one other recorded transaction. It was less than a week old. He remembered the book coming back through the mail and how clever she had thought she had been in smuggling the envelope out of sight.

He glanced at the written words and figures idly at first, but then, as his heart jolted in sudden panic, stared at them, his eyes prominent and glazed. She had taken almost all of it out. There it was, in black and white: September 4. Withdrawal two thousand one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.

His first thought was that the money must still be there, in five pound notes, perhaps, in one of the envelopes. He tore through them hastily, forgetting all caution in his anxiety. Papers, letters, certificates fell on the floor in confusion.

The envelope, addressed to himself, pulled him up short. It was new and freshly blotted, the name inscribed in Edyth's own unexpected firm hand "Ronald Torbay, Esquire."

He wrenched it open and smoothed the single sheet of bond paper within. The date, he noted in amazement, was only two days old.

"Dear Ronald, If you ever get this I am afraid it will prove a dreadful shock to you. For a long time I have been hoping that it might not be necessary to write it, but now your behaviour has forced me to face some very unpleasant possibilities.

I am afraid, Ronald, that in some ways you are very old-fashioned. Has it not occurred to you that any homely middle-aged woman who has been swept into a hasty marriage to a stranger must, unless she is a perfect idiot, be just a little suspicious and touchy on the subject of baths?

Your predecessor, George Joseph Smith, and his brides are not entirely forgotten, you know.

Frankly, I did not want to suspect you, because for a long time I thought I was in love with you, but when you persuaded me to make my will on our wedding day I could not help wondering and then, as soon as you started fussing about the bathroom in this house, I thought I had better do something about it rather quickly. I am old-fashioned, too, so I went to the police.

Have you noticed that the people who have moved into the house next door have never tried to speak to you? We thought it best that I should merely talk to the woman over the garden wall and it is she who has shown me the two cuttings from old provincial newspapers, each about women who met with fatal accidents in bubble-baths soon after their marriages. In each case there was a Press snapshot of the husband taken at the funeral.

They are not very clear, but as soon as I saw them I realised it was my duty to agree to the course suggested to me by the Inspector, who has been looking for a man answering that description for three years, ever since the two photographs were brought to his notice by your poor second wife's brother.

What I am trying to say is this: if you should ever lose me, Ronald, out of the bathroom, I mean, you will find that I have gone out over the roof and am sitting in my dressing-gown in the kitchen next door. I was a fool to marry you, but not quite such a fool as you assumed. Women may be silly, but they are not so stupid as they used to be. We are picking up the idea, Ronald.

Yours, Edyth. P.S.—On re-reading this note I see that in my nervousness I have forgotten to mention that the new people next door are not a married couple but Inspector Batsford of the C.I.D. and his assistant, Policewoman Richards.

They assure me that there cannot be sufficient evidence to convict if you are not permitted to attempt the crime again. That is why I am forcing myself to be brave and play my part, for I am very sorry for those other poor wives of yours, Ronald. They must have found you as fascinating as I did."

With his slit mouth twisted into an abominable O, Ronald Torbay raised haggard eyes from the letter.

The house was still quiet and even the whine of the mower in the next-door garden had ceased. In the hush he heard a sudden clatter as the back door burst open and heavy footsteps raced through the hall and up the stairs towards him.

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DUTCH HONEYMOON

Our complete novel
By OSCAR SCHISGALL

SEATED on the bed in his hotel room, one foot propped up on the rung of a chair, Gabriel Hook tried by telephone to make things clear to his brother in New York.

"I won't leave Holland without putting this idea up to the Bulb Growers' Federation," he said. "Ralph, I can't quit now."

"Nobody's telling you to quit," his brother said. "All I'm asking is—what's holding you up? You've had almost two weeks in Holland."

"Two weeks ago," Gabriel pointed out, "I didn't know a tulip bulb from an eggplant. This idea can be worth a fortune, provided I don't muck it up with a half-baked sales talk. I had to dig into facts."

"Got reactions from any bulb growers?"

"Not yet."

"How about the commercial attache at our Embassy? He ought to have some sound advice."

"Tried several times to see him," Gabriel said. "But he's got one of those officious glamor-gal secretaries who keeps putting me off. Claims he's busy."

"For heaven's sake, Gabe," Ralph protested, "you can't afford to stay on there in The Hague forever! I'm not saying you haven't got a whopper of an idea, but meanwhile you're risking your job here. They won't hold this desk for you beyond Monday."

"Monday's okay," Gabriel said. "One way or the other I should have things rolling here by the weekend. I'm booked to fly out on Saturday's plane."

"If you're not on that plane," Ralph assured him, "you might as well not bother to come to the office at all. And, another thing: How much cash have you got left?"

"Two-three hundred dollars, plus my ticket home. I'm all right."

"After you pay your hotel bill you'll be practically broke."

"Skip that," Gabriel bent forward on the bed, and his tones became crisp: "Ralph, what's doing at your end? Are we getting any kind of backing?"

Ralph hesitated. "At this point, call it interest, not backing. I've got plenty of interest lined up."

"What firms?"

"Gregg & Henderson, Lewit's, the Dudley-Strife Company."

"Swell! I'd like to use their names when I lay it on the line for the bulb growers. Be a great help to my sales talk when I get to make it."

But Ralph sounded uneasy. "Better not," he said. "These people want more facts before they commit themselves. Be safer not to mention them by name till you—well, till you talk to

Continued overleaf



"Nylon is as Nylon does" said the Mad Hatter.

"You mean handsome is as handsome does," said Alice.

"I do not," replied the Mad Hatter fiercely.

"NYLON does everything handsomely."

"But what can nylon do?" asked Alice meekly.

"Everything . . . BETTER!" snapped the Mad Hatter.

"From sheers to shirts—

carpets to crepes—ribbons to ropes—

and even fur fabric like White Rabbit's,"

"But that's marvellous," exclaimed Alice.

"It isn't—it's skill," spluttered the Mad Hatter,

*"by all sorts of people—spinners and weavers—dyers
and knitters—buyers and such like folk."*

"But where do I find these beautiful things?"

asked Alice politely.

*"Here, there and everywhere if you look for branded products
made from BNS nylon," said the Mad Hatter,
thoughtfully pouring tea into his hat.*

"Oh, your poor hat," said Alice.

"Don't worry," said the Mad Hatter.

*"It's delectable dependable uncrushable
unshrinkable indestructible irresistible
no-need-to-pressable*

BNS
nylon



British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Monmouthshire — Suppliers of
nylon yarn and nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

"DUTCH HONEYMOON"

them yourself. They — they haven't forgotten the Lingard deal."

"Lingard!" Gabriel said it like an oath. "Do I have to live all my life under that Lingard shadow?"

Ralph made no comment. Gabriel went on, "Okay, so I'll see them myself when I get home." He became calmer. "Give my love to Cynthia and the kids. Be with you Sunday."

"Hold it!" Ralph called. "Cynthia here wants to know if you've weakened."

"How?"

"She thinks you've been staying in The Hague because some gal's got you on the ropes."

Gabriel laughed, and the laugh was harsh. "Tell her the only gal I've even talked to is one who makes me sore every time I see her—the one who won't let me see her boss at the Embassy! 'Bye!"

When he had put the telephone down, Gabriel Hook sat frowning. Was that Lingard deal to hang like a cloud over every other promotion plan he attempted? The implication of Ralph's words was unmistakable: Firms like Gregg & Henderson, Lewit's, Dudley-Strife regarded him with suspicion.

Gabriel took the traveller's cheques from his pocket, counted them. Three hundred and ten dollars. This was all that remained after a five-week tour of Europe and two weeks in Holland. He was literally gambling his last cent as well as the job waiting in New York, the job Ralph had helped him get with the Wright & Hamlin Advertising Agency.

Gabriel rubbed the back of his neck. Was he being a fool to stake so much on this promotional idea?

The thing to do was consult Roger Westerton, the commercial attaché at the Embassy; and then Willem Zuyderdam, the president of the Bulb Growers' Federation of Holland.

Gabriel felt confident he could now talk about tulips intelligently. Not that two weeks' study had made him an authority, but he could, at least, tell the difference between a "Queen of the Night" and a "Golden Sonnet," between a "Blizzard" and a "Holland Glory." More important, he knew how much the Dutch bulb industry spent on publicity and promotion in America in order to do its 25,000,000 dollars' worth of American business.

He rose from the bed, loosened his tie. Tomorrow was Thursday. If that girl at the Embassy continued to block him from an interview he'd have to push her out of the way. She was pretty and polite and all that—the kind of girl he might have liked if he could afford to be serious about girls—but he couldn't allow her to delay him any longer. His face tightened with determination. If necessary, he'd get tough.

To Claudia Reece, the girl at the Embassy, the matter of Gabriel Hook did not seem very important. Claudia was well aware that the American Legation in Holland, like every legation in the world, attracted its own quota of crackpots and opportunists seeking a quick dollar; so when she saw the blond young man come in for the third time in three days she knew he would require firm handling.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hook," she said, "but there's really nothing more I can do. As I told you yesterday, Mr. Westerton will not be able to see you this week."

"Have you asked him?"

"I know his schedule."

"In other words, you're making the decision!"

She could hear the bitterness in Gabriel Hook's voice. He propped his hands on his hips and fixed bright blue eyes on Claudia. Their intensity startled her.

"This boss of yours is the commercial attaché, isn't he?" he said. "And isn't he supposed to see Americans with legitimate business problems?"

"Certainly, but —"

"And you're his secretary?"

"His administrative assistant." She saw no reason to explain that Miss Estabrook, the secretary, was away with the flu.

"Well, if any assistant of mine stood between me and legitimate business, I'd blow my top!" Gabriel Hook said firmly.

Claudia ran a hand over her hair. She said with restraint, "Mr. Westerton would normally be glad to see you. But this week he's hopelessly crowded. He —"

"This happens to be the last week I'm in Holland," Gabriel interrupted. "If I don't see him this week I don't see him at all."

Fame has also this great drawback, that if we pursue it we must direct our lives in such a way as to please the fancy of men, avoiding what they dislike and seeking what is pleasing to them.

— Spinoza

"It also happens to be the opening week of the Keukenhof flower festival and a hundred thousand other Americans are here," Claudia said coldly. "Besides, the Ambassador and his counsellor are both in Washington, so Mr. Westerton is charge d'affaires. Which means he's got not only his own appointments to keep, but theirs. He's doing three people's work. You've picked an impossible time."

The explanation did not appear to impress Gabriel Hook. "He can certainly take five minutes out to hear what I want," he insisted.

"What do you want, Mr. Hook? I've asked several times."

"I want Mr. Westerton's opinion on building a Keukenhof park in America. I want his advice." He grinned at her, suddenly and disarmingly. "Come on, be as nice as you look. Hop in and tell him I need five minutes."

Claudia saw that reasonable arguments would never persuade this man. She said simply, "I'm sorry. He isn't here."

"You kidding? He's probably snoozing in there with his feet on the desk."

Claudia reminded herself that she had no right to lose her temper. Embassy employees had to remember they were here to serve American citizens, not to irritate them. So Claudia counted ten; then, without change of tone, she said:

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Westerton is out at the Keukenhof. The whole diplomatic corps is there today. The Queen will be opening the flower exhibit with a speech at half-past two." She glanced up at the clock. She, herself, would soon have to leave for the Keukenhof. Jerry Dunhaven was picking her up at twelve-thirty.

Gabriel Hook rubbed his chin, gave Claudia a thought-

ful glance. "You know, you could have saved me a lot of grief by getting me a few minutes with Westerton yesterday. As it is, Miss —" he glanced at the nameplate on the desk — "Miss Reece, you've managed to waste my time, my temper, and my funds." He checked himself, glanced again at the nameplate. "Reece, huh? Met a man named Reece out at Lisse. Friendliest fellow in Holland. He's a bulb inspector for the U.S. Department of Agriculture."

Claudia was not surprised. This sort of thing happened often. Americans who lingered in the flower fields invariably ran into Edward Fountain Reece. He was an articulate encyclopaedia on every variety of Dutch bulbs — tulip, daffodil, hyacinth, and the rest. Tourists seldom forgot him.

"You met my father," she said.

"Well, well!" Gabriel Hook made it sound inconceivable that so amiable a man could have so contrary a daughter.

She stiffened. "Mr. Hook, if you care to have me arrange an appointment for next week —"

"Don't bother. Next week is too late." He started to go then turned back. "But don't forget — if Westerton can see me before Saturday, let me know at my hotel." He wrote his name and address on a card and left it with her.

When the door closed behind him, Claudia felt a twinge of contrition. Had she perhaps been too harsh? Perhaps she could have got him five minutes with Westerton yesterday.

The telephone rang. When she answered, Jerry Dunhaven's cheerful voice said, "Hi, Claudie! I'm leaving the office right now. Meet me in ten minutes?"

"I'll be ready, yes."

"How's for lunch at the Keukenhof?"

"Fine," she said. "See you."

She was extremely fond of Jerry. When she hung up she realised, as she had on countless other occasions, that no man could have made these months in Holland gayer or happier for her. She recalled the last time they had gone boating with Hendrik and Maryke van Hegenbeck, a day full of sunshine and sparkle and laughter. They'd had a picnic on the island of Marken.

After lunch she and Maryke had wandered off along the beach, seeking the shells Maryke collected, while the men smoked. And Maryke had said frankly, "You and Jerry are so well suited! You would make such a wonderful couple!"

"I think, so, too," Claudia had said with a laugh. "But I doubt that Jerry ever thinks in terms of couples."

"Nonsense! He's a normal human being."

"And happy. The happiest bachelor I know. Why should he change his life?"

"You could change it."

Claudia had shaken her head. "It would have to come from him. As long as Jerry does not want marriage — well, it's all right with me."

She frowned at her typewriter now, knowing it was anything but all right. The truth was, she did want to marry Jerry. He symbolised everything she desired of life: happiness, contentment, and a measure of security.

Not that Jerry Dunhaven was impressively wealthy. But he had a good income and a promise of advancement in his uncle's firm. Life with him would be a shining adventure, unmarried by cares about the future.

If Jerry ever did propose marriage, Claudia knew she'd step right into his arms. She couldn't imagine anything more

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romantic than a honeymoon in Holland with Jerry. But it was futile to indulge in such hopes. As far as she could see, he was one of those men with whom you had a good time — a wholesome, fun-loving, care-free time — and that was the end of it.

She glanced at the clock and rose, sighing. He had given her ten minutes to get ready.

Claudia was drawing on her gloves as she hurried down the Embassy steps. She wore the new tweed coat she had bought in Amsterdam.

Jerry had already stopped his tiny German car at the kerb. He greeted her with a wave — an affable man of thirty, big, powerfully built. As she slid into his car he said, "Claudia, you look perfect today!"

She smiled in an abstracted way.

"Hey, doesn't such flattery deserve a better response?" he said. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, really." She could hardly tell him she had been wondering if he would ever propose. Instead, to excuse her mood, she said with a sigh, "Sometimes it's hard to know whether you do right or wrong by the people who come to the Embassy asking favors."

Jerry smiled as he started the car and turned a corner in the direction of Lisse, half an hour away. He had to drive slowly, for during the noon hour the streets of The Hague, like the streets of every other city in the Netherlands, were jammed with working people and schoolchildren pedalling their bicycles home for lunch.

"Sounds to me as if you've had a rough morning," he said.

"Not rough, just average. There's always something different."

Claudia laughed. "This time it's a fellow who wants to build a Keukenhof park in America. One thing about my job — you never know what it's going to bring next."

"That ought to leave you stimulated, not depressed," Jerry said with a grin.

She agreed; what had lowered her spirits, actually, was her relationship with Jerry himself. And of this she could not speak.

Outside the city they drove faster on the straight, flat highway. And Claudia, leaning back, found herself considering Jerry's life.

His job was a good one; he had confided to her that it paid \$12,000 dollars a year. He supervised the buying of Netherlands hams and cheeses for Walter Dunhaven & Co., Inc., his uncle's American import firm. He had an able Dutch assistant, young Kurt van Haas.

Once, with a chuckle, Jerry had admitted to Claudia that he could do all his buying in one or two days a week. That left him ample time for leisurely living. Some of it he devoted to golf. But often he could slip away for a few days in Paris or London or Brussels, even in Cannes or Biarritz during the season. After all, no place in Europe was more than a few hours from the Schiphol airport, near Amsterdam.

Yes, Jerry Dunhaven enjoyed life. If only she could share it with him.

They were approaching Sassenheim and traffic was becoming heavier. Jerry asked with amused tolerance, "Claudia, why so silent? Still bothered by your Embassy crank?"

"No-o. Thinking now about — your life."

"Oh? And condemning it, to judge by your expression . . . Honey, I like my kind of life. Most people work half a century before they can enjoy the pleasures I have now. Why should I kick?"

"The perfectly contented man," she teased. "Probably the only one alive."

"Only for the moment. In time I suppose I'll want other things — the normal trappings

of a good life. I mean a wife, a home, kids —"

Claudia stiffened. She all but held her breath. She had steered him to the very brink of the proposal she longed to hear.

And then Jerry laughed. "Oh, nuts!" he said. "I'm getting maudlin! Let's get ourselves properly decorated."

As he spoke he veered towards a roadside flower stand that was smothered under gar-

more Jerry had slipped away from serious talk . . .

They had lunch in the huge, crowded restaurant inside the Keukenhof park at Lisse. As they were having coffee Jerry said, "I'll bet there are twenty thousand people out there to see the flowers today. Willem Zuyderdam told me he expected a record turnout."

Claudia did not reply.

He gave her a quick glance. "Still worrying about my con-

curved around a pool, reflecting myriads of scarlet and yellow tulips.

When the Queen of the Netherlands finally came into sight walking around a far bend in the path, she was escorted at the head of a long procession by the tall, spare president of the Bulb Growers' Federation of Holland. Mynheer Willem Zuyderdam, in formal morning coat and striped trousers, used his hat to motion towards clumps of crimson tulips here, white ones there. The Prince Consort, too, walked at the head of the procession accompanied by Willem Zuyderdam's attractive blond wife.

Behind them followed a line of Government officials, diplomats, and bulb growers. The opening of the Keukenhof was always a gala occasion.

"There's your boss," Jerry said.

Claudia turned her head. Roger Westerton, a handsome middle-aged man, was walking in the procession with one of the country's leading bulb experts. And, as she watched, Claudia gasped.

A blond young man had pushed his way out of the crowd. Stepping directly into the path of the procession he hurried to Roger Westerton and began to talk fast. The American charge d'affaires looked at him in astonishment.

"Oh, no!" Claudia whispered. "Not him again! Not here!"

Even as she spoke two park attendants who had run after Gabriel Hook seized his arms. In spite of his protests they led him firmly away through the crowds.

Jerry said, "You know him?"

"He's the one who's been haunting the Embassy! About building a Keukenhof park in America! But to stop Mr. Westerton here, of all places!"

She was horrified. But one thing she had to concede: The

man certainly went after what he wanted . . .

"That young fellow who crashed the Queen's procession," Roger Westerton said to Claudia an hour later in the Keukenhof restaurant. "He claimed he tried to see me at the Embassy."

"Yes, but every time he came you were either tied up or away," she said.

"Who is he?"

"Name of Gabriel Hook. A New Yorker."

Jerry put in with a chuckle, "A crackpot, I'd say, to judge by his performance."

"Gabriel Hook," Westerton looked nettled. "Familiar name. Can't place it, though."

"He's been in Holland only two weeks," Claudia said.

"Apparently he wants to talk to me about some sort of tulip park in America," the attache said. "Let me know if he comes again."

He started off then to pay his respects to the Queen.

Soon after, Jerry drove Claudia to her father's small house in Sassenheim. It was a modern, one-floor structure, traditionally Dutch, however, in the fact that one of its windows exhibited fresh-cut flowers.

When he stopped the car Jerry glanced at his watch. "Honey, I've got to run. Things to clear up at the office."

"Oh." She was disappointed. "I'd hoped you might stay for dinner."

"Wish I could. But I'll be tied up till about nine. How's for some music at a cafe a bit later, after dinner?"

She opened the car door. Sometimes you had to take what you could get. "I'd love it," she said.

He drove off then and Claudia in a dispirited mood went up the tulip-lined path

Continued overleaf



"Of course I promised to meet you at the train, but it's only . . . you mean it's two weeks already!"

lands of daffodils. The garlands were designed to be draped on cars; and when he drove on, Jerry's car was festooned with two of the long, yellow flower chains. Practically every other automobile on the road was similarly decorated. In the three years she had lived in Holland, Claudia had learned that this sort of adornment was traditional at the height of the flower season. But the golden blossoms did not brighten her mood. Once

tentment?" he asked. He laughed at her across the table. "Come on, Claudia, let's not get philosophical among twenty thousand holiday-makers!" He rose from the table. "Let's go find ourselves a spot where we can see the big doings."

He led her out of the restaurant into the crowds that thronged the flower park. They followed paths that wound among beds of tulips of every conceivable color. They found a vantage point where a path



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to the bright red door. Romantically Jerry seemed a hopeless prospect.

Claudia saw that her father had preceded her home. His three-year-old American car, festooned with daffodils, stood in the driveway.

She knew he must have been to the Keukenhof, though she hadn't seen him. He wouldn't have missed the opening of the flower show for anything. By profession her father was a plant pathologist. He had been in the U.S. Department of Agriculture for thirty-five years; and this latest assignment in Holland, which had now lasted

almost its full three-year span, was what he termed "one of life's sweetest rewards." When it ended, in a few months, he would retire.

Meanwhile, this job suited his quiet temperament perfectly. The 500,000,000 Dutch bulbs which annually went to the United States had to meet American standards of health and size. If they were to be inspected in America they would block other cargo operations on American docks. So, for the sake of speed and efficiency, the Department of Agriculture maintained a small corps of inspectors in Holland.

Edward Fountain Reece was one of them. It was his task to inspect bulbs destined for America before they were packed in the flat, vivid flower fields around Sassenheim, Lisse, Hillegom, and Bennebroek.

When Claudia entered the living-room she saw him at the far end, his slight figure silhouetted against a window as he lit one of his long Dutch clay pipes. His head of bristling grey hair was bent forward. He gave her a quick smile, a nod of welcome. Since her mother's death, several years before, the two of them had grown to be close companions.

She said, "Hi! Quite a show, wasn't it?" and started to unbutton her coat. At that instant, glancing across the shadowy room, she saw a man rise from her father's favorite deep chair. Claudia caught her breath in surprise.

It was Gabriel Hook! "I hear," her father said, as if this encounter were the most natural thing in the world, "you've already met Mr. Hook."

The blond man smiled with more cynicism than humor. "It wasn't exactly what you'd call a meeting," he corrected. "More of a collision." "Well," Edward Reece said, "if you're going to charge around Holland like a wild bull, you've got to expect collisions." To Claudia he added, "Brought this fellow home mostly to keep him out of gaol. People who crash royal processions generally wind up in trouble."

"I saw it happen," she said a bit stiffly. "Protocol certainly got kicked in the teeth."

Gabriel Hook smiled again. "My apologies to the Queen if she wants them. Somebody pointed out Westerton and I asked him to see me tomorrow. That was all."

"You took a spectacular way of doing it," Claudia said. "I came to the Embassy first, didn't I? Like a good citizen? And where did it get me?" he said. "Not that crashing the procession got me anywhere, either. Those fool guards pulled me off before Westerton could answer."

"For all they knew you were some sort of maniac." He shrugged. "A lot of people around here seem to think I'm nuts. What is it—the climate or something?" He sank back into the chair with an air of resignation. "I'm beginning to think I ought to forget the whole deal and get out of Holland."

Edward Reece scoffed. "Nonsense. You can't drop an idea like yours, Hook. It's too good."

Claudia saw that her father was quite serious. "Look, you two conspirators," she said. "I'm going to get rid of my coat. Then I want to hear all about it."

She went off to her room. When she had hung up her coat she changed to a trim, blue dress, ran a comb through her hair, and fixed her lips. Then she went back to the living-room.

"Now let me in on it," she said, sitting down. "What's this about a Keukenhof in America?"

"Simple matter," Gabriel Hook answered. "I hear the Keukenhof attracts half a million tourists every April and May. That means a good deal of money for the Netherlands."

"Fifty million dollars a year from Americans in Holland," Claudia conceded.

"Also," Gabriel went on, "having seen Dutch flowers at their best, these tourists go home and buy Dutch bulbs for their gardens. I think the Keukenhof is the smartest promotion gimmick in Holland. The

bulb industry ought to make the most of what it proves."

Edward Reece nodded. "If they set up another flower exhibit somewhere in America they'll get a million people to come to see it. It's a natural."

"Fifty acres would do it," Gabriel said. "And I know where I can get the perfect fifty acres, just an hour and twenty minutes from New York. Turn the site into a landscaped park that'll blaze in the colors of the tulips and daffodils every spring. You'll get mobs driving out to see it."

"He's right, Claudia," Edward Reece said. "An authentic Dutch park would attract as much attention as those Japanese cherry blossoms in Washington. Beautiful sight, a million tulips in bloom!"

Claudia asked, "Who'd provide the million bulbs?"

"The industry, of course," Gabriel Hook said. "The Bulb Growers' Federation of Holland. Why not? They'd get plenty in return. And," he explained, "if we charge admission to the exhibit the Federation will get part of the fee."

The growers' big money, though, will come from increased American sales. We'll sell bulbs right in the park. Take orders for delivery for autumn planting. Might sell a couple of million dollars' worth every year as a result of an exhibit like that."



Claudia began to feel excitement. Possibly it was because of the way Gabriel Hook spoke, with a kind of passionate conviction that he could make his dream come true.

She said, "I suppose the major profits would go to whoever held the bulb-selling concession?" "Right." "That would be you?" "Isn't a man entitled to profit by his ideas?"

Claudia couldn't deny that. "But why," she pressed, "is it so important for you to see Roger Westerton?"

"I need help. He knows the Dutch. If there's a bug in the plan, he'll spot it."

She glanced at her father, smoking his long clay pipe, then back at the blond man from New York. If Gabriel Hook was a crackpot, he certainly wasn't of the species that usually annoyed the Embassy. His idea, though spectacular, had basic soundness.

"I could put it up to Mr. Westerton," she said. "But I can't promise what he'll do."

"Whatever he does, he'll have to do it fast. Time's getting short," Gabriel said. "Tomorrow's my last full day here. I leave Holland Saturday."

"Seems to me," Claudia said, "that if you came on a deal as big as this, you'd have allowed ample time."

"I didn't come on any deal."

He looked at her with the directness she found so disconcerting. "I came as a tourist. I've been wanting for years to see Europe. Especially Hol-

land. So when I got out of the Navy—I've been in the Pacific for the past eighteen months—I blew myself to a trip. I wanted to get it under my belt before I settled down to a Madison Avenue desk."

"This Keukenhof idea, then, is an accident of travel, is it? What made you want to see Holland, particularly?"

Gabriel smiled. "I'm Dutch from 'way back. My name used to be Van Hoeck, if you go back about three centuries, when the first Van Hoecks sailed from old Amsterdam to New Amsterdam. One lazy ancestor dropped the 'Van.' Another changed the 'Hoeck' to 'Hook.' But the Dutch blood stayed in our veins."

He gave Claudia an amused look. "So, apart from all business reasons, and for sentimental reasons only, I'd sort of like to see a Keukenhof in America. It would give a guy like me real satisfaction to know I'd had a hand in setting up a deal like that—a sort of monument to Dutch-American co-operation."

"Are you in the flower business?"

He laughed. "Oh, no! My line is—well, call it merchandising promotion."

"I see," Claudia said thoughtfully. "And the general purpose of an American Keukenhof would be promotion of bulb sales."

"Sure." He nodded towards the telephone. "How about calling your boss right now? I'll go see him in the middle of the night if he says so."

"Just to find out if Mr. Westerton sees any bugs in the plan?"

"No, there's more to it than that. When I approach the Dutch bulb growers I'd like to be in a position to say that my own Government knows and approves of the idea."

Claudia rose. The fact that Roger Westerton had already expressed curiosity about Gabriel Hook gave her an excuse, she supposed, to call the attaché at his home. She went to the extension in her father's den and made the call.

To her surprise, Westerton sounded anything but happy about Gabriel Hook. "Wants the Embassy's blessing, does he?" he said. "Well, I'm not sure. But I'd like to hear his story, anyway. Have him come in right after lunch tomorrow. My two o'clock appointment has been washed out."

Claudia said, "His plan sounds like a swell idea to me."

"The idea may be all right. It's the man I'm worried about. I know now why his name rang a bell this afternoon."

"Oh?"

"That old Lingard business—the Lingard mines in Canada. Our Canadian Legation warned against it, but a lot of American investors got rooked. It was a phony promotion scheme—and a Gabriel Hook was involved in it."

Claudia felt as if she had been struck.

"Of course," Westerton continued, "it might have been another Gabriel Hook. There's always that chance. I'll know better after I talk to him."

"You say he sold phony mine stock?"

"He was a partner in the firm that promoted the deal, yes, Hook & Rabisson. I particularly remember it because the American commercial attaché in Ottawa—an old friend of mine—got a commendation for the warning he issued." Westerton finished briskly. "Have him come in tomorrow."

In a daze Claudia put down the telephone. Was the notion of building a Keukenhof in America merely a glib trick? Was this blond, persuasive man just a phony?

She was shocked. As Mr. Westerton had suggested, this could be a different Gabriel Hook. The thing to do, she supposed, was to say nothing now. Let her boss talk to Gabriel and determine the truth for himself.

After that it was hard to face Gabriel Hook with any pretence of being casual. To make matters worse her father had persuaded Gabriel to stay for dinner. Helga, a Valkyrian figure with golden hair, had been their housekeeper-cook for more than two years. She was delighted to have a guest.

Throughout dinner Claudia's polite smile and steady tones were a screen over inner doubts and apprehensions. And yet, looking at Gabriel, she somehow found it inconceivable that he should be a crook, a conner.

By nine, when they had reached the dessert of giant-size strawberries, Jerry Dunhaven arrived.

He was clearly disconcerted to find Gabriel at the table. In fact, Claudia thought he looked annoyed. But having been introduced to the visitor, Jerry sat down with them and nibbled at strawberries dipped in sugar, listening to Gabriel's reactions to the tour of Europe he had just made.

"Wish I didn't have to fly home Saturday," he finally admitted. "I could use another six weeks right here in Holland."

"On the other hand," Edward Reece pointed out, "going home will give you a chance to organise good backing for this plan of yours."

"Yes," Gabriel smiled. "There are always compensations, aren't there?"

Helga bulged in the doorway to say that coffee was ready, and they went into the living-room. There, while Claudia poured, Jerry came to sit beside her. Seeing Gabriel in conversation with Edward Reece, he whispered, "Can't we get away? I've got to talk to you. Something has come up."

She answered softly, "Dad will soon be driving him to his hotel. I can't run off now."

Actually, they didn't have to wait long. Perhaps Gabriel realised he had broken into a date. Immediately after coffee he looked at his watch. "Got to push along," he said. He offered Claudia his hand. "I'll look forward to seeing you tomorrow at the Embassy. And again, thanks."

A few moments later, in Jerry Dunhaven's car as they drove to the Casino in Amsterdam, Claudia was still troubled by doubts about Gabriel.

But once she and Jerry started dancing at the Casino Claudia began to regain her spirits. It was only when she had pushed Gabriel out of her thoughts that she realised Jerry, too, had been preoccupied this evening. She glanced up at his handsome face, and his set, tight expression startled her.

"Jerry," she said when they sat down, "what's been bothering you?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, as if deciding how much to say. "It's just—Claudia, I talked to our New York office tonight. Things are popping. Have to fly over to see my uncle tomorrow." He paused. "I—I may have to go and work in the States."

Her eyes widened. "Permanently? A—a transfer, Jerry?"

"Depends on conferences." The idea of his leaving Holland stunned her. Her face went white.

He reached across the table for her hand. "We've had some wonderful times together," he said.

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FOR USE IN THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DERMATITIS

"IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE"

Page 72

"DUTCH HONEYMOON," by Oscar Schisgall

She knew again it was bound to be a good and happy marriage.

She had not yet, however, mentioned anything about it to Roger Westerton or anyone else. Time enough for that, she had decided, when she had adjusted herself to this new reality. As a matter of fact it did not seem very real today, largely because Jerry was gone. At ten-thirty he had flown off from the Schiphol airport to see his uncle in New York . . .

Shortly after noon Westerton went out to lunch with an official of the Dutch Bank. When he returned, just before two, he asked, "Hook here yet?" Claudia shook her head and he added, "Send him in as soon as he comes. Won't have much time for him — ten or fifteen minutes at most."

HIS office door had just closed after him when Gabriel arrived. He had, he told her, already been to Amsterdam to fill out papers at the Consulate, but he had been assured there was scant likelihood of getting an emergency passport before the middle of next week. This obviously had been a blow and Claudia was sympathetic as she showed him into Westerton's office.

What happened behind the shut door she could not know. But when at last it opened and Gabriel came out again with Westerton at his side his face was drawn and pale.

"Your feeling that way, Mr. Westerton," he said, "makes things very tough."

"I'm sorry," Westerton said. "I'm sure you see my position."

Gabriel crossed Claudia's office and paused at the outer door. He looked back at the attaché. "Well, I'd hoped to go to Willem Zuyderdam with your blessing. But if that's out I realise I've got to go without it."

Westerton said, "I can't dictate what you can do on your own, Mr. Hook. It is my responsibility not to involve the Government when circumstances are, to put it bluntly, dubious."

Gabriel nodded stiffly, a nod of farewell meant for both the attaché and Claudia. "Okay," he said. "At least we both know where we stand. I won't bother you again. Thanks for your time and goodbye."

He left, then, looking grim.

Claudia glanced at Westerton. "What happened?" she asked.

"I put it to him straight," Westerton said. "Was he or was he not the Gabriel Hook of Hook & Rabisson? . . . He's the same Gabriel Hook."

"Oh," Claudia felt sharp dismay.

"Also," Westerton added, "he admitted that his former partner, Russel Rabisson, left the country as a result of the Lingard swindle. As for Hook himself, he says there was never evidence to convict him. He claims he was completely in the clear. But I pointed out to him that I could hardly sponsor him with the Dutch bulb industry — not unless I got special clearance and orders from Washington . . . Cable Washington on this, will you? They'll check on it."

Claudia turned silently to her typewriter. Gabriel's idea had seemed so good, his enthusiasm so genuine. It was hard to believe that this man who had dined at her home last night, who had been so friendly and disarming, could have been a swindler. She reached for the cable blanks.

She had just finished sending the inquiry when an elderly man came into the office. He had a stocky figure and a strong, square face with bushy eyebrows. His thick hair was almost white.

"Miss Reece?" he said. His American voice sounded deep, friendly, good-humored. "I'm trying to locate Jerry Dunhaven. I'm Walter Dunhaven, his uncle."

Claudia stared at him in astonishment. "His — uncle?"

"From New York." The man smiled. "Anything wrong in being Jerry's uncle?"

Her eyes were wide. "But, Mr. Dunhaven — Jerry left for New York this morning to see you?"

The old man blinked. "Why on earth would he do that?" "Your office sent for him!"

Walter Dunhaven gave her an oblique glance from under the shaggy brows and ran a speculative finger over his firm jaw. He spoke in a rumbling tone to himself rather than to her: "I see. My son has probably sent for him. I've been away from New York several days. Stopped in London."

Claudia got up and swung a chair around for him. The situation was ridiculous. Probably, she told herself, it was the result of some comedy of errors, a misunderstanding that would be cleared up as soon as Jerry reached New York.

As they sat down she realised that Walter Dunhaven was the first member of Jerry's family she had ever met. And she liked him. Though he was no doubt close to seventy, his rugged figure suggested vigor and confidence and — she sought for the right word — yes, integrity. That was it: He inspired respect.

"I know Jerry's going to feel dreadful about this!" she said.

Dunhaven leaned back, affable and friendly, regarding Claudia with a smile. "Well, I'll be talking to New York tonight. Jerry's often mentioned you in his letters. When I found his office and his apartment locked up I decided to try my luck here."

"But his assistant should have been at the office — Kurt van Haas."

"He wasn't."

"He probably drove Jerry to the airport and took the day off."

She learned that Walter Dunhaven had already checked in at his hotel. It was his first trip to Holland, she gathered, in two years.

"You must take time out for an evening with us," Claudia said. "Tonight, perhaps? Dinner? Dad and I would love to have you."

"Be happy to, thanks." His craggy face glowed with appreciation. "Matter of fact, I've been looking forward to a chance to get to know you better. Jerry's made you sound very attractive, indeed."

This surprised Claudia. "I had no idea he'd told anyone about me," she said.

Dunhaven's grin became broad and genial. "Not only told, Miss Reece, but told with pride."

"Oh?"

"That's why I've been looking forward to this meeting. I wanted to see you for myself."

Claudia had a pleasant sense of confusion. At the same time she felt a surge of warmth for Jerry. She began to suspect that though he didn't talk much about love it ran deep and quiet in him, and it had been there much longer than she had realised.

She and Walter Dunhaven



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WORKING WIVES



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Interviewed at a big Sydney jewellery store, Mrs. Free had this to say: "Mine is a job many housewives could do—but nice hands are a 'must.' You simply couldn't display diamonds, pearls and other precious jewellery with housework hands! At home I do all my own chores, but my hands get the best of care. For one thing, I always use Persil on washday. It gives a perfect wash and you can actually feel how soft it makes the water. No wonder Persil is so gentle to my hands."

P.130.WW629

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 30, 1956

"DUTCH HONEYMOON," by Oscar Schisgall

chatted for a half-hour before he finally rose to leave. As he took her hand the old man said with a chuckle, "Now that I've met you I have a much higher regard for my nephew's judgment about people."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Dunhaven."

"He's right and he's lucky. See you tonight!"

At a few minutes past three Gabriel stepped off the bus in front of the Bulb Exchange at Hillegom. As he walked up a path towards the imposing building he glanced over the tulips of every color in full bloom that virtually surrounded the place.

The main floor, where speculators gathered in the mornings to trade in sales of future bulb crops, was empty at this hour. An attendant directed Gabriel up a flight of stairs. He had telephoned from The Hague for an appointment and Willem Zuyderdam, tall, grey-haired, and courteous, rose from his desk to welcome him.

As he outlined his idea Gabriel could see the surprise in Zuyderdam's lined face. It was in fact so marked that he interrupted himself to inquire, "Anything wrong?"

Zuyderdam asked, "Mynheer Hook, where did you get this idea?"

"It came to me at the Keukenhof display."

"Nobody spoke to you about it?"

"Not a soul. Why?"

"Amazing!" Zuyderdam murmured. "An amazing coincidence."

Gabriel frowned. "I don't get it."

"Mynheer Hook, the idea for such a park — and I must say it is a remarkably good idea — has already been suggested to us. We are now investigating the possibilities."

"The same idea?"

"Exactly the same idea, though outlined a little differently," Zuyderdam rose,

gaunt and troubled. Hands clasped behind his back he went to the office window. "And that poses a problem," he went on. "A matter of — shall we call it business ethics, Mynheer Hook?"

Gabriel said nothing. "The bulb industry," Zuyderdam added, "is one of the basic forces in our Dutch economy. If you count growers, pickers, shippers, and all the rest, more than 20,000 Dutch families depend on it for their living. It is a business that has helped support the Netherlands for more than 400 years. It has grown until now we supply the whole world with flower bulbs. To keep such an industry strong and healthy, Mynheer Hook, we have to observe the strictest possible code of ethics."

He turned from the window to face Gabriel again. "From time to time people come to us with new ideas," he said. "In the spirit of fairness we have always dealt with those who brought us an idea first. Now we face the situation again. If we go ahead with this plan for a Keukenhof in America, Mynheer, we would feel bound to deal with those who have already approached us."

Gabriel was still incredulous. "Who is it? Who else thought of this?" he asked.

"That is a matter," Zuyderdam said, "we shall make public when we make an official announcement. I regret, but I am not at liberty to discuss details until we are sure of our plans."

"And this means that, as far as I'm concerned, I'm out?"

"I am sorry, Mynheer Hook," Gabriel's eyes narrowed.

"You sure that's the only reason you're turning me down — because I'm too late with the idea?"

"What other reason could there possibly be?"

Gabriel studied the man's deeply lined face. Was it hiding something? Was Zuyderdam,

like Westerton, suspicious? But he could guess nothing from the older man's expression.

Slowly Gabriel pushed himself to his feet. "So that's that," he said.

Willem Zuyderdam repeated, "I am sorry."

It was almost five o'clock when Gabriel, in a bitterly defeated mood, entered his hotel room. Looking at his watch, he calculated that in New York

licked. Somebody else got in ahead of me with the same idea."

Ralph said in amazement, "I don't believe it!"

"They're keeping it under wraps till it's definite."

"What do you mean, definite? Nobody actually has a go-ahead?"

"Not yet. But I'm not in the running."

Ralph said heatedly, "Ridiculous! As long as the deal isn't set, you can still make your



it was noon. He'd probably catch his brother at the office of Wright & Hamlin.

He put in the call. As he waited, he stood at the window, puffing nervously at a cigarette. He watched the bicycle riders below, not really seeing them. The phone rang, and across the Atlantic his brother's voice crackled with apprehension: "Gabe? What's happened now?"

He drew a deep breath. "I'm

pitch! Does an agency bow out of the picture just because another agency goes after a client?"

"This is different."

"Maybe your backers will be better than the other party's! Catch that Saturday plane home. We'll get backers and push the deal for all it's worth from this end."

Gabriel laughed harshly. "That's out, too. I can't fly home tomorrow."

"What?"

He told his brother about the stolen passport. "I can't get on a plane till I have a passport," he said, "and the Consulate won't promise one before next Tuesday or Wednesday."

Ralph groaned. "Gabe, for heaven's sake! They won't hold this job for you beyond Monday!"

"I'm sorry."

"You realise what this tulip idea will cost you before you're through?"

"Plenty. I know."

"Go back and make another pitch for it! You've got to have something to show for what you're giving up!"

"Not so easy. They're holding the Lingard deal against me here."

"In Holland? Who?"

"The Embassy."

The wires fairly crackled with Ralph's indignation. When Gabriel finally put down the telephone he shook his head. As far as he could see there was only one approach he might attempt with Zuyderdam. Whether or not it was worth doing would depend on the reactions of other bulb growers.

It had occurred to Gabriel that, instead of building a private Keukenhof in America, the bulb industry might make a deal with the park department of a city like New York. Give the city the bulbs. Let the city convert some public park into a great tulip exhibition. Nobody would profit from admission charges; but a bulb-selling establishment outside the park — a sort of greenhouse — might do a great deal of business.

It was an alternate idea worth trying. "But," he thought, "I'm catching at straws." He paced the room. Presently he realised that he had ceased thinking about tulips. He was thinking again about Claudia, wondering how she had reacted to the news

of his connection with the Lingard deal.

On impulse he telephoned: "Sorry if I blew my top when I left your office. But your boss got me sore."

"Yes, I understand. How did you make out with Zuyderdam?"

He laughed bleakly. "The whole project is dead. In fact, I seem to have reached a dead end in Holland. Are you by any chance free for dinner?"

Somehow she felt a sense of responsibility for this impetuous young man. She hated to let him down. But she had already asked Walter Dunhaven to dinner.

"I'm tied up tonight," she said. "How about lunch tomorrow? I don't work Saturdays. I'll borrow Dad's car."

"Fine," he said. "It's a date."

As he hung up, Gabriel felt a pang of disappointment. It would have cheered him to see Claudia this evening. But then nothing was going right for him

Walter Dunhaven turned out to be a pleasant and entertaining dinner guest. Even Helga lingered in the kitchen doorway during dinner to listen to the old man. He imported foodstuffs from virtually every part of the world and he had all sorts of amusing anecdotes about buying black olives in Spain, pomegranates in Asia, coffee in Brazil.

You felt, as you heard him, that this man had travelled and done business in every civilised country. His organisation, Claudia realised, was much larger than she had dreamed. It seemed to her that Jerry might easily go far in such a company.

There was only one difficult moment. That occurred late in the evening, when her father went to his den to answer a telephone call. Alone with Claudia, Dunhaven regarded

Continued overleaf

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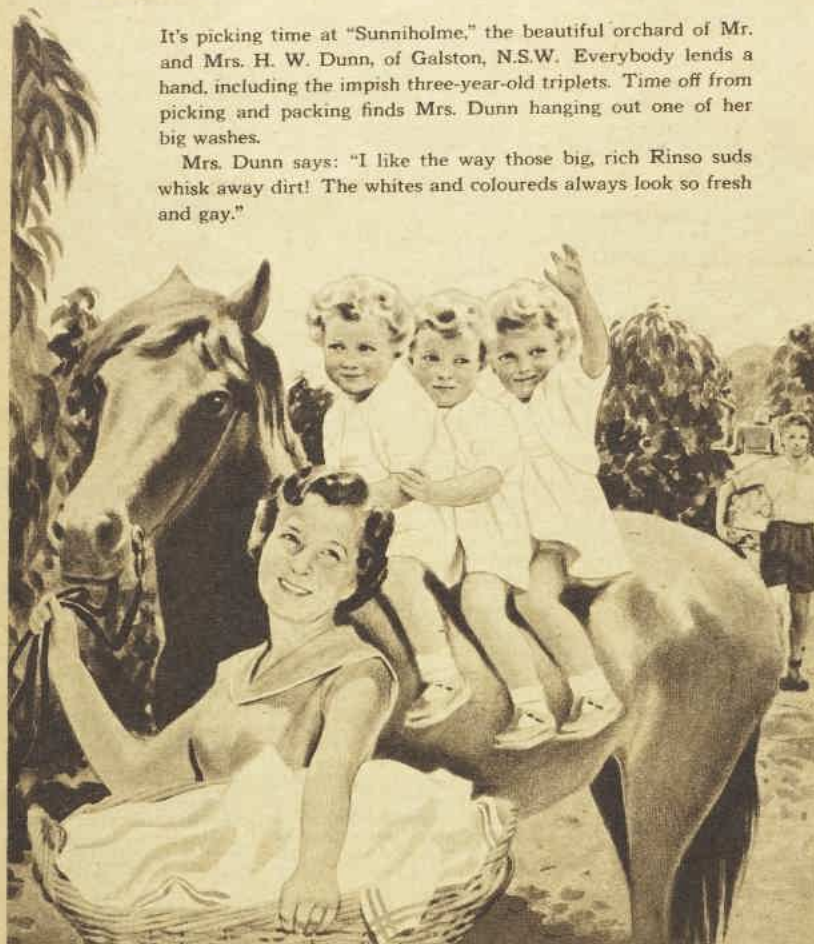
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"DUTCH HONEYMOON"

her with an almost affectionate smile.

"Mind if I say something quite personal?" he began.

"Go ahead."

"I'm saying this only because Jerry's so often hinted at it in his letters. I understand you and Jerry are planning to be married."

She was jolted. When on earth had Jerry written that? "You must understand," Dunhaven said, "that nothing would please me more. I suppose you know I'm the only family Jerry has. I practically brought him up."

"Yes, he told me."

"It means a lot to me to see him married to the right girl. And I'm convinced now you are the right girl. He needs somebody who can keep him on the tracks. I think you could do a job with Jerry."

"Thanks," she said quietly. "I'll do all I can to make it a good marriage."

She was glad her father came back then and the talk turned to impersonal matters.

At noon the next day, when Claudia drove to pick Gabriel Hook up at his hotel, her thoughts were busy. For one thing, at home she had found that Jerry had sent her a telegram from the Schiphol airport, a farewell before taking off, and the message had ended with the words: "Back in a week. Love you." It was, it occurred to her, the first time he had ever actually told her that he loved her.

And now, driving with Gabriel, she felt deeply puzzled; this lean, blond man was not only an enigma but a challenge. Could there be some hidden dishonesty in his plan to build an American Keukenhof? She simply couldn't see how.

"Where would you like to eat?" Gabriel asked.

"How about the Cafe Amstel? Near the sea? The food is excellent and so is the music."

"Perfect."

As they drove out of The Hague, Claudia said, "So the idea didn't click with Zuyderdam?"

"On the contrary it did click—but long before I got to him."

When he told her what had happened, Claudia was amazed.

"If anything as big as that was being considered," she declared, "the Embassy would have heard of it somehow! Or Dad would have picked it up from bulb growers. It just doesn't seem possible that there could have been such secrecy!"

Gabriel shrugged. "Maybe it's a stall—Zuyderdam's way of easing me out."

"Why should he do a thing like that?"

"Might have been influenced by reports about me. Your boss was."

They were driving along a sunny road. She could catch the smell of the sea on the wind. "This Lingard thing," she said abruptly. "What exactly is it?"

Gabriel uttered a dry laugh. "Makes me out a crook, doesn't it? As long as you don't bother to investigate."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, we formed a partnership four years ago, Russ Rabisson and I," Gabriel said, "when I got out of business school at the university. He was twenty years older than I was, but he wanted youth and energy, he said. So I got signed up to a partnership, which meant, principally, that I drew no salary unless the firm made money."

"What kind of firm?"

"Specialists in sales promotion, we called ourselves. I wasn't of much use to the firm

because I faced being drafted. Actually, I got my Army notice. But I wanted the Navy, so I enlisted—and Russ had to run the business without me. He sure did a job!"

"That was when he promoted the—Lingard mines deal?"

"Yes. Promoted himself out of the country, promoted the firm out of business, promoted me into a spot where nobody would believe I didn't know what had been happening. When I got out of the Navy I had two strikes against me: There was no business left, and I couldn't even land a job till my brother talked his advertising firm into giving me a chance. And now—" The harsh laugh came again. "I'm sorry, Gabe."

They drove on in silence past flat fields bright with tulips. Presently Claudia asked, "Did you make any money out of this Lingard deal?"

"The firm made forty thousand dollars in six months."

Something within her sank.

"And spent it all on lawsuits," he added.

They reached the Cafe Amstel at one. A pianist and cellist shared a dais set against colorful Balinese murals, and two violinists wandered among the tables. It was a picturesque place. Out of huge picture windows you could look over the sparkling North Sea. In

Marriage, which is the oldest form of association in human history, has never been perfect, is still imperfect, and will always be unsatisfactory. Yet it is our most popular and our happiest wrong.

—St. John Ervine

the past, Claudia had always been able to relax here with pleasure in the surroundings. But today, perhaps because Gabriel's mood was contagious, she felt tense.

She couldn't help being stung by his frustration. She knew how excitedly he had worked for and dreamed of his park project. To discover that it had not been even an original notion must have struck him a deflating blow.

"My father," she said when they had ordered, "asked me to bring you home later. He'd like to talk to you about this project."

"Your father," Gabriel answered, "ought to be in charge of the horticultural work at an American Keukenhof, no matter who runs it. He's a natural. He knows more about tulips than anybody the industry could find in America."

Claudia nodded, staring thoughtfully at the sea. She knew her father would love such a job. Coming after his retirement from the Department of Agriculture, it would be perfect.

She said, "Will you come back to the house later?"

"Of course. Just let me stop at the hotel for messages. And now, for heaven's sake!" He flapped out his napkin, spread it on his lap, and grinned at her. "Can we stop being so solemn? Let's get a little fun out of this lunch. Flower park or no flower park, we're still young and alive and entitled to an occasional laugh."

After that, lunch became more lighthearted. They stayed at the restaurant till three, and Claudia found herself thoroughly enjoying the talk about New York, about the advertising profession along Madison Avenue, and the problems of promotion and public relations. Now, driving back to The Hague through the bright

afternoon, she felt quite buoyant again.

Gabriel pointed to a distant windmill. "I've never seen one of those things close up," he said. "Could we get to it?"

Claudia nodded, and turned off the main road. A few minutes later they parked beside the mill.

The place seemed deserted; the owners were apparently away for the day. When they stepped out of the car, a little breeze tugged at Claudia's coat, stirred her hair. Beyond the mill the sunshine sparkled in the canal.

"Beautiful," Gabriel said in a low voice. "Beautiful."

"Scenes like this," Claudia agreed, "make you love Holland."

"Somebody told me the arms at which the arms of a windmill are set has a special meaning."

"That's true. In one position they may mean there's illness at the mill. In another, a call for help. You've got to know the code."

"How about this one?"

"It's set for a happy event. A marriage, I think."

Gabriel lowered his gaze to her face. His expression was suddenly strained and searching, and she could feel the tension settle over her again.

Maybe it was because they were alone beside this deserted mill, in a stillness that seemed a million miles removed from the world. Maybe it was because the events of these past days had been building toward an emotional climax. Claudia couldn't explain it. She knew only that there was no escaping what happened.

Gabriel stepped close to her and there was an air of destination in the way he put out his arms. She started instinctively to draw back, but he already held her; he kissed her, and her whole body went limp. She closed her eyes, found herself yielding to the moment. Here, at the foot of the windmill, they seemed to be remote from all reality.

"Claudia," he whispered. "Claudia, you are so lovely!"

A shiver went through her and she pulled away from him. What was the matter with her? She was going to marry Jerry. How could she have allowed Gabriel to kiss her like this? And why should his kiss leave her so shaken?

She started blindly toward the car. As Gabriel looked after her, bewilderment came into his eyes, then a flash of resentment. He got into the car beside her.

"Sorry," he said in a blurt tone.

Her hand darted to his arm. "Gabe, I—"

"My fault. I wouldn't have kissed you if I'd done any thinking." He gave a short laugh. "I'm a guy with practically nothing in the world. No money and by money probably no job."

"Gabe," she said, "that's why I'm so confused! Do you really think the money matters, or the job?"

"Don't they?"

"Not if—" She checked herself. "Gabe," she flung out. "I'm engaged! I'm going to marry Jerry Dunhaven!"

She could see the astonishment and pallor spread over his face.

After a long time he spoke. "Well, what do you know? Surprises sure come thick and fast in this country, don't they?"

She couldn't answer.

"So you're going to marry Jerry Dunhaven. How could nobody's ever mentioned it?"

"It only happened Thursday night," she said desperately.

He forced a smile. "I feel like a dope," he said. "I

"DUTCH HONEYMOON," by Oscar Schisgall

hope you'll forgive me, Claudia. I just didn't know."

She started the car without speaking. As they drove back towards the main road, she realised that his kiss had stirred her as she had never been stirred before. What she needed was a chance to recover and do some clear-headed thinking. Yet what was there to think about? An impulsive kiss had given them both an unexpected impact. That was all.

"When I marry Jerry, all this will seem silly," she thought.

By the time they had driven a few miles along the highway they were both calmer. Gabriel did not attempt to beg off from his visit with her father, but he repeated that he wanted to stop at his hotel for possible messages. Claudia waited in the car while he went inside. He was talking to the desk clerk when a voice called in a

strained whisper, "Mynheer Hook!"

He turned. The hotel's elderly, grey-moustached manager beckoned from his office. Gabriel went in and the manager shut the door. "Be so good as to sit, Mynheer. Please!"

When Gabriel sat down, puzzled, the manager unlocked a desk drawer. His hands fumbled. Out of the drawer he took an American passport. Gabriel's.

"Where on earth did you find it?" Gabriel asked.

"Under the carpet in your room, Mynheer." The manager looked drawn. The chambermaid found it when she was cleaning."

Gabriel's eyes were wide. "Under the carpet, hey? Now, that's interesting. Passports don't crawl under carpets by themselves."

"We already know who put it there, Mynheer." The manager took a handkerchief from his pocket, touched it to his forehead. "The new night man. He had a key. He could enter your room, Mynheer, while you slept."

"Not only could—he did." "Ja, he has confessed it. And I have already discharged him. If you insist we can have him placed under arrest. But, Mynheer, I do not see what will be gained. If you will have the goodness to save the hotel from embarrassment, we will—"

Gabriel interrupted. "I don't get this! Why did the night man do it?"

"He was bribed, Mynheer."

"By whom?"

The manager looked harried. "Mynheer Hook, this is—painful. The gentleman who did it—he insisted he is your friend. He told the night man it was a jest, a good-natured trick."

"Let's stop hedging. Who is he?"

"We do not know his name. Perhaps you will recognise the description, Mynheer. He is a short man, very slim. Maybe twenty-five. He has light hair, a light moustache—"

"American?"

"No. Either Dutch or Flemish—we are not sure. But not American."

Gabriel shook his head. "Can't think of anyone like that. Said he knew me?"

"He claimed to be your very close friend."

"That makes him a liar as well as a thief." A thoughtful look came over Gabriel's face. He slowly put the passport into his pocket. Why on earth should anybody have done a thing like this? What was the point?

The manager asked, "Perhaps you would like to hear all this from the night man himself. We could have him here in an hour."

"Not now," Claudia was waiting. Gabriel rose. "In the morning I'll let you know what I want to do about him."

There were no other messages for him at the hotel, and five minutes later, in the car, he told Claudia what had happened. She stared at the passport he took out of his pocket. He repeated the manager's description of the man who had bribed the hotel employee, but it brought no suggestion at all from Claudia.

"So now," she said, "you can leave. Any time."

"Yes." His voice was expressionless. He looked straight ahead through the windshield. "Any time."

They were silent.

Twenty minutes later, when she let him into the house, she could hear her father's voice in the living-room. She could see him at the telephone. At the sight of her he waved wildly.

"Just a second!" he said. "She's just come in." He covered the transmitter with his hand. "It's Jerry!"

"Jerry?" She blinked. "From New York?"

"New York, nothing. He's in The Hague, at the hotel with his uncle!"

She ran to the telephone and her voice greeting him was stunned: "Jerry! I thought—"

"Hello, baby. Yes, I know what you thought." His interruption was strained, hurried. "But I've been and come back."

"What did you do—turn around at Prestwick?"

"Yes. My plane was held up overnight. Engine trouble. In the morning I phoned New York about the delay. They told me Uncle Walt was in Holland, of all places. So I grabbed the first flight back. Look, Claudia—" His voice dropped: "I'm with Uncle Walt

now. And I've got to see you alone. Right away. Can I come over?"

"Dad and Gabriel are here—"

"Gabriel?" Everything about Jerry seemed to freeze. "Oh, Hook." And then suddenly he sounded desperate. "Claudia, can you come over here to the hotel? Now! I'll wait in the cafe. I've got to see you!"

"But, Jerry—" "I've never asked you to do anything unreasonable, have I?"

"No-o." "All right then. Please come. Twenty minutes?"

She looked around at her father and Gabriel. They were watching her in perplexity. "All right, Jerry," she said abruptly. "Twenty minutes."

She put the telephone down and started across the room. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just have to leave. Something urgent has happened."

Jerry was waiting at the door of the cafe, big and dark-haired, his face tired and drawn. But some of the weariness disappeared as soon as he saw

uncle, as assurance of his own future integrity? She felt resentment rise within her.

She said, "Your uncle trusted you with responsibility long before he ever heard of me. I just can't believe—"

"This is different. Now I'm asking his support on a deal that will require a wad of money. I'm asking him to finance me. And he wants to be sure I'll have level-headed influences around me."

"What kind of deal?"

"Building an exhibition tulip park in America."

The words hit Claudia like a blow. She drew back, incredulous. She stammered, "A—a what?" Jerry delayed his reply till the waiter had come and gone. Then he spoke earnestly: "Let's not kid ourselves, honey. This idea for an American Keukenhof is good. I knew it from the second you threw it at me the other day. It could turn out to be a mint."

"Of course it's good!" Her voice trembled with indignation. "But what's it got to do with you?"

"You're kidding, Claudia? I want to run the park."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 30, 1956

"DUTCH HONEYMOON," by Oscar Schisgall

I started for New York, honey—to get Uncle Walt's backing."

"It isn't what you told me!" Jerry's mouth twisted in a half-smile. "If the idea fell on its face—if Uncle Walt didn't come across—I figured the less said about it the better."

Claudia's eyes were suddenly blazing.

"When you went to Zuyderdam, did you claim the idea was yours?"

Jerry's voice was conciliatory: "Honey, what did you expect me to do—go in there as Gabriel Hook's agent?"

She said hotly, "It seems to me that a simple sense of ethics, of decency—"

"Honey, let's be adult. Why throw an opportunity like this to a complete stranger who walks in from left field? What's Gabriel Hook to us, anyhow? Nothing. Zuyderdam's never even heard of him, whereas everybody knows my uncle's firm. They know it's a responsible outfit. They know it will stand behind an agreement."

"But Gabriel was organising his own backing in America!"

"So I understand," Jerry admitted, with a touch of dryness. "That's why I had to get under the wire first. In fact, if you want the truth, I wanted to get my backing arranged before he went off to New York for his."

A new conviction all but stopped Claudia's breath. Even before she challenged him she knew now that Jerry had been the real cause of the disappearance of Gabriel's passport. He did not deny it, and appeared surprised by her reaction. He seemed to feel that all was fair in love, war, and business, and he did not hesitate to acknowledge that he'd persuaded his assistant, Kurt van Haas, to bribe the night clerk at Gabriel's hotel.

"This thing can work out wonderfully for us, honey," Jerry said. His words, his eyes, his whole being were tense with urgency. "Once I assure Uncle

Walt he's staying for a wedding he'll back us. As I say, he sees you as a steady influence on me. He—"

Claudia rose abruptly and snatched her coat from the back of the chair. Her heart was pounding.

She knew exactly what she wanted to do. All uncertainty was gone. She even knew, in this moment of revelation, why she had been unable to throw herself into Jerry's arms when he had proposed. It was quite simple.

She hadn't loved him then, and she didn't love him now. She had never really been in love with Jerry. Nothing about him had ever shaken her, overwhelmed her, like—well, like a kiss at the foot of an abandoned windmill.

Jerry seized her wrist. "Claudia! What on earth—"

"I'm going!"

"Baby, are you nuts? There's a fortune in this for us!"

"I don't want the park. Not this way."

"But it's more than a park for me! You don't understand!" Sweat was breaking out on his forehead. "Claudia, I'm in a jam!"

"Really?" her voice was cold. "How?"

"It—it's a matter of money." He added desperately, "Believe me, honey, I wanted to spare you this. I've run into rotten luck. My trips to Cannes, Biarritz, Nice—I dropped too much at the Casinos."

"Oh?"

"I had to borrow a few thousand, and I went to some people I do business with here. Word got back to the New York office, and that's why Uncle Walt came. To check. Claudia, if we get this park deal, a few thousand more or less won't mean a thing. Peanuts!"

She studied his tortured face and abruptly felt sorry for him. She didn't like to see Jerry grovelling like this, pleading with her, humiliating himself. She didn't like to see him debasing what he had called love.

Yet it all fitted perfectly into this new perspective she had of Jerry. It was suddenly quite easy to understand why his uncle refused to trust him with the management of a bulb exhibit, or with anything else.

Claudia threw her coat over her arm. "I'm sorry, Jerry," she said in a voice flat with finality. "I'm afraid I can't help. I can't marry you now. Or ever."

From the lobby of the hotel she telephoned Willem Zuyderdam for permission to visit his home. It took her less than five minutes to drive the few blocks.

She found Zuyderdam listening to radio music from Paris, a long cigar between his fingers. His blond wife, seated in a deep chair, was busy with lacework. They welcomed Claudia pleasantly. Though Zuyderdam was obviously puzzled by her coming, his smile was polite and attentive.

"Mynheer Zuyderdam," she said, "you do believe, don't you, that a man is entitled to the profits of his ideas, his work, his—well, his imagination?"

The unexpected query appeared to amuse him. He

glanced at his wife, then at his cigar, still smiling. "But, naturally, Jufvrouw Reece," he said. "Is not that the basis of what you Americans call—ah—free enterprise?"

"Exactly."

"Ja, we Hollanders live by the same principles."

"In fact, Willem," his wife put in, "does not the Bulb Exchange itself guarantee that when a grower has a new idea, or develops a new bulb, his rights will be protected? The bulb is his, even if he chooses to charge 10,000 guilders for it—no?"

Zuyderdam nodded.

"Well, I'm certainly happy to hear you say that," Claudia said. "It's why I came."

She told him, then. It was not easy. She did not like to hurt Jerry. On the other hand, she was determined to ask justice for Gabriel's cause. And what she said to Willem Zuyderdam brought soberness to the man's face. He rose, paced the room as he listened, puffed occasionally at the cigar. From time to time he sent her an oblique glance.

When she finished, Claudia said, "That's the story. Actually, Jerry is not getting his uncle's backing. That in itself, I suppose, would eliminate him. But it's not the reason I want this deal to be made with Gabriel Hook because I believe, as you do, in fairness—and that a man is entitled to the profits of his ideas."

Willem Zuyderdam continued to pace the room, puffing at the cigar. Finally he said, "I liked your friend Hook. But I had to be fair to the man who came to me first with the idea."

"Of course. You could not know what had happened."

Zuyderdam gave her a thoughtful look. He turned to his wife, as if to seek her opinion. What he saw in her eyes made him smile again.

He said to Claudia, "Naturally, we must be fair. I am sorry there has been so much misunderstanding. I will speak to Mynheer Dunhaven. Meanwhile, tell Mynheer Hook to come see me tomorrow morning. I am sure we can reach an agreement. After all, we all want this American park."

So Claudia's eyes were bright with excitement when she drove home. By the time she walked into the house the excitement had risen to a glow of triumph. She threw off her coat in the foyer and ran into the living-room.

She had telephoned from The Hague, asking Gabriel to wait until she came home. Now she saw him standing near a window. Because it seemed to her the whole world ought to be gay, she was startled by the grim, tight-lipped expression with which he faced her.

It drained her own excitement. She stood still, blinking at him. He came towards her slowly, almost in anger.

"Gabe—" she said.

Gabriel was close to her

now. To her amazement he gripped her arms. His blue eyes burned straight into hers. He said in a whisper, "Claudia, are you going to marry this Jerry Dunhaven?"

She was stunned. "Why, I—"

"You can't," he said. "You can't!"

She started to speak, but he went on, almost fierce in his determination. "Claudia," he said, "I love you! I'm asking you to marry me!"

He pulled her into his arms before she could answer, crushing her to him. And she understood. He was doing this because he was being swept along by a wave of emotion against which he could not fight. And she knew as she clung to him, her heart pounding, how you felt when you heard a proposal you really wanted to hear.

Money had nothing to do with it, nor hopes of security. Not even where you spent your honeymoon. If you loved a man, that was enough. Nothing else counted.

He said, "Will you?"

"Yes, Gabe—yes!" she whispered.

And then she heard her father. She stepped away from Gabriel before he entered the room. Her father said, "Oh! I didn't know you'd come back. Mr. Westerton called Claudia."

"Mr. Westerton? What—?"

"To say he'd got a reply to your cable."

Edward Reece glanced at Gabriel and smiled. "It seems, Gabe, you received a clean bill of health from Washington."

Claudia said, as if it had never mattered, "Oh, that!"

And of course it had never mattered. There was no point even in discussing it now. The only important thing to tell her father was that she was going to marry Gabriel, and that they would be working together to build a Keukenhof in America.

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NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

THE long complete novel which will be published next week, "THE JUSTHAM CASE," by the English novelist John Mortimer, is a dramatic story of love and marriage. Its leading characters are Sir Henry Carr, handsome and successful Q.C., his middle-aged wife, Julia, the young woman who has fallen in love with him, Catherine Regan, and the strange Hilda Justham, on trial for her husband's death.

When Sir Henry returns to his home town, Elchester, to defend Hilda Justham, he does not dream that in her trial lies the answer to his own tangled life. "The Justham Case," which brilliantly evokes the atmosphere of an English provincial town, its tempo quickened by the trial, is a fascinating story of a man whom everyone loved and admired and who never loved anyone but himself . . . and of the woman who understood him so well.

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- ☐ Shun future dances. ☐ Insist it's your fault.

You step on his feet and you say "I'm sorry." If he gallantly takes the blame, no need to contradict him—nor shy away from future shindigs because you misstep now and then. Relax. Practice. You'll soon follow smoothly. And even at certain times, "watching" eyes needn't worry you. Because Kotex has flat pressed ends, there's no revealing outline.



If she spilled the soup on your best dress, would you—

- ☐ Grieve and leave. ☐ Grin and forget. ☐ Call the manager.

You know the waitress didn't actually aim at you, so why browbeat the poor gal? Grin . . . say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That's good sportsmanship, and it jet-propels your rating. Let others give you the sympathy you crave. No need to feel sorry for yourself on problem days either, thanks to Kotex. For Kotex is made to feel soft, stay soft while wearing . . . won't chafe or rope. You'll bless the extra security you get from the exclusive Kotex safety centre.



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BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4178—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make pinafore dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 243.—WINTER NIGHTGOWN

For cosy warmth in winter, this nightgown is obtainable cut out ready to make in flannelette, patterned with flowers or spots. The color choice includes white, blue, lemon, and pink. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 31/9, 36 and 38in. bust 33/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 244.—BUTTERFLY LUNCHEON SET AND RUCHESSE SET

The sets are cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in an attractive butterfly-edge design. The material and color choice includes white and cream (iris) line, and inner linen in blue, green, pink, and lemon. Ruchesse Set: sizes centre mat 11 x 17in. and two small mats 6 x 8in. Price 7/11, postage and registration 1/- extra. Eight-piece Luncheon Set: sizes four place mats 11 x 17in., four cup-and-saucer mats 8 x 8in. Price 34/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra. Twelve-piece Luncheon Set: sizes six place mats 11 x 17in., six cup-and-saucer mats 8 x 8in. Price 28/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra. Serviettes 11 x 11in. Price 1/9 each, postage and registration 4d. extra. Tray mat, size 11 x 17in., and serviette, 11 x 11in. Price 7/3 the set, postage and registration 9d. extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



No. 245.—APPLIQUED CHECK CLOTH

The cloth is obtainable in checked gingham, and is clearly traced ready to embroider. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, lemon and white, and pink and white, with the applique pieces in white. Size—Cloth 36 x 36in., price 5/3, serviettes 1/- each, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

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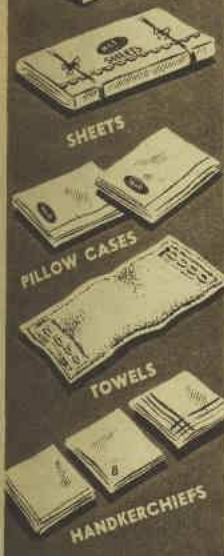
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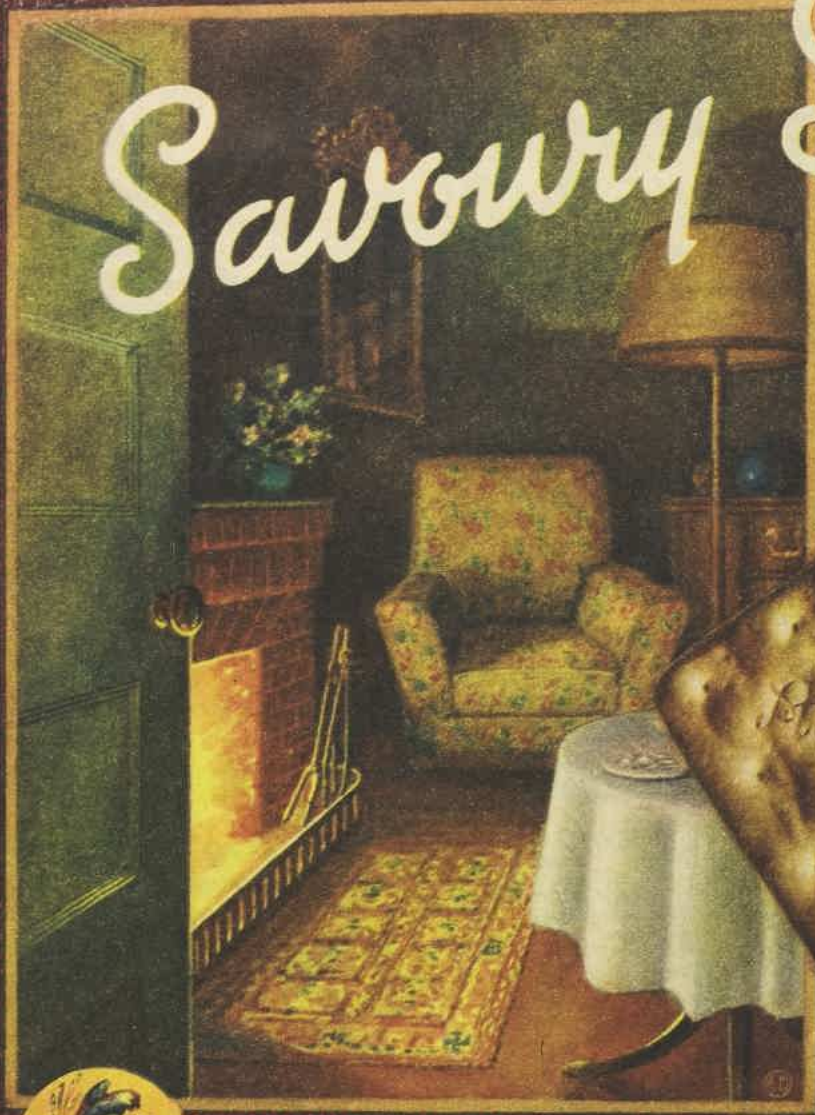
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